

Obijt Anno 1634.

Ætate sua 27



Non Lector mētē, sic Pontice, sed hōr cēt.

Declaratū pōtē, vñdēra frōntē  
Ad frōntē pōtērat

POEMS

By

Tho. Randolph

The 2<sup>d</sup>. Edition  
much Enlarged.



PHILOSOPHIA.

Printed  
Oxford  
for Francis  
Bourman.  
1640.

POESIS.





# POEMS,

With the MUSES  
LOOKING-GLASSE,  
AND  
AMYNTAS.

---

By THO. RANDOLPH M.A. and late  
Fellow of *Trinity Col. in*  
*Cambridge.*

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The second Edition Enlarged.



OXFORD

Printed by L. LICHFIELD Printer  
to the Vniversity, for FRANCIS  
BOWMAN. 1640.

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100 FMS



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TO THE  
MEMORY OF HIS  
DEARE BROTHER,  
M<sup>r</sup> T H O. RANDOLPH.

**I**N such a solemne train of friends that sing  
Thy Dirge in pious lines, and sadly bring  
Religious Anthems to attend thy Hearse,  
Striving t'embalme thy precious name in verses  
J, that should most, have no more power to raise  
Trophies to thee, or bring one grain of praise  
To crown thy Altar, than the Orbes dispence  
Motion without their sole Intelligence,  
For I confesse that power which works in mee  
Is but a weak resistance took from thee;  
And if some scatter'd seeds of heat divine  
Flame in my brest, they are deriv'd from thine  
And these low sickly numbers must be such,  
As when steel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch  
So like a spongy cloud that sucks up raine  
From the far soile to send it back againe,

FORMS

THE MUSEUM OF THE  
LONDON

AMERICAN

THE MUSEUM OF THE  
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Is but a weak resistance took from thee,  
And if some scatter'd seeds of heav' divine  
Flame in my brest, they are deriv'd from thine;  
And these low sickly numbers must be such,  
As when steel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch  
So like a spongy cloud that sucks up raine  
From the far soile to send it back againe,

There may be now from me some language shovne  
To urge thy merit, but 'twas first thy own;  
For though the Doners influence be past  
For new effects, the old impressions last;  
As in a bleeding trunk we oft descry  
Leaps in the head, and rowlings in the eye,  
By virtue of some spirits, that alone  
Doe tune those Organs though the soule be gone.  
But since I adde unto this generall noise  
Only weak sounds, and Echos of thy voyces;  
Be this a taske for deeper mouthes, while I  
That cannot bribe the Phansy, thaw the eye:  
And on that Grave where they advance thy praise  
Doe plant a sprigge of Cypresse, not of Baies.

Yet flow these teares not that thy Reliques sit  
Fix'd to their cell a constant Anchorit:  
Nor am I stir'd that thy pale ashes have  
O're the dark Climate of a private Grave  
No faire inscription: such distempers flow  
From poore lay-thoughts, whose blindnesse cannot know  
That to discerning Spirits the Grave can be  
But a large womb to Immortality:  
And a faire vertuous name can stand alone  
Brasse to the Tombe, and marble to the stone.

No, 'tis that Ghostly progeny we mourne,  
Which carelesse you let fall into the Urne:  
We had not flow'd with such a lavish tide  
Of tears and griefe, had not those orphans dy'd.  
For what had been my losse, who reading thine,  
A Brother might have kiss'd in every line?

These that are left, Posterity must have;  
Whom a strict care hath rescu'd from the Grave  
To gather strength by Union; as the beams

Of the bright Sunne shot forth in severall streams,  
And thinly scatter'd with lesse fervor passe,  
Which cause a flame contracted in a Glasse.  
These if they cannot much advance thy fame,  
May stand dumb Statues to preserve thy name,  
And like Sun-dials to a day that's gone,  
Though poore in use can tell there was a Sunne.

Yet (if a faire confession plant no Bayes,  
Nor modest truth conceav'd a lavish praise)  
J could to thy great glory tell this age  
Not one invenom'd line doth swell the page  
With guilty legends; but so clear from all  
That shoot malicious noise, and vomit gall,  
That 'tis observ'd in every leaf of thine,  
Thou hast not scatter'd snakes in any line.  
Here are no remnants tortur'd into rime  
To gull the reeling judgements of the time;  
Nor any stale reversion patch thy writ  
Glean'd from the raggs and frippery of wit.  
Each syllable doth here as truly runne  
Thine, as the light is proper to the Sunne,  
Nay in those feebler lines which thy last breath  
And labouring brains snatch'd from the skirts of death  
Though not so strongly pure, we may descry  
The father in his last posterity,

As clearly shewn, as Virgins looks doe passe  
Through a thinne linnen, or shadowes in the glasse:  
And in thy setting, as the Sunnes, confesse,  
The same large brightnesse, though the heat be lesse;  
Such native sweetnesse flowes in every line;  
The Reader cannot chuse but swear 'tis thine.

Though J can tell a rugged sect there is  
Of some fly-wits will judge a squint on this,



And from thy easy flux of language guesse  
The fancies weak, because the noise is lesse;  
As if that Channell which doth smoothly glide  
With even streams, flow'd with a shallow tide.  
But let a quick-discerning judgement look,  
And with a piercing eye unewit thy book  
In every loome, J know the second view  
Shall find more lustre than the first could doe.  
For have you seen when gazing on the skies  
With strict survey a new succession rise  
Of severall starres, which doe not so appeare  
To every formall glance that shoots up there.  
So when the serious eye has firmly been  
Fix'd on the page, such large increase is seen  
Of various fancy, that each severall view  
Makes the same fruitfull book a Mart of new.

But I forbear this mention; since I must  
Ransack thy ashes, and revile thy dust  
With such low characters, I mean to raise  
Thee to my contemplation, not my praise.  
And they that with thy Picture clearly shovne  
In a true Glasse, I wish would use thy owne;  
Where I presume how ere thy vertues come  
Ill shap'd abroad, th'art fairly drest at home.

RO. RANDOLPH M. A. Student  
of C. Church.

Lesson

Lectori nimum critico qui Authoris Fescenninos sales plus iusto rigidus interpretatur.

**D** Extra quid Archetypa nudas mysteria chartae?  
Privatig aperis limina clausa joci?  
Non lucem patitur, sed caelebs margo venenum,  
Et vider ingenuis toxica mista joch.  
Quaeq; stolata dedit sanctus Floralia vates,  
Exuis, & nudos das sine veste sales.  
Hinc tota immeritam jugulat censura papyrus,  
Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo sales.  
Carnifices calamos, & rauce iurgia Muse  
Simplicitas casti sentit honesta libri.  
Quid culpe fuerit si vatis amabile carmen  
Lascivam casto schemate lussit animum?  
Lintea si nudis iniecit pulchra pudendis?  
Vel tegit incautam larva modesta Deam?  
Nulla tuis regnant nisi nomina mascula chartis,  
Si quod faemineum est culpa legentis erit;  
(Ut proles, uteri primo qui claustra reliquit,  
Mascula, faemineum vidimus arte sporum.)  
Das thalami lusum cortine at tegmine sanctos,  
Cynthia quos lectos gestiat esse suos.  
Dii bene! quam sanctis loquitur Veniis impia verbis!  
Tyndaris & raptus hic stupet esse pios.  
Lecta puellatus dum spectat crimina chartis,  
Visa sibi est furto sanctior ire sua.  
I nunc ingenue parcas lex Iulia chartae,  
Scripta libram dederat, lecta lupanar erat.

RO. RANDOLPH ex Aede Christi,

Bloft

**B**Left Spirit, when I first did see  
The Genius of thy Poetrie,  
Nimble and fluent; in a strain  
Even with, if not beyond the brain  
Of Laureats that crown'd the stages;  
And liv'd the wonders of the age:  
And this but sparkles from a fire  
That flam'd up, and soar'd much higher;  
I gaz'd desirous to see  
Whither thy wit would carry thee.

Thy first rise was so high, that even  
As needs it must, the next was heaven.

I. T. A. M.

---

In Authorem.

**C***Anescant alii, steriliq; ætatis honore  
Latentur; fecit te tua Musa senem.  
Parcorum labor est vitæ mensura peractæ:  
Texuntur propriâ stamina Vestra manu;  
Felix qui primo excedis, Randolphe, sub ævo,  
Nec Genii extincti prævia fata vides;  
Dli bene non dederint effusa frigora vitæ:  
Debes quo fueras natum in igne mori.*

THO. TERRENT M. A. ex  
Ædæ Christi.

---

Vpon Mr Randolph's Poëms, collected  
and published after his Death.

**A**swhen a swelling Cloud melted to showres,  
Sweetly diffuses fresh and æt'ive powers

Intro

Into the shrunk and thirsty veines of earth;  
Blessing her barren womb with a new birth  
Of grain and fruit; and so redeems a land  
Of desperate people from th' destroying hand  
Of mere'lesse plague, Famine, or Death; and then  
Collects its streams unto the Ocean:

So thy diffusive soule, and fluent parts,  
(Great miracle of naturall wit and Arts,)  
Rapt up some Regions'bove our Spheate, did flow  
And shov're their blessings downe on us below:  
Whilst we, dull earth, in extasies did sit,  
Almost o'rewhelmed with thy Floods of Wit,  
What blood' of verse is pump't from our dry Braines,  
Sprung like a rushing Torrent from thy Veines.  
When a long Drought presag'd some fatall Dearth,  
Thy unexhausted Founts gave us new birth  
Of Wit and verse: when *Cham*, or *Ihs* fell,  
Thy open'd Floudgates made their Riv'lets swell  
Bove their proud Banks: Where planted by thy hand  
Th' *Hesperian* Orchards, *Paphian* Myrtles stand,  
And those sweet Shades where Lovers tell their blisses  
To th' whisp'ring leaves, and summe'em up in kisses.  
There in full Quire the Muses us'd to sing  
Melodious Odes bathing in *Cham*, their Spring:  
And all the Graces *TOM*, dwell with thee too,  
Crowning thy Front for old *Cerberous* Brow.

Nor were we rich alone, Climes farre from hence  
Acknowledge yet thy soveraigne influence:  
*Sicilians* owe to thee their fruitfull *Vale*,  
And *Coswold Hill* thy Dewes created *Dale*.  
All Lands and Soyles from hence were fruitfull growing,  
And multipli'd the measures thou hast sown,  
Green-sword-untilled milk-maids with no blisses

Beyond

Beyond a stammel Petticoat, and kisses,  
And thy sweet Dowry! This alone, they cry,  
Will make our Beasts and Milk to multiply.  
And the dull Fallow Clownes, who never thought  
Of God or Heaven but in a floud or drought,  
Doe gape and pray for Crops of Wit, and vow  
To make their Lads and Wenches Poets now,  
For they can make their fields to laugh and sing  
To th' Muses Pipe, and Winter rhyme to Spring.  
They pray for the first curse; like Schollers now,  
To earne their livings by their sweaty Brow.  
Then the fine Gardens of the Court, are set  
With Flowers sprung from thy Muses Coronet.  
Those pretty Imps in Plush, that on trust goe  
For their fine cloths, and their fine Judgements too,  
The Frontispiece or Title-page of Playes,  
Whose whole discourse is — *As the Poet sayes.*  
That Tavernes draine, (for Ivy is the signe  
Of all such sack-shop wits, as well as wine.)  
And make their verses daunce on either hand  
With numerous feet, whilst they want feet to stand;  
That score up jests for every glasse or cup,  
And th' totall summe behind the Doore cast up;  
These had beene all dry'd up, and many more,  
That quaffe up *Hedicon* upon thy score.  
The sneaking Tribe, that drinke and write by fits,  
As they can steale or borrow coyne or wits;  
That Pandars fee for Plots, and then belie  
The paper with — — *An excellent Comedie,*  
*Acted* (more was the pitty,) *by th' Red Bull*  
*With great applause,* of some vaine City-Gull;  
That damne Philosophy, and prove the curse  
Of emptinesse, both in the Braine and Purse;

Thile

These that scrape legges and trenchers to my Lord,  
Had starv'd but for some scraps pickt from thy Boord,  
They had try'd the Balladiers or Fidlers trade,  
Or a *New Comedie* at Tiburne made,  
Thus, T O M thy pregnant Phancy crown'd us all  
With wealthy showvers, or Mines Poeticall.  
Nor did thy dewes distill in a cold raine,  
But with a flash of Lightning op't thy braine,  
Which thaw'd our stupid spirits with lively heat,  
And from our frosts forc'd a Poëticke sweat.

And now, Wits Common-wealth by thee repriv'd,  
(For its consumption shewes it not long liv'd,) Thy farre dispersed Streames divert their course,  
(Though some are damned up) roth' Muses Source,  
This Ocean:-- He that will fadome it,  
By's Lines shall sound an *Ocean* of wits;  
Not shallow, low, and troubled, but profound,  
And vast, though in these narrow limits Bound.  
The tribute of our eyes or pens, all we can pay,  
Are some poore drops to thy *Pactolus* Sea,  
And first stolne thence, though now so muddy growne  
With our foule channels, they scarce seeme thy owne,  
Thus have I leene a peece of Coyne, which bore  
The Image of my King or Prince before,  
New cast into some Peasant, loost its grace;  
Yet's the same body with a fowler face.  
If our owne store must pay, that Gold which was  
Lent us in sterling we must turne in brasse.  
Hadst thou writ lesse or worse, then we might lay  
Some thing upon thy Urne thou didst not say;  
But thou hadst Phanties vast Monopolie,  
Our stocke will scarce anount t'an Elegie.  
Yet all the Legacies thy Fatall day

Bequeath'd,

Bequeath'd, thy sad Executor will pay.

To late Divines (by Will and Testament)  
*A Paraphrase on each Commandment,*  
In Morall Precepts, with a *Disputation*  
Ending the Quarrells 'bout *Predestination.*  
To those that study how to spend the Day,  
And yet grow wise--*The Ethicks in a Play.*  
To Poets, 'cause there is no greater curse,  
Thou bequeathd'st nothing, *in thy empty 'Purse.*  
To City-Madams, that bespeak new faces  
For every Play or Feast, *Thy Looking-glasses.*  
And to their chamber-maids who only can  
Adorne their Ladies head, and drea<sup>m</sup>e of man,  
Th'ast left a *Dowry*; They till now, by stealth  
Writ only members of the Common-wealth.  
To Heaven thy *Ravish'd Soule*, (though who shall look  
Will say it lives in each line of thy Book)  
Thy *Dust*, unnaturall Reliques that could die,  
To Earth, Thy *Fame* unto Eternitie,  
A *Husband* to thy Widdow'd Poetrie,  
Not from the Court but *Vniversitie.*  
To thy sad Aunt, and now despairing mother,  
Thy little Orphans, and thy younger Brothers;  
From all of which this free Confessions fit,  
The younger sister had the elder Wit.

Ad Authorem,

**M**ollia quod tenui currunt mihi carmina flo,  
Et meus in gyro stet brevior labor,  
Dum tua constricta assurgit Musa Corburna,  
Et Veneres casto vincit Avena loca.  
Cedimus inculci! Faso per Gloria nostro  
Quod Tua mirentur Carmina, Nostra legant.

R. BRIDGEMAN. A. M. Nov. Coll.

**VV**hat need thy book crave any other fame,  
It is enough that it beares *Randolphs* name.  
Who sees the title, and him understood,  
Must much condemne himselfe, or say tis good,  
Goe forth example to the Neophyte,  
Who hence should learne to Catechise his wit,  
And dresse his Phancy by this Glasse: whose Muse  
Well-favour'd is, should here her face peruse,  
It will not flatter, 'twill reflect the grace  
She takes from th'owner of a beauteous face:  
But if a meretricious, and illiterate eye  
Blast her, the various specks shall soone descry  
The foule beholder, and proclaim her spoyle  
Not to result from thence, but his owne soyle.

ED. GAYTON. A. M. Ioan,

**I**mmortall **B E N** is dead; and as that ball  
On *Ida* ross'd, so is his Crowne by all.  
The Infantry of wit. Vaine Priests! That chaire  
Is only fit for his true Sonne and Heir.  
Reach here the Lawrell: *Randolph*, 'tis thy praise;  
Thy naked Scull shall well become the Bayes.  
See, *Daphne*, courts thy Ghost: and spite of fate,  
Thy Poems shall be Poet Laureat.

G. W. Ioan.



To his very worthy friend M. R O B. RANDOLPH  
of Ch. Ch. on the publishing of his  
Brothers Poems.

**V**VE thank you, worthy sir, that tis our hap  
To praise even *Randolph* now without a clap,  
And give our suffrage yet, though not our voice,  
To shew the ods betwixt his fame and noyse:  
Whose only modesty we could applaud,  
That seldome durst presume to blush abroad;  
And beare his vast Report, and setting forth  
His vertues, grow a sufferer of his worth,  
Was scarce his owne acquaintance, and did use  
To heare himselfe reported but as newes,  
So distant from himselfe, that one might dare  
To say those two were nere familiar:  
Whose polish't Phancy hath so smoothly wrought,  
That 'tis suspected, and might tempt our thought  
To guesse it spent in every birth, so writ  
Nor as the gift but Legacy of his wit:  
Whose unbid braine drops so much flowing worth,  
That others are deliver'd, he brought forth;  
That did nor course in wit, and beat at least  
Ten lines in fallow to put up one leste;  
Which still prevents our thought, we need not stay  
To th'end, the Epigram is in the way.  
The Towne might here grow Poet, nay tis se'd  
Some *Mai'ors* could hence as eas'ly rime as read;  
Whose losse we so much weepe, we cannot beare  
His very Comedyes without a tear;

And

And when we read his mirth, are faine to pray  
 Leave from our griefe to call the work a play;  
 Where fancy playes with judgement, and so fits,  
 That 'tis enough to make a guard of wits;  
 Where lines fulfill themselves, and are so right  
 That but a combars mention is a fight,  
 His phrasedoes bring to passe, and he has lent  
 Language enough to give the Things Event;  
 The lines pronounce themselves, and we may say  
 The Actors were but Echoes of the Play:  
 Me thinks the book does act, and we not doubt  
 To say it rather Enters then Comes out,  
 Which even you seeme to envy, whose device  
 Has made it viler even by its price,  
 And taught its value, which we count so great  
 That when we buy it cheapest we but cheat;  
 And when upon one Page we blesse our look,  
 How-ere we bargain we have gain'd the book;  
 Fresh-men in this are forc't to have their right,  
 And tis a purchase though 'twere sold in spight;  
 So doe we owe you still, that let us know  
 He gave the world the Playes, and you the Show.

I o s. He wa. Trin. Coll. Oxon;

---

*On his beloved friend the Author, and his  
 ingenious Poems.*

**VV** Hat need these buisy wits? who hath a Mine  
 His own, thus rich, needs not the scatter'd thing  
 Of lesser heapes: Day dimmes a tapers light:  
 And lamps are uselesse, where there is no night:

*Why*

Why then this traine of writers? forreigne verse  
Can adde no honour to a Poet's hearse,  
Whose every line, which he to paper lent,  
Builds for himselfe a lasting Monument.  
Brave verse this priviledge hath; Though all be dumbe,  
That is the Authours Epitaph and Tombe.  
Which when ambitious Pyles, th' ostents of Pride  
To dust shall fall, and in their ruins hide  
Their then no more remembered Founders Names  
These (like *Apollo* ever young) shall fame  
The first composer; whose weigh'd works shall tell  
What Noble thoughts did in his bosome dwell.

But now I find the cause; they that doe praise  
Desert in others, for themselves plant Bayes;  
For he that praises merit, loves it: thus  
Hee's good, for goodnesse thats solicitous,  
Else, though He diamonds keenly pointed write,  
They but proclaime a quainter Hypocrite;  
Thus in the future, it shall honour be,  
That men shall read their names bound up with thee.  
So countrey Moles, that would at Court appeare,  
Intrude some Camels traine that does live there,  
So Creatures that had drown'd else, did imbarke  
With *Noah*, and liv'd by being in his Arke.

Or if not thus, as when in Royall state  
Nobles attend Kings to inaugurate:  
Or as last year when you both courts did see  
Beget joyes aone in th' Vniversity;  
All the learn'd tribe in reverend Habits meet,  
As if the Schooles were turn'd into the street;  
Where each one strove such duty to put on,  
As might give honour to their owne Sunnes Shine.  
Such honour here our dimmer pennes would have,

In pompe to wait him to his solemne grave:  
Since what he was, his own fruits better show,  
Then those which planted here, by others grow.  
Rich jewels in themselves such lustre cast,  
As gold about them, is no grace but Wast.

Such was his *Genius*: Like the quick eye's wink,  
He could write sooner, then another think,  
His play was Fancies flame, a lightning wit,  
So shot, that it could sooner pierce, then hit.  
What er'e he pleas'd, though but in sport to prove,  
Appear'd as true, as pitty dwells with love.  
Had he said thus, That discreet zeale might stand  
Both with the Iesuit, and the Puritan,  
T'had been believ'd; That frost from heat proceeds,  
That chastity from ease, and fullnesse breeds;  
That woemen ought to wooe, as Eve at first  
Woo'd Man, to make the world, and man accurst;  
All would be taken up for Truth: and sense  
Which knew Truth coming, would not going hence.

Had he maintain'd Rich *Lusans* work had been  
Meere History; there would no pen be seen  
To call it Poem; If for *Cæsar* stood,  
Great *Pompey* should be neither weak, nor Good,  
Oh! had he liv'd to plead the craggy Law,  
Which now unsettled holds the world in awe;  
He would have met some Ostracisme, I feare,  
Lest he had charm'd the purple Iudge to erre.

Nor could he only in his Native speech  
Robe his ripe thoughts; but even the Copious, Rich,  
And lofty Greek, with Latine, did appeare  
In him, as Orient in their proper sphere:  
That when in them, himselve he pleas'd t' expresse;  
The ravish'd hearer, could not but confesse,

He might as well old *Rome*, or *Athens* claime  
 For birth, as *Britaine*, circled with the *Maine*.  
 'Tis true, we have these languages still left,  
 But spoken, as apparrell got by theft  
 Is worne: disguis'd, and shadowed. Had he  
 Liv'd but with us, till grave maturity;  
 Though we should ever in his change have lost,  
 We might have gain'd enough whereof to boast  
 Our nations better Genius; But now  
 Our hopes are nip't, ere they began to blow.  
 And sure J am, his losse must needs strike deep,  
 For whom in verse, thus *Englands Eye* doth weep.  
 Whose teares thus dew'd upon his mournfull dust  
 I will not longer trouble. They that must  
 Cark though at best things; let them only read;  
 These Poems here will strike that humour dead.  
 Which I should praise too: but in them I see  
 There is one blemish, for he hath nam'd me;  
 Else, Ile not think the Reader so distressed  
 In wit: but that he will admire the rest.  
 Concluding thence, though in his forenoon-youth,  
 (And what I now shall write is modest truth,)  
 He knowes not him, who doth so much excell,  
 That could so quickly, doe so much, so well.

OWEN FELTHAM *Gent.*

---

*On the death of Mr Randolph.*

**VV**hen Donne, and Beaumont dyed, an Epitaph  
 Some men (I well remember) thought unsafe;  
 And said they did presume to write, unless  
 They could their teares in their expression dresse.

Buc

But love makes me more bold, and telles me I  
In humble tearms to vent my piety  
May safely dare; and reason thinks not fit,  
For which I lov'd, I now should fear that wit.  
Respect looks like a bargaine, if confin'd  
To rules precise; and is more just than kind,  
If by a poiz'd and equall testament  
It turnes good will, into a covenant;  
Must every present offer'd to a Prince  
Be just proportion'd to his eminence?  
Or ought my *Elegy* unjust be thought  
Because I cannot mourne thee as I ought?  
Such lawes as these, (if any be so bold)  
Ought those unskilfull but proud soules to hold,  
Who think they could and did, at a due rate  
Love thee; not mee, whose love was passionate,  
And hath decreed, how ere the censure goe,  
Thus much, although but thus, to let men know.  
I doe admire no Comet did presage  
The mournfull period of thy wonder'd age;  
Or that no *sybill* did thy death fore-tell,  
Since that by it alone more ill befell  
The *Laurel-God*, than when the day was come  
Wherein his *Delphick Oracle* was dumbe:  
In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold  
(That they who are loon ripe are seldome old.)  
But 'twas a poore one, and for thee unfit,  
Whose infancy might teach their best years wit;  
Whose talk was exemplary to their pains,  
And whose discourse was tutor to their streines;  
If thou wert serious, then the audience  
Heard *Plato's* works in *Tullies* eloquence:  
If sad, the mourners knew no thrify size

In tears, but still cri'd out, oh lend more eyes.  
If merry, then the juyce of *Comedy*  
So sweetned every word, that we might see  
Each stander by having enough to doe  
To temper mirth, untill some friend could wooe  
Thee take the pains to write, that so that pressure  
Checking thy soules quick motions, some small leasure  
Might be obtain'd to make provision  
Of breath, against the next *Scenes* action.  
I could goe through thy works, which will survive  
The funerall of time; and gladly strive  
Beyond my power, to make that love appeare  
Which after death is best seen in a teare;  
But praising one, I should dispraise the rest,  
Since whatloe're thou didst, was still the best:  
Since then I am perswaded that in thee  
Wit at her acmie was, and we shall see  
Posterity not daring to aspire  
To equalize, but only to admire  
Thee as their Archetype; with thought of thee  
Henceforth Ile thus enrich my memory.  
While others count from Earth-quakes, and great frold,  
And say i'th'last dear year, 'twould thus much cost:  
My time-distinctions this shall be among,  
Since wits-decay, or *Randolph's* death, ---- so long.

R. GOSTELOW M. A.

*To the pious Memory of my dear Brother  
in Law, Mr Thomas Randolph.*

**R**eaders, prepare your Faith; who truly tells  
His History, must needs write miracles.  
He lisp'd Wit worthy th' Presse, as if that he  
Had us'd his Cradle as a Librarie,  
Some of these Fruits had birth, when other Boyes  
(His elders) play'd with Nuts; Books were his Toyes.  
He had not long of Playes spectator been  
But his small Feet wore Socks fit for the Scene.

He was not like those costive Wits, who blot  
A quire of paper to contrive a Plot.  
And ere they name it, crosse it, till it look  
Rased with wounds like an old mercers Book.  
What pleas'd this yeare, is next in peices torne,  
It suffers many deaths ere it be borne.

For Humours to lye leidger they are seen  
Oft in a Tavern, and a bowling-greene.  
They doe observe each place, and company,  
As strictly as a Travellour or Spye.  
And deifying dung-hills, seeme to adore  
The scumme of people, Watch-man, Changling, Whore.  
To know the vice, and ignorance of all,  
With any Rags they'll drink a pot of Ale,  
Nay, what is more (a strange unusuall thing  
With Poets) they will pay the reckonings;  
And sit with patience an houre by th' Heeles  
To learn the Non-sence of the Constables.  
Such Jig-like flim-flams being got to make  
The Rabble laugh, and nut-cracking forsake,  
They goe home (if th' have any) and there sit



In Gowae and Night-cap looking for some wit.  
Ere they compulse, they must for a long space  
Be dieted as Horses for the race,  
They must not Bacon, Beeffe, or Pudding eate,  
A jest may chance be starv'd with such grosse meat.  
The Good houre come, and their Brain tun'd they write,  
But slow as dying men their Wills indite.  
They pen by drams and scruples, from their quill  
Words (although dreggy) flow not, but distill.  
They stare, and sower their faces; nay to vent  
The Brains, they eat their fingers excrement:  
And scratch their Heads, as if they were about  
(Their wit so hide-bound is) to pull it out,  
Ev'ry bald speech though Comickall it be  
To their rack'd members proves a *Tragædie*.  
When they have had the Counsell of some friend,  
And of their begging *Epilogue* made an end,  
Their Play salutes the world, and claims the Stage  
For its inheritance, being now of Age,  
But while They pump't their Phansy day and night,  
He nothing harder found than not to write.  
No diet could corrupt or mend his straine;  
All tempers were the best to his sure Braine.  
He could with raptures captivate the King,  
Yet not endanger Button, or Band-string.  
*Poems* from him gush'd out so readily  
As if they'd only been in's Memory;  
Yet are they with asmarble fancies wrought,  
As theirs whose pen waits for the thirteenth thought.  
They erre who say things quickly done soon fade;  
Nature and, He all in an instant made.  
Those that doe measure Phansies by the glasse,  
And dote on such as cost more time, may passe

rank with gulls, whom folly doth entice  
to think that best which has the greatest price.  
Who poring on, their Spungy brain still squeeze,  
Neglect the cream, and only save the Lees.  
Stopping their flying quill, they clip Fames wings,  
Make *Helicon* a puddle that's a Spring.

Nor was his hast hood-winkt; his Rage was wise,  
His Fury counsell had, his rashnesse eyes.  
Though he (as Engines arrows) shot forth wit,  
Yet aim'd withall the proper marks to hit.  
His Inke nere stain'd the Surplice; he doth right  
That sometimes takes a care to misse the *White*.  
He turn'd no Scripture phrase into a jest;  
He was inspir'd with raptures, not posselt.

Some Divilish Poets think their *Muse* does ill  
Unlesse their verses doe prophane or kill.  
They boldly write what J should feare to think  
Words that doe pale their paper, black their Inke.  
The Titles of their *Satyrs* fright some, more  
Than *Lord have Mercy* writ upon a doore.

Although His wit was sharp as others, yet  
It never wounded; thus a Razer set  
In a wise Barbers hand tickles the skin,  
And leavs a smooth not carbonaded chin.  
So soveraigne was his Phansy, that you'd think  
His quickning pen did Balsam drop not Inke.  
Read's *Elegies* and you will see his praise  
Doth many soules fore th' Resurrection raise.  
No venom's in his Book; his very *Snake*  
You may as safely as a flower take.  
There's none needs feare to surfet with his phrase,  
He has no *Gyant* raptures to amaze  
And torture weak capacities with wonder:

He

He (by his Laurell guarded) ne're did Thunder  
As those strong bumbast Wits, whose poetry  
Sounds like a Charme, or *spanish* Pedigree,  
Who with their Phancy towring 'bove the Sun,  
Have in their stile *Babels* confusion.  
If puny eyes doe read their verses, they  
Will think 'tis *Hebrew* writ the *English* way.

His lines doe runne smooth as the feet of time;  
Each lease though rich, swells not with gouty rime.  
Here is no thrum, or knot; *Arachne* ne're  
Weav'd a more even webb; and as they are  
Listed for smoothnesse, so in this againe  
That each Thread's spun, and warp'd by his own brain.

We have some *Poetasters*, who although  
They ne're beyond the writing-schoole did goe,  
Sit at *Apollo's* Table, when as they  
But Midwives are, not Parents to a Play.  
Were they betrai'd, they'd be each Coblers scosse,  
Laught at, as one whose Periwig's blown off.  
Their Brains lye all in Notes; Lord! how they'd look  
If they should chance to loose their Table-book!  
Their Bayes, like Ivy, cannot mount at all  
But by some neighbouring tree, or joyning wall.

With what an extasy shall we behold  
This Book, which is no Ghost of any old  
Worm-eaten Author; here's no jest, or hint,  
But had his Head both for it's Ore and mint.  
Wer't not for some Translations, none could know  
Whether he had ere look'd in book or no.  
He could discourse of any subject, yet  
No cold premeditated sence repeats;  
As he that nothing at the Table talks,  
But what was cook'd in's study or the walkes,

Whole

Whose wit (like a Sun-diall) only can  
Goe true in this, or that *Meridian*,  
Each Climate was to him his proper Spheare;  
You'd think he had been brought up every where.

Was he at Court? his Complements would be  
Rich wrought with Phantasies best embroidery;  
Which the spruce Gallants *Echo* like would speak  
So oft, as they'd be thred-bare in a weeke.  
They lov'd even his Abuses, the same jeere  
(So witty 'twas,) would sing and please their eare.

Read's flowry *Pastoralls*, and you will sweare  
He was not *Johnsons* only, but *Pans* Heire,  
His smooth *Amyntas* would perswade even mee  
To think he alwaies liv'd in *Stellie*.

Those happier Groves that shaded him, were all  
As Trees of Knowledge, and Propheticall:  
*Dodon's* were but the type of them, Leaves were  
Books in old time, but became Schollers here.  
Had he liv'd till *Westminster Hall* was seen  
In *Forrest Townes*, perhaps he sh'd had been,  
Whilst others made Trees *Maypoles*, he could doe  
As *Orpheus* did, and make them dancers too.

But these were the light sports of his spare time;  
He was as able to dispute, as time.

And all (two gifts nere joyn'd before) out went  
As well in Syllogisme as Complement.

Who looks within his clearer *Glasse*, will say  
At once he writ an *Ethick Tract* and Play.

When he in *Cambridge Schooles* did moderate,  
(Truth never found a subtiler Advocate)

He had as many Auditors, as those

Who preach, their mouths being *silenc'd*, through the  
The Grave Divines stood gazing, as if there

(Nose.

In

In words was colour, or in th'eye an eare;  
To hear him they would penetrate each other,  
Embrace a throng, and love a noysome smother.  
Though plodding Pates much time and oyle had spent  
In beating out an obscure Argument;  
He could untie, not break, the subtlest knot  
Their puzzling Art could weave; nay he had got  
The trick on't so, as if that he had been  
Within each Brain, and the nice folding seen.  
Who went to th'Schooles *Peripateticks*, came,  
If he disputed, home in *Plato's* name.  
His *Oppositions* were as *Text*, some le'd  
With wonder, thought he had not *urg'd* but read.

Nor was his Iudgement all *Philosophy*;  
He was in points of deep *Divinity*  
Only *Not* Doctor; his true Catho'lique Brain  
The Learning of a *Councell* did contain.

But all his *Works* are lost, his *Fire* is out;  
These are but's *Ashes*, which were thrown about  
And now rak'd up together, all we have  
With pious sacrilege snatch'd from his Grave  
Are a few meteors; which may make it se'd  
That *Tom* is yet alive, but *Randolph's* dead.

Thus when a Merchant posting o're the sea  
With his rich loaden ship is cast away;  
Some light small Wares doe swim unto the shore,  
But th'great and solid Prizes nere rise more.

RIC. WEST *Bac. of Arts, and*  
*Student of Christ Church.*

ON



ON THE  
 INESTIMABLE  
 Content he injoyes in the  
 Muses; to those of his  
 Friends that dehort him  
 from POETRY.

**G**OE sordid earth, and hope not to bewitch  
 My high-borne soule, that flies a nobler pitch!  
 Thou can'st not tempt her with adulterate  
 She beares no appetite that flags so low, (show,  
 Should both the *ladies* spread their lapps to me,  
 And court mine eyes to with my Treasure,  
 My better will they never could entice;  
 Nor this with gold, nor that with all her spice.  
 For what poore things had these possessions shovne,  
 When all were mine, but I were not mine owne!  
 Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please,  
 And I am rich in wishing none of these.  
 For say, which happinesse would you beg first,  
 Still to have drink, or never to have thirst?  
 No servants on my beck attendant stand,

Yee

Yet are my passions all at my command;  
*Reason* within me shall sole ruler be,  
 And every sense shall weare her livery.  
 Lord of my selfe in chiefe; when they that have  
 More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my slave.  
 Yet I as well as they, with more content  
 Have in my selfe a Household goverament.  
 My intellectuall soule hath there possesst  
 The Stewards place to governe all the rest.  
 When I goe forth my Eyes two Ushers are,  
 And dutifull walke before me bare,  
 My Leggs run Footmen by me. Goe or stand  
 My ready Armes waite close on either hand:  
 My Lips are Porters to the dangerous dore:  
 And either Eare a trusty Auditor.  
 And when abroad I goe, *Fancy* shall be  
 My skilfull Coachman, and shall hurry me  
 Through Heaven and Earth, and *Neptun's* warry plaine,  
 And in a moment drive me back againe.  
 The charge of all my Cellar, Thirst, is thine;  
 Thou Butler art and Yeoman of my wine.  
*Stomack* the Cook, whose dishes best delight,  
 Because their only sawce is *Appetite*.  
 My other Cooke *Digestion*; where to me  
 Teeth carve, and Palat will the Taster be.  
 And the two By-lids, when J goe to sleep,  
 Like carefull Grooms my silent chamber keep.  
 Where lest a cold oppresse my vitall part,  
 A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart.  
 And lest too great a heat procure my pain,  
 The Lungs fanne wind to coole those parts again.  
 Within the inner cloister of my brain  
 Attend the nobler members of my train.

*Invention* Master of my *Mint* growes there,  
 And *Memory* my faithfull *Treasurer*.  
 And though in others 'tis a treacherous part,  
 My *Tongue* is *Secretary* to my heart.  
 And then the pages of my *loue* and *sense*,  
*Love, Anger, Pleasure, Griefe, Concupiscence;*  
 And all affections else, are taught to obey  
 Like subjects, not like favorites to sway.  
 This is my *Mannor-house*, and men shall see  
 J here live Master of my family.  
 Say then thou man of wealth; in what degree  
 May thy proud fortunes over-balance me?  
 Thy many barks plough the rough *Oceans* back;  
 And I am never frighted with a wrack.  
 Thy flocks of sheep are numberlesse to tell,  
 And with one fleece I can be cloath'd as well.  
 Thou hast a thousand severall *farmes* to let;  
 And J doe feed on ne're a *Tenants* sweat.  
 Thou hast the *Commons* to *Inclosure* brought;  
 And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought.  
 Variety is sought for to delight  
 Thy witty and ambitious *Appetites*;  
 Three *Elements*, at least, dispeopled be,  
 To satisfy judicious *gluttony*.  
 And yet for this I love my *Commons* here,  
 Above the choicest of thy *dairy* cheere.  
 No *widdowes* curse caters a dish of mine,  
 I drink no tears of *Orphans* in my wine.  
 Thou maist perchance to some great office come,  
 And I can rule a *Common-wealth* at home,  
 And that preeminence enjoy more free,  
 Then thou pult up with vaine *Authority*.  
 What boots it him a large command to have,

Who?





Whose every part is some poore vices slave?  
 Which over him as proudly Lords it there,  
 As o're the rustick he can domineere.  
 Whilst he poore swains doth threat, in his own eyes  
 Lust and Concupiscence doe Tyrannize.  
 Ambition wracks his heart with jealous feare,  
 And bastard Flattery captivates his eare.  
 He on posterity may fixe his care,  
 And I can study on the times that were.  
 He stands upon a pinac'e, to show  
 His dangerous height, whilst I sit safe below.  
 Thy father hords up gold for thee to spend,  
 When death will play the office of a friend,  
 And take him hence, which yet he thinks to late:  
 My nothing to inherit is a fate  
 Above thy birth-right, should it double be;  
 No longing expectation tortures me.  
 I can my fathers reverend head survey,  
 And yet not wish that every hayre were gray.  
 My constant *Genius* saies I happier stand,  
 And richer in his life, then in his land.  
 And when thou hast an heyre that for thy gold  
 Will think each day makes thee a yeare too old;  
 And ever gaping to possesse thy store,  
 Conceives thy age to be above fourescore  
 'Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray  
 The too slow houres to hast, and every day  
 Bespeak thy Coffin, cursing every bell,  
 That he heares tole, 'cause 'tis anothes knell;  
 (And justly at thy lifche may repine,  
 For his is but a wardship during thine.)  
 Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one  
 He shall be more a pupill then a sonne:

And at my grave weeprtruth, and say deaths hand,  
 That bountifullly unto thine gave land,  
 But rob'd him of a Tutor; Cursed store!  
 There is no piety but amongst the poore.  
 Goe then confesse which of us fathers be  
 The happier made in our posterity;  
 I in my Orphane that hath nought beside  
 His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide,  
 Thou severall Artists dost imploy to show  
 The measure of thy lands; that thou maist know  
 How much of earth thou hast: while J doe call  
 My thoughts to scan how little 'tis in all.  
 Thou hast thy hounds to hunt the timorous hare,  
 The crafty fox, or the more nobler deere;  
 Till at a fault perchance thy Lordship be,  
 And some poore city varlet hunt for thee.  
 For 'tis not poore *Athenes* fault alone;  
 Hounds have devour'd more Masters sure then one;  
 Whilst I the while pursuing my content,  
 With the quick Nostrils of a judgement, sent  
 The hidden steps of nature, and there see  
 Your game maintain'd by her Antipathye.  
 Thou hast a Hawke, and to that height doth flye  
 Thy understanding, if it soare so high:  
 While I my soule with Eagles Pinions wing,  
 To stoop at Heaven, and in her Talons bring  
 A glorious constellation, sporting there  
 With him whose belt of starres adorns the sphere.  
 Thou hast thy lants-chipps, and the painters try  
 With all their skill to please thy wanton eye.  
 Here shadowy groves, and craggy mountains; there;  
 Here Rivers headlong fall, there Springs run cleare; (show,  
 The Heavens bright Raies through clouds must azure

Circled



Circled about with *Jū* gawdy bow,  
 And what of this? I reall Heavens doe see,  
 True springs, true groves; whilst yours but shadowes  
 Nor of your household-stuffe so proudly boast,  
 Compos'd of curiosity and cost.  
 Your two best chambers are unfurnished,  
 Th'inner and upper roome, the heart and head.

But you will say the comfort of a life,  
 Is in the partner of your joyes a wife.  
 You may have choice of brides, you need not wooe  
 The rich, the faire; they both are proffer'd you:  
 But what fond virgin will my love preferre,  
 That only in *Parnassus* joynrure her?  
 Yet thy base match I scorne, an honest pride  
 I harbour here that scornes a market bride.  
 Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold,  
 And sacred love is basely bought and sold.  
 Wives are growne traffique, marriage is a trade,  
 And when a nuptiall of two hearts is made,  
 There must of moneyes too a wedding be,  
 That coyne as well as men may multiplye.

O humane blindnesse! had we eyes to see,  
 There is no wealth to valiant Poetry!  
 And yet what want I Heaven or Earth can yield?  
 Me thinks I now possesse th' *Elisian* field.  
 Into my chest the yellow *Tagus* flowes,  
 While my plate-fleet in bright *Pactolus* rowes.  
 Th' *Hesperian* Orchard's mine; mine, mine is all;  
 Thus am I rich in wealth Poëticall,  
 Why strive you then my friends to circumvent  
 My soule, and rob me of my best content?  
 Why out of ignorant love counsell you me  
 To leave the Muses and my Poëtry?

Which should I leave and never follow more,  
I might perchance get riches and be poore.

*In Anguem, qui Lycorin dormientem  
amplexus est.*

**V**Er erat, & flores per apertum libera campum  
(*Ut Ceteris spes una*) legit mea flamma Lycorin.  
At nimio tandem studio, nimioq; labore  
Admisit somnos virides de fessa per herbas.  
Viq; erat, & placidum carpebant membra soporem,  
Alternâ variis maculâ de flore propinquo  
Per vestes tacitè subrepfit Lubricus anguis.  
Vidi ego, & attronitam percussus frigore mentem,  
Omnia pertimui: Tu me Rhodopœa conjux  
Serpentum infidiis blando direpta marito,  
Prima feris: sed cum tendentem innoxia vidi  
Spicula, nec lassæ fraudem intentare puella:  
Quàm longè timor hic abiit, majore secuto?  
Namq; levis totum lustravit vipera corpus;  
Iamq; suam Lybiam, & steriles fastidit arenas!  
Et mirata femur, ventremq; atq; ubera lacte  
Candidiora suo; Tali fas, dixit, in arvo  
Fas mihi semper erit, perq; istos serpente colles.  
Me videt, et metuens cerni fugit improbus anguis,  
Sub niveoq; latet collo, sua lilia credens;  
Purpureis mox usq; genis allapsus, in istis  
Tutius est herere rosis, & dulcius, loquitur.  
Tum frontem spectans, venasq; in fronte tumentes,  
Quenam (ait ille) jugo violæ nascuntur in isto?  
Hinc ad Casariam surgit, flavosq; capillos,  
Et stupet auratam formoso in vertice sylvam.

Hesperiumq; nemo jam credit, credidit hortum.  
 Talibus aut foliis, aut tali fronde superbâ  
 Non illi Myrtus Paphiæ, Dodonaq; Quercus,  
 Thessala nec Pinus, nec erat Penæia laurus.  
 Gaudia iam tota implerent secunda pericli  
 Pectora, descendit rursus, totosq; per artus  
 Lascivus gessit numero ludere gyro;  
 Caudaq; sermosum cingat dum frigida collum,  
 Labra petit labris, & Nectaris oscula libat;  
 Spirantesq; haurit Zephyros, atque omnia Phœnix  
 Quæ potuit moriens precioso imponere busto,  
 Quicquid olent Arabes, seivum non inde venenum,  
 Sed velut Hyblæos discurrens incolæ campos,  
 Mella legit nova nuper Apis: iam credite, possit  
 Inter Anstxi serpens armenta vagari.  
 Ab quoties metui cœlestes frigidus Artes,  
 Rivalemq; Iovem: formâ ne callidus istâ  
 Appeteret nostram, petiit Deoïda Nympham.  
 Exerit ille caput (toto jam corde voluptas  
 Insedit) Cantuq; suæ blanditur amicæ,  
 Dulciaq; erectu modulatur sibila crissis.

Excutitur Nymphæ somnus; iam membra resecta  
 Luminaq; attollit rotum admittentia Phœbum.  
 Dumq; ibi dispersos flores, lapsamq; coronam  
 Colligit in gremio, maculosus cernitur anguis.  
 Illa (sibi nota quanta est fiducia formæ!)  
 Nil metuens, tenerum tractavit pollice vermem,  
 Admouitque sinu, colloque & pectore fovit.  
 Hic ludens modò per digitos novus annulus ibat,  
 Splendida nunc mediam complexus zona puellam;  
 Vivaq; per teretes pendens armilla lacertos;  
 Gravior ut fieret cultus, in mille figuras  
 Electur, innumeros sese variavit in orbes,

Candida

candida multiplici constringens brachia nodo.

Ab nimiam superis, nintum est dilecta Lycoris!

Quos alii fluctus, & littora rubra

scrutantur; nulli misit prius Africa gemmas.

Verniciem quæcunq; parant & flebile virus

humano generi, cupiunt ornare Lycorin;

Tamq; ea, parua licet, summo quæ pendula tecto

Nectit opus, cum de serpente monilia facta

Emula vidisset, subito novus ardor amanti

Pectus agit: Serpens inquit, tibi gemma Lycori?

Nulla ego contulerim divina munera formæ!

Nec mora; deponcit radios, sua retia mittit,

Quæq; solet trepidis venabula tendere muscu,

Et tibi subriles meditatur Aranea telas.

Tu tamen, ô serpens, qui nostris reptile felix

Delicijs fruire, & triplici rapin oscula lingua,

(Sic semper novus exuvii & pelle renata

Perfectam repetas per sæcula mille inventam!)

Vestras pulchram artes & pharmaca vestra Lycorin

Edoceas, longam ne sentiat illa senectam,

Nec fronti turpes inscribant tempora rugas.

At nova perpetuo facies eademq; Lycorin

Monstret, & in speculo nunquam sese altera quærat,

Et Venerem formâ superans, evocq; Sybillam.

At tandem hinc abiens, ô felicissime serpens,

Quando renascentes numerâsti sæpius annos,

Accedas astris sidus, Pythone remoto,

Fluminali in morem flexus; Tu deinde Lycori

Cum: ædet vitæ, Serpenti proxima charo

Stella nite, celumq; bea, tibi detq; Cathedram

Cassiopeæ suam, det Bacchi Virgo Coronam.



## Englified thus Παιγγελισμός.

**T**He spring was come, and all the fields grown fine;  
 My flame *Lycoris* like young *Proserpine*  
 Went forth to gather flowres, bett'ring their sent  
 They took more sweetnesse from her, then they lent.  
 Now loaden with her harvestt, and oreprest  
 With her sweet toyle, she laid her down to rest.  
 Lillies did strow her couch, and proud were growne  
 To bear a whitenesse purer then their own.  
 Roses fell down soft pillowes to her head,  
 And blusht themselves into a deeper red  
 To emulate her cheekes: *Flora* did set  
 Her maids to work to weave the Violet  
 Into a purple rugge, to shield the fayre  
*Lycoris* from the malice of the Ayre.  
 When loe a snake hid in the neighbour bowres.  
 (Ah who could think treason should lurk in flowres?)  
 Shootes forth her checker'd skin, and gently creepes  
 O're my *Lycoris*, that as gently sleeps.  
 I saw it, and a sodaine frost possessest  
 My frighted soule in my then troubled brest.  
 What feares appear'd not to my mind and me?  
 Thou first wert call'd bemoan'd *Euridices*  
 By Serpents envy forced to expire,  
 From *Orpheus* rap'r, and his death-conquering lyre,  
 But when I found he wore a guiltlesse sting,  
 And more of love did then of treason bring:  
 How quickly could my former feare depart;  
 And to a greater leave my jealous heart!  
 For the smooth Viper every member scands,

frick he loaths now, and the barren sands  
 That nurst him, wondring at the glorious sight  
 Of thighs and belly, and her breasts more white  
 Than their own milk. *Ab might I still* (quoth he)  
*travle in such fields, 'twixt two such mountains be!*  
 There me he spied, and fearing to be seen;  
 Crowds to her neck, thinking 't had Lillies been.  
 But viewing her bright cheeks, he soon did cry  
*Under yon Roses shall I safer lye.*  
 Thence did her fore-head with full veines appeare,  
 Good heaven (quoth he) *what violets grow here*  
*on this clear Promontory?* Hence he slides  
 Up to her locks, and through her tresses glides,  
 Her yellow tresses; dazel'd to behold  
 A glistering grove, an intire wood of Gold.  
 Th' *Hesperian* wood he thinks he now hath seen,  
 That thought, but now, they had an Orchard been;  
 For leaves and boughs the *Archimeneian* vine,  
 The *Dodon* Oak and the *Theſſalian* Pine  
 Must yeeld to these; no trees so bright as they,  
 Nor *Paphian* Myrtles, nor *Peneian* bay!  
 Joy now filld all his brest, no timorous fear  
 Of danger could find room to harbour there.  
 Down slips he and about each limb he hurles  
 His wanton body into numerous curles.  
 And while his taile had thrown it selfe a chain  
 About her neck, his head bears up again;  
 With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,  
 And there with kisses steep in *Nectar* meets.  
 Thence *Zephyrs* breath he sucks, then doth he sinell  
 Perfumes that all th' *Arabian* gummes excell.  
 And spices that doe build the *Phoenix* Pyre,  
 When she renewes her youth in funerall fire.



Nor seeks he poyson there, but like the Bee  
 That on Mount *Hybla* plyes her husbandry,  
 He gathers hony thence, now, now I know  
 With *Aristaus* Flocks a Snake may goe.  
 Ah cold at heart, I fear'd some heavenly sleight,  
 And *Love* my rival; that his old deceit  
 Had once againe this borrowed shape put on  
 To court my Nymph, as he *Deid* is wonne.  
 Up lift the snake his head (for pleasure now  
 Held all his soule) and with erected brow  
 To flatter's Love he sung; he strives to play,  
 And hisses forth a well tun'd Roundelay.  
 This wakes the Nymph; her eyes admit the day;  
 Here flowers, and there her scatter'd Garlands lay,  
 Which as she picks up and with Bents reties,  
 She in her lap the speckled Serpent spies.  
 The Nymph no signe of any terrour shewes,  
 (How bold is beauty when her strength she knowes!)  
 And in her hand the tender worme she grasp'd,  
 While it sometimes about her finger clasp'd  
 A ring enamel'd, then her tender wast  
 In manner of a girdle round imbrac't;  
 And now upon her arme a bracelet hung,  
 Where for the greater ornament, he flung  
 His limber body into severall folds,  
 And twenty winding figures, where it holds  
 Her amorous pulse, in many a various twist,  
 And many a love-knot ties upon her wrist.  
*Lycoris* to the Gods thou art too deare,  
 And too too much of heaven belov'd I feare,  
 This or that Nymph's the red-sea spoiles may be,  
 But *Lybia* ne're sent Jewels but to thee.  
 What er'e to us are deaths and poysons sent,

desire to be *Lycoris* ornament,

For that same little Spider that hangs up,  
Together with her web on the house top,  
When she beheld the snake a bracelet made,  
Struck with an envy, and a love; she said,  
And shall a snake thy Gemme *Lycoris* bee,  
And such bright forme receive no tyres from mee?

Then flings her nets away, and throwing by  
Her subtile toyle she sets to catch the fly,  
To th'loom *Arachne* goes; and plyes it there,  
To work a robe for my *Lycoris* weare,

But thou, O Serpent, which so blest canst be  
To reap those joyes for which I envy thee:

That, happy worm, upon her lip hast hung,  
Sucking in kisses with thy three-fork'd tongue

(So may'st thou age and skin together cast,  
And oft recall thy youth, when it is past.)

Teach my *Lycoris* what your Arts may bee,

Let her th'Ingredients of thy Cordials see.

That she may nere grow old, that times dull plow

May never print a wrinkle in her brow.

I charge thee in the pow'rfull *Cupid's* name,

May a new beauty always and the same

*Lycoris* shew; nere may she in her glasse

Look for her own and find another face.

*Venus* for beauty may she then appear,

When she has liv'd to old *Sybilla's* years;

And when, dear snake, thou wilt no more renew

Thy youthfull vigor, bid base earth adiew;

Add glory to the night, or from his spheare

Huge *Python* pull and fix thy torches there;

Where like a river thou shalt bending go,

And through the Orbe a starry torrent flow.

And

And thou *Lycoris*, when th'art pleas'd to take  
 No more of life, next thy beloved *Snake*  
 Shine forth a constellation, full, and bright;  
 Blesse the poor heavens with more majestick light.  
 Who in requitall shall present you there,  
*Ariadnes Crown*, and *Cassiopeas Chayr*.

---

*A complaint against Cupid that he never  
 made him in Love.*

**H**OW many of thy Captives (Love) complain  
 Thou yoke'st thy Slaves in too severe a chain?  
 I have heard 'em their Poetique malice show,  
 To curse thy Quiver, and blaspheme thy bow.  
 Calling thee boy, and blind; threatening the rod;  
 Prophaneely swearing that thou art no God,  
 Or if thou be; not from the starry place;  
 But born below, and of the Stygian race.  
 But yet these Atheists that thy shafts dislike,  
 Thou canst be friendly to, and deigne to strike.  
 This on his *Cloris* spends his thoughts and time;  
 That chaunts *Corinna* in his amorous rhyme.  
 A third speaks raptures, and hath gaine'd a wit  
 By praising *Celia*; else had mis't of it.  
 But J that think there can no freedom be,  
 (*Cupid*) so sweet as thy Captivity;  
 I that could wish thy chains, and live content  
 To wear them, not thy Gives, but ornaments:  
 J that could any ransom pay to thee,  
 Not to redeem, but sell my liberty;  
 I am neglected, Let the cause be known;  
 Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown,

Thou

That wert so prodigall? or dost thou please  
 To set thy Pillars up with Hercules  
 Weary of conquest? or should I disgrace  
 Thy victories, if J were deign'd a place  
 Amongst thy other Trophies? none of these,  
 Witnesse thy daily triumphs: who, but sees  
 Thou still pursuest thy game from high to low;  
 No age, no Sexe can scape thy powerfull bow.  
 Decrepit age whose veins and bones may be  
 An Argument against Philosophy,  
 To prove an emptinesse; that has no sense  
 Left but his feeling, feels thy influence;  
 And dying dotes: not babes thy shafts can misse;  
 How quickly Infants can be taught to kisse! (row,  
 As the poor Apes being dumb these words would bore—  
*I was born to day to get a babe to morrow.*  
 Each plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove,  
 Tilling the earth, and wishing 'twere his love.  
 Am I invulnerable? is the dart  
 Rebeaten, which thou level'st at my heart?  
 Ill rest my Parents bones, if they have done  
 As *Tethis* once did to her God-like sonne  
 The great *Achilles*, dipt in Strygian lake:  
 Though I am so, *Cupid*, thy arrows take,  
 Try where I am not proof, and let me feel  
 Thy archery, if not i'th heart, i'th heel.  
 Perchance my heart lies there; who would not be  
 A Coward, to be valiant made by thee.  
 I cannot say thy blindnesse is the cause,  
 That I am barr'd the freedom of thy laws;  
 The wretched out-Law of thy Mothers Court,  
 That place of comfort, Paradise of sport.  
 For they may say, that say thou blind canst be,



Eagles want eyes, and only moles can see.  
 Not *Argus* with so many lights did shine,  
 For each fair Ladies sparkling eyes are thine.  
 Think'it thou because I doe the Muses love,  
 I in thy Camp would a faint souldier prove?  
 How came *Museus*, and *Anacreon* then  
 Into thy troops? how came *Tibullus* pen  
 Amongst thy spears; and how came *Ovid* (say)  
 To be enrold great Generall in thy pay?  
 And doubtst thou me? suspect you I will tell  
 The hidden mysteries of your *Paphian* cell,  
 To the straight lac'd *Diana*? or betray  
 The secrets of the night, unto the day?  
 No, *Cupid*, by thy mothers doves I swear,  
 And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear.  
 If *Philomet* descend to sport with mee,  
 Know I can be (great *Love*) as dumb as shee,  
 Though she hath lost her tongue; in such delights  
 All should be like her, only talk by nights:  
 Make mee thy Priest (if Poets truth divine)  
 I'll make the Muses wanton; at thy shrine  
 They all shall wait; and *Dian's* selfe shall be  
 A votresse to thy Mothers Nunnery.  
 Where zeale with nature shall maintain no strife;  
 Where none swear chastity, and single life.  
 To *Venus*-Nuns an easier oath is read,  
 Shee breaks her vow, that keeps her maiden-head.  
 Reject not then your *Flamin's* ministry:  
 Let me but deacon in thy Temples be:  
 And see how I shall touch my pow'rfull lyre,  
 And more inspir'd with thine, then *Phabus* fire.  
 Chaunt such a moving verse, as soon should frame  
 Desire of dalliance in the coyest dames,

Melting

melting to amorous thoughts her heart of stone;  
 And force her to untruss her Virgin Zone.  
 Is *Lucrece*, or *Penelope* alive?  
 Give me a *Spartan* Matron, *Sabine* wife;  
 Or any of the *Vestals* hither call,  
 And I will make them be thy converts all.  
 Who like good *Proselites* more in heart than show,  
 Shall to thy origines all so zealous goe,  
 That *Tibals* shall, nor *Helen* such appeare;  
 As if they only Loves precisians were,  
 But now my Muse dull heavy numbers sings,  
*Cupid* 'tis thou alone giv'st verse her wings,  
 The Law ell wreath J never shall obtain,  
 Unless thy torch illuminate my brain,  
 Love *Laurell* gives; *Phœbus* as much can say,  
 Had not he lov'd, there had not been the Bay.  
 Why is my *Presentation* then put by?  
 Who is't that my *Induction* dares deny?  
 Can any Lady say I am unfit?  
 If so, I'll sue my *Quare Impedit*.  
 I'm young enough, my spirits quick and good;  
 My veins swell high with kind and active blood.  
 Nor am I marble; when I see an eye  
 Quick, bright, and full, rais'd round with majesty;  
 I feel my heart with a strange heat oppress,  
 As 'twere a lightning darted through my brest.  
 I long not for the cherries on the Tree,  
 So much as those which on a lip I see,  
 And more affection bear I to the Rose  
 That in a cheek, then in a garden grows.  
 I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight,  
 And feel my temper vary at the sight;  
 I know not why, but warmer streams doe glide  
 Through

Thorough my veines, sure 'tis a waaton tide,  
 But you perchance esteem my love the lesse,  
 Because I have a foolish bashfulnesse,  
 A shame-fac'd rose you find within my face,  
 Whose modest blush frights you from my embrace;  
 That's ready now to fall, if you'l but deigne  
 To pluck it once, it shall not grow againe.  
 Or doe you theretore cast my love away,  
 Because I am not expert in the play?  
 My skill's not known till it be ventred on;  
 I have not *Aristotle* read alones;  
 I am in *Ovid* a proficient too;  
 And if you'd hear my Lecture, could to you  
 Analize all his art, with so much more  
 Judgement and skill, then e're 'twas taught before;  
 That I might be chief master, he, dull foole,  
 The under-usher in the *Cyprian* Schoole:  
 For petty *Pædagogue*, poor *Pedant*, he  
 First writ the Art, and then the remedie:  
 But I could set downe rules of love so sure,  
 As should exceed Art, and admit no cure.  
 Pictures I could invent (*Love*, were I thine)  
 As might stand copies unto *Aretine*.  
 And such new dalliance study, as should frame  
 Variety in that which is the same.  
 I am not then uncapable (*great Love*)  
 Would'st thou my skill but with one arrow prove,  
 Give me a Mistresse in whose looks to joy,  
 And such a Mistresse (*Love*) as will be coy,  
 Not easily wonne, though to be wonne in time;  
 That from her nicenesse I may store my rhyme:  
 Then in a thousand sighs, to thee I'll pay  
 My Morning Orisons, and every day

Two Thousand groans, and count these amorous prayers  
make to thee, not by my *Beads* but *Tears*.

besides, each day I'll write an Elegy,

and in as lamentable Poetry

as any Inns of Court-man, that hath gone

to buy an *Ovid* with a *Littleton*.

But (*Love*) I see you will not entertaine

those that desire to live amidst your traine;

for death and you have got a trick to fly

from such poore wretches as doe wish you nigh.

You scorne a yeelding slave; and plainly show it,

those that contemne your pow' er you make to know it.

And such am I; I slight your proud commands;

marle who put a bow into your hands;

A hobby horse, or some such pretty toy,

A rattle would besit you better, Boy.

You conquer Gods and men? how stand I free,

That will acknowledge no supremacy

Into your chuldishe God-head? does it cry?

Give it a plumme to still it's deiry.

Good *Venus* let it suck; that it may keep

Lesse bawlings; gentle Nurse rock it a sleep.

Or if you be past baby; and are now

Come to wear breeches, must we then allow

Your Boy-ship leave to shoot at whom you please?

No, whip it for such wanton tricks as these:

If this doe anger you, I'll send a Bee,

Shall to a single duell challenge thee:

And make you to your Mam run, and complaine,

The litle serpent stung thee once againe.

Goe hunt the butter-flies, and if you can

But catch'em, make their wings into a fan.

Wee'll give you leave to hunt and sport at them,



So you let men alone. --- But I blasphem  
 (Great Love) I feare I have offended thee,  
 If so, be mercifull, -- and punish me.

*A gratulatory to M. Ben. Johnson for his  
 adopting of him to be his Son.*

I Was not borne to *Helicon*, nor dare  
 Presume to think my selfe a *Muses* heire.  
 I have no title to *Parnassus* hill,  
 Nor any acre of it by the will  
 Of a dead Ancestour, nor could I be  
 Ought but a tenant unto *Poëtrie*,  
 But thy Adoption quits me of all feare,  
 And makes me challenge a childs portion there.  
 I am a kinne to *Heroes* being thine,  
 And part of my alliance is divine.  
*Orpheus*, *Museus*, *Homer* too, beside  
 Thy Brothers by the *Roman* Mothers side;  
 As *Ovid*, *Virgil*, and the *Latine Lyre*,  
 That is so like thee, *Horace*; the whole Quire  
 Of Poets are by thy Adoption, all  
 My Uncles; thou hast given me pow'r to call  
*Phœbus* himselfe my Grandfire; by this graunt  
 Each Sister of the nine is made my Aunt.  
 Goe you that reckon from a large descent  
 Your lineall Honours, and are well content  
 To glory in the age of your great name,  
 Though on a *Heralds* faith you build the same;  
 Idoe not envy you, nor think you blest  
 Though you may beare a *Gorgon* on your Crest  
 By direct line from *Perseus*; J will boast

No farther then my Father; that's the most  
 can, or should be proud of; and I were  
 unworthy his adoption, if that here  
 should be dully modest; boast J must  
 being sonne of his Adoption, nor his lust.  
 And to say truth, that which is best in me  
 I may call you Father, 'twas begot by thee.  
 Give I a sparke of that coelestiall flame  
 Within me, I confesse I stole the same  
 Prometheus like, from thee; and may J feed  
 his Vulture, when J dare deny the deed.  
 Many more moones thou hast, that shine by night,  
 All Bankrupts, wer't not for a borrow'd light;  
 Yet can forswear it; I the debt confesse,  
 And think my reputation ne're the lesse,  
 For Father let me be resolv'd by you;  
 't's a disparagement from rich Peru  
 To ravish gold; or theft, for wealthy Ore  
 To ransack *Tagus*, or *Padolus* shore?  
 Or does he wrong *Alcinous*, that for want  
 Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant  
 A lesse Orchard? sure it cannot bee;  
 Nor is it theft to steal some flames from thee.  
 Grant this, and I'll cry guilty, as I am,  
 And pay a full reverence to thy name.  
 For when my Muse upon obedient knees  
 Askes not a Fathers blessing, let her lesse  
 The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curse  
 With her 'cause I cannot think a worse.  
 And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat  
*Phabus* to lend thee some of his own heat,  
 To cure thy Palsie; else I will complaine

He

He has no skill in hearbs; Poets in vaine  
 Make him the God of Physick, 'twere his praise  
 To make thee as immortall as thy Boyes;  
 As his own *Daphne*; 'twere a shame to see  
 The God not love his Priest, more then his Tree.  
 But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,  
 'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

---

*In Lesbiam, & Histriam.*

I Wonder what should Madam *Leibia* meane  
 To keep young *Histrion*, and for what scene  
 So bravely shee maintaines him, that what sense  
 He please to blesse, 'tis done at her expense /  
 The play-boy spends secure; he shall have more,  
 As if both *Indies* did supply his store,  
 As if he did in bright *Pactolus* swim,  
 Or *Tagus* yellow waves did water him;  
 And yet has no renewes to defray  
 These charges, but the Madam, she must pay  
 His prodigall disbursements: Madams are  
 To such as he, more then a treble share.  
 Shee payes (which is more then she needs to doe)  
 For her own comming in, and for his too.  
 This is reward due to the sacred sin;  
 No charge too much done to the bearded chin;  
 Although shee faine her poore old Knight *Sir John*  
 To live upon his exhibition,  
 His hundred marks *per Annum*; when her joy,  
 Her sanguine darling, her spruce active boy  
 May scatter Angels; rub out silks, and shine

In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine:  
 Keep his Race-nags, and in Hide-parke be seen  
 Briske as the best (as if the stage had been  
 Growne the Court's Rivall) can to Brackly goe,  
 To *Lincolne Race*, and to *New-market* too;  
 At each of these his hundred pounds has vic'd  
 On *Peggabrigs*, or *Shotten-herrings* side;  
 And looses without swearing. Let them curse  
 That neither have a *Fortunatus* purse,  
 Nor such a Madam; if this world doe hold  
 (As very likely 'twill) Madams growne old  
 Will be the best Monopolies; *Histris* may  
 At *Maw*, or *Gleeke*, or at *Primero* play.  
 Still Madam goes to stake, *Histris* knows  
 Her worth, and therefore dices too; and goes  
 As deep, the Caster, as the only Sonne  
 Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one  
 A whole wreke since; you'd know the reason why  
*Lesbia* does this; guess you as well as I;  
 Then this I can no better reason tell;  
 'Tis 'cause he playes the woman's part so well,  
 I see old Madams are not only toyle;  
 No tilth so fruitfull as a barren soyle.  
 Ah poore day labourers, how I pittie you  
 That shrink, and sweat to live with much adoel  
 When had you wit to understand the right,  
 'Twere better wages to have work'd by night.  
 Yet some that resting here, doe only think  
 That youth with age is an unequal linke,  
 Conclude, that *Histris*'s taske as hard must be,  
 As was *Megasthenes* bloody cruelty.  
 Who made the living to embrace the dead,  
 And so expires; but I am rather lead

His bargain of the two the best to call.  
He at one game keeps her, shee him at all

*De Histrice, Ex Claudiano.*

**F**Am'd *Stymphall*, I have heard, thy birds in flight  
Shoot showers of arrowes forth all levied right,  
And long the fable of those quills of Steele  
Did seeme to me a tale incredible,  
Now have I faith; the Porcupine I see,  
And then th' *Herculean* birds no wonders be.  
Her longer head like a swines snout doth show,  
Bristles like hornes upon her fore-head grow.  
A fiery heat glows from her flaming eye;  
Vnder her shaggy back the shape doth lye  
As 'twere a whelpe: nature all Art hath try'd  
In this small beast so strangely fortified.  
A threatening wood o're all her body stands;  
And stiff with Pikes the speckled stalks in bands  
Grow to the warre; while under those doth rise  
An other troope, gilt with alternate dyes  
Of severall hue, which while a black doth fill  
The inward space ends in a solid quill.  
That lessning by degrees, doth in a while,  
Take a quick point, and sharpens to a Pile.  
Nor doth her squadrons like the hedge-hogs stand  
Fixt; but she darts them forth, and at command  
Farre of her members aimes; shot through the skye  
From her shak'd side the Native Engines flye.  
Sometimes retiring, *Parthian* like, shee'll wound  
Her following foe; sometimes intrenching round,  
In battaile forme marshalling all her flanks,

Shee'l clafh her javelins to affright the ranks  
 Of her poore enemies: lining every fide  
 With fpeares to which ſhe is her ſelfe allied,  
 Each part of her's a ſouldier, from her back  
 But ſtir'd, a horſe and horrid noiſe doth crack;  
 That one would think the trumpet did incite  
 Two adverſe Armies to begin to fight;  
 So great a noiſe, from one ſo ſmall did riſe.  
 Then to her ſkill in Armes ſhe is ſo wiſe  
 As to adde Policy, and a thrifty feare  
 Of her own ſafety; ſhe a wrath doth beare  
 Not prodigall of weapons, but content  
 With wary threatning; and hath ſeldome ſent  
 An arrow forth, cauſ'd by an idle ſtriſe,  
 But ſpends 'em only to ſecure her life!

And then her diligent ſtroke ſo certaine is  
 Without all errour, ſhe will ſeldome miſſe.  
 No diſtance cozens her; the dumbe ſkin aimes right,  
 And rules the levy of the ſkilfull fight.  
 What humane labour, though we boalt it ſuch,  
 With all her reaſon can performe ſo much?  
 They from the *Cretan* Goats their horns muſt take;  
 And after, thoſe with fire muſt ſofter make.  
 Bulls guts muſt bend their bowes; and ere they fight  
 Steele arms their darts; and feathers wing their flight.

When loe a little beaſt we armed ſee  
 With nothing but her own Artillery;  
 Who ſeeks no forrain aide, with her all goe,  
 She to her ſelfe is Quiver, darts, and bow.  
 One Creature all the Arts of warfare knows;  
 If from examples then the Praſtiſe flows  
 Of humane life, hence did th' Invention grow  
 At diſtance to encounter with our foe.

Hence the *Cydonians* instructed are  
 Their Stratagems, and manner of their warre.  
 Hence did the *Parthians* learne to fight and fly;  
 Taught by this bird their skilfull Archery.

---

*In Archimedi sphaeram, ex Claudiano.*

I Owe saw the Heavens fram'd in a litle glasse,  
 And laughing, to the Gods these words did passe;  
 Comes then the power of mortall cares so farre?  
 In brittle Orbes my labours acted are.  
 The statutes of the Poles, the faith of things,  
 The laws of Gods this *Syracusan* brings  
 Hither by art: Spirits inclos'd attend  
 Their severall spheares, and with set motions bend  
 The living work: Each yeare the fained Sun,  
 Each month returns the counterfeited Moon;  
 And viewing now her world, bold Industrie  
 Grows proud, to know the heavens her subjects be.  
 Believe *Salmonius* hath false thunders thrown,  
 For a poore hand is Natures rivall grown.

---

*De Magnete. Ex Claudiano.*

VV Ho in the world with busie reason pryres,  
 Searching the seed of things, and there descryes  
 With what defect labours th' Eclipsed Moon,  
 What cause commands a palenesse in the Sun,  
 Whence ruddy comets with their fatall haire,  
 Whence winds doe flow, and what the Motions are  
 That shake the bowels of the trembling earth,

What

What strikes the lightning forth, whence clouds give birth  
 To horrid thunders; and doth also know  
 What light lends lustre to the painted Bow:  
 Fought of truth his soule doth understand,  
 Let him resolve a question I'le demand.

There is a stone which we the loadstone stile,  
 Of colour ugly, darke, obscure, and vile:  
 It never deck'd the flecked locks of Kings,  
 No Ornament, no gorgeous Tire it brings  
 To Virgins beauteous necks, it never shone  
 A splendent buckle in their maiden Zone:  
 But only heare the wonders I will tell  
 Of this black peeble, and 'twill then excell  
 All bracelets, and what e're the diving *Moore*  
 Mongst the red weeds seeks for 'ith Eastern shore:  
 From Iron first it lives, Iron it eats,  
 But that sweet feast it knows no other meats;  
 Thence she renews her strength, vigor is sent  
 Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment;  
 Without that food she dyes, a famine numm's  
 Her meager joints, a thirst her veins consumes.  
*Mars* that frights Cities with his bloody speares,  
 And *Venus* that releases humane feares,  
 Doe both together in one Temple shine,  
 Both jointly honour'd in a common shrine;  
 But different Statues, *Mars* a steel put on,  
 And *Venus* figure was Magnetique stone.  
 To them (as is the custome every yeare)  
 The Priest doth celebrate a Nuptiall there.  
 The torch the *Quire* doth lead, the threshold's green  
 With hallow'd Mirrles, and the beds are seen  
 To smell with rosy flowers, the Geniall sheet  
 Spred over with a purple Coverlet.



But here (ô strange!) the statues seem'd to move  
 And *Cytherea* runs to catch her Love;  
 And like their former joyes in heaven possesse,  
 With wanton heat clings to her *Mars's* brest;  
 There hangs a gratefull burden, then she throwes  
 Her arms about his helmet, to inclose  
 Her Love in amorous Gives, lest he get out,  
 Here live embraces chaine him round about.  
 He stir'd with love breath'd gently through his veins,  
 Is drawn by unseen links and secret chains  
 To meet his spoused Gemme; the ayre doth wed  
 The steel unto the stone; thus strangely led  
 The deities their stolne delights replay'd,  
 And only Nature was the bridall-mayd.  
 What heat in these two Merals did inspire  
 Such mutual league? what concords powrefull fire  
 Contracted their hard minds? the stone doth move  
 With amorous heat, the steel doth learn to love.  
 So *Venus* oft the God of warre withstood,  
 And gives him milder looks; when hot with blood  
 He rages to the fight, fierce with desire,  
 And with drawne points whets up his active Ire;  
 She dares goe forth alone, and boldly meet  
 His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet  
 The tumour of his high swolne breast allwage,  
 Temp'ring with gentle flames his violent rage.  
 Peace courts his soule, the fight he disavows,  
 And his red plumes he now to kisses bows.  
 Ah cruell Boy large thy dominions be,  
 The Gods and all their Thunders yeild to thee;  
 Great Jove to leave his heaven thou canst constrain,  
 And midst the brimish waves to Low again.  
 Now the cold Rocks thou strik'st, the sencelesse stone

Thy

Thy weapon feels; a lustfull hear doth runne  
Through veins of flint; the Steele thy power can tame;  
And rigid Marble must admit thy flame.

*De Senæ Veronenſi: Ex Claudiano.*

**H**Appy the man that all his dayes hath spent  
Within his own grounds, and no farther went;  
Whom the same house that did him erst behold  
A little Infant, sees him now grown old;  
That with his staffe walkes where he cravel'd before,  
Counts th' age of one poore cottage and no more.  
Fortune ne're him with various tumult preſt,  
Nor drank he unknown streams, a wandring gueſt.  
He fear'd no Merchants ſtormes, nor drammes of war,  
Nor ever knew the ſtrifes of the hoarſe Bar.  
Who though to th' next Town he a ſtranger be,  
Yet heav'ns ſweet proſpect he enjoyes more free.  
From fruits, not Conſuls, computation brings,  
By Apples Autumnes knows, by flowers the ſprings.  
Thus he the day by his owne orbe doth prize;  
In the ſame field his Sunne doth ſet and riſe.  
That knew an oake a twigge, and walking thither  
Beholds a wood and he grown up together.  
Neighbouring *Veron* he may for *India* take,  
And think the red ſea is *Benacus* lake.  
Yet is his ſtrength untam'd, and firme his knees;  
Him the third age a luſty Grandſire ſees.  
Goe ſeek whoſe will the farre *Iberian* ſhore,  
This man hath liv'd, though that hath travel'd more.

*The second Epod: of Horace translated.*

**H**appy the man which farre from city cares,  
 (Such as ancient Mortals were)  
 With his own oxen plowes his fathers land,  
 Free from Usurers griping hand.  
 The souldiers trumpets never break his sleep,  
 Nor angry seas that raging keep.  
 He shuns the wrangling Hall, nor foot doth set  
 On the proud thresholds of the Great:  
 His life is this (O life almost divine!)  
 To marry Elmes unto the Vine;  
 To prune unfruitfull branches, and for them  
 To graft a bough of happier stemme.  
 Or else within the low couch'd vallies views  
 His well-cloth'd flocks of bleating ewes.  
 Sometimes his hony he in pots doth keep,  
 Sometimes he sheares his fleecy sheep.  
 And when his fruits with autumn ripened be  
 Gathers his apples from the Tree.  
 And joyes to tast the peares himself did plant,  
 And Grapes that naught of purple want.  
 Vnder an Oake sometimes he layes his head,  
 Making the tender grassie his bed.  
 Meane while the streams along their banks doe float,  
 And birds doe chaunt with warbling throats;  
 And gentle springs a gentle murmure keep,  
 To lull him to a quiet sleep.  
 When winter comes, and th' ayre doth chiller grow,  
 Threatning showers, and shivering snow;  
 Either with hounds he hunts the tusked swine

Tha

That foe unto the come and vine;  
 Or laves his men, or limes the antelope both  
 To catch the black-bird, or the thrush,  
 Sometimes the Hawk he counts, and one way  
 Makes both a pleasure and a prey.  
 But if with him a mated wife doth meet,  
 To guide his house and children's ween;  
 Such as the Sabine or Apollon wife,  
 Something throws her husband's life;  
 Such as will make a good woman live so long,  
 Against her weaned Hare's return;  
 And thrusting in her darts the Faithful Next,  
 Will milke the Hares distressed Teat:  
 Fetching her husband either full grown Albert,  
 And other whole some Country there.  
 Supp him with bread and cheese, Baking or Pye,  
 Such dainties as they like nor they  
 Give me but these, and I shall live here  
 Where all the Sabine ladies are,  
 These wholesome country dainties shall be  
 Sweet as Touch or fragrant.  
 Had I but these I well could be without  
 The Corp, the Summer, or the Frost:  
 Nor should the Pleasant life be small delight  
 My not ambitious appetite,  
 As should an Apple Orchard's fruit come from some vine,  
 Or honey of my labouring Bees,  
 My Cattle's milke should still afford me food,  
 My sheep my cloth, my ground my weed.  
 Sometimes a Lamb I would have from the middle Shille  
 A banquet for my friends and me.  
 Sometimes a Calf or he fowls the loving Cow,  
 Or tender Lillie of the Sow.

*The second Epod: of Horace translated.*

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 To marry Elmes unto the Vine;  
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 His well-cloth'd flocks of bleating ewes.  
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 Gathers his apples from the Tree.  
 And joyes to tast the peares himself did plant,  
 And Grapes that naught of purple want.  
 Vnder an Oake sometimes he layes his head,  
 Making the tender grasse his bed.  
 Meane while the streams along their banks doe float,  
 And birds doe chaunt with warbling throat;  
 And gentle springs a gentle murmure keep,  
 To lull him to a quiet sleep.  
 When winter comes, and th' ayre doth chiller grow,  
 Threatning showers, and shivering snow;  
 Either with hounds he hunts the tusked swine

Tha

That foe unto the corne and vine;  
Or layes his nets, or limes the unctuous bush  
To catch the black-bird, or the thrush.  
Sometimes the Hare he courses, and one way  
Makes both a pleasure and a prey.  
But if with him a modest wife doth meet,  
To guide his house and children sweet;  
Such as the *Sabine* or *Apulean* wife,  
Something brown but chaste of life;  
Such as will make a good warme fire to burn,  
Against her wearied Mate's return;  
And shutting in her stalls her fruitfull Neat,  
Will milke the kins distended Teat:  
Fetching her husband of her self-brew'd beer,  
And other wholesome Country cheere.  
Supp him with bread and cheese, Pudding or Pye,  
Such dainties as they doe not buy:  
Give me but these, and J shall never care  
Where all the *Lucrine* oysters are;  
These wholesome country dainties shall to me  
Sweet as *Tench* or *Sturgeon* be.  
Had J but these J well could be without  
The *Carp*, the *Sammon*, or the *Trout*:  
Nor should the *Phoenix* selfe so much delight  
My not ambitious appetite,  
As should an *Apple* snatch'd from mine own trees,  
Or hony of my labouring Bees.  
My Cattels udders should afford me food,  
My sheep my cloth, my ground my wood.  
Sometimes a lamb, snatch'd from the wolfe shall be  
A banquet for my friend and me.  
Sometimes a Calf ta'ne from her loving Cow,  
Or tender Issue of the Sow.

Our gardens fallow yield, Mallows to keep  
 Loose bodies, Lettice for to sleep.  
 The cackling Hen an egge for breakfast layes,  
 And Duck that in our water playes.  
 The Goose for us her tender plumes hath bred  
 To lay us on a softer bed.  
 Our blankets are not dy'd with Orphanes teares,  
 Our Pillows are not stuff'd with cares.  
 To walke on our own ground a stomacke gets,  
 The best of sawce to tart our meats.  
 In midst of such a feast, 'tis joy to come  
 And see the well-fed Lambs at home.  
 'Tis pleasure to behold th' inverted Plow,  
 The Languid necks of Oxen bow.  
 And view th' industrious servants that will sweate  
 Both at labour and at meate.  
 Lord grant me but enough; I ask no more  
 Then will serve mine, and helpe the poore.

*An Elegie upon the Lady Venetia Digby.*

**D**earth, who'd not change prerogatives with thee,  
 That dost such rapes, yet maist not question'd be?  
 Here cease thy wanton lust, be satisfy'd,  
 Hope not a second, and so faire a bride,  
 Where was her *Mars*, whose valiant armes did hold  
 This *Venus* once, that thou durst be so bold  
 By thy too nimble theft? I know 'twas feare,  
 Lest she should come, that would have rescu'd her.  
 Monster confesse, didst thou not blushing stand,  
 And thy pale cheek turne red to touch her hand?  
 Did she not lightning-like strike suddaine hear

Through

Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to sweat?  
 Well since thou hast her, use her gently, *Death*,  
 And in requitall of such precious breath  
 Watch sentinell to guard her, doe not see  
 The wormes thy rivals, for the Gods will be.  
 Remember *Paris*, for whose pettier sin,  
 The *Trojan* gates let the stout *Grecians* in;  
 So when time ceases, (whose unthrifty hand  
 Ha's now almost consum'd his stock of sand)  
 Myriads of Angels shall in Armies come,  
 And fetch (proud ravisher) their *Helen*-home.  
 And to revenge this rape, thy other store  
 Thou shalt resigne too, and shalt steale no more.  
 Till then faire Ladies (for you now are faire,  
 But till her death I fear'd your just dispaire,)  
 Fetch all the spices that *Arabia* yields,  
 Distill the choicest flowerts of the fields:  
 And when in one their best perfections meet  
 Embalme her course, that she may make them sweet.  
 Whilst for an Epitaph upon her stone  
 I cannot write, but I must weep her one.

## Epitaph.

Beauty it selfe lyes here, in whome alone,  
 Each part injoy'd the same perfection.  
 In some the Eyes we prayse; in some the Haires;  
 In her the lips; in her the Cheeks are faire;  
 That Nymphs fine Feet, her hands we beauteous call;  
 But in this forme we praise no part, but all.  
 The ages past have many beauties shown;  
 And I more plenty in our time have known;  
 But in the age to come I looke for none,  
 Nature despaires, because her patterns gone.

The





*An Epitaph upon Mistris I. T.*

**R**Eader, if thou hast a teare,  
 Thou canst not choose but pay it here.  
 Here lyes *modesty, meeknesse, zeale,*  
*Goodnesse, Piety,* and to tell  
 Her worth at once, one that had shovne  
 All vertues that her sex could owne.  
 Nor dare my praise too lavish be,  
 Lest her dust blush, for so would she.  
 Hast thou beheld in the spring's bowers  
 Tender buds break to bring forth flowers?  
 So to keep vertues stock, pale death  
 Took her to give her infant breath.  
 Thus her accounts were all made even,  
 She robb'd not earth to adde to heaven.

*An Epithalamium.*

**M**Use be a bride-maid; dost not heare  
 How honoured *Hunt* and his fair *Deere*,  
 This day prepare their wedding cheere?

The swiftest of thy pinions take,  
 And hence a suddaine journey make,  
 To helpe 'em break their bridall Cake.

Hast 'em to Church, tell 'em love sayes  
 Religion breeds but fond delayes,  
 To lengthen out the tedious dayes.

Chide

Chide the slow Priest, that so goes on,  
As if he feared he should have done  
His sermon, e're the glasse be runne.

Bid him post o're his words, as fast  
As if himselfe were now to tast  
The pleasure of so faire a wast.

Now lead the blessed Couple home,  
And serve a dinner up for some;  
Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids dance as nimbly as your blood,  
Which I see swell a purple flood  
In emulation of that good

The bride possesseth; for I deeme  
What she enjoyes will be the theme  
This night of every virgins dreame.

But envy not their blest content,  
The hasty night is almost spent,  
And they of *Cupid* will be thent.

The Sunne is now ready to ride,  
Sure 'twas the morning I espide,  
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See how the lusty bridegroomes veines  
Swell, till the active torrent strains  
To break those o're-stretcht azure chains.

And the faire bride ready to cry  
To see her pleasant losse so nigh,

Pants

Pants like the sealed Pigeons eye.

Put out the torch, Love loves no lights,  
Those that performe his mistick rites  
Must pay their Orisons by nights,

Nor can that sacrifice be done  
By any Priest, or Nun alone,  
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that tast of *Hymens* cheere,  
See that your lips doe meet so neare,  
That Cockles might be turo'd there;

And let the whisprings of your love  
Such short and gentle murmurs prove,  
As they were Lectures to the dove.

And in such strict embraces twine,  
As if you read unto the Vine,  
The Ivy and the Columbine.

Then let your mutuall bosomes beat,  
Till they create by virtuall heat  
Mirthe, Balme, and spikenard in a sweat.

Thence may there spring many a paire  
Of Sonnes and Daughters strong and faire:  
How soone the Gods have heard my prayer!

Me thinks already I espy  
The cradles rock, the babies cry,  
And drowsy Nurses Lullaby.

*An Epitaph upon his honour'd friend Mr Warre.*

**H**ere lyes the knowing head, the honest heart,  
 Faire blood, and courteous hands, and every part  
 Of gentle *Warre*, all with one stone content,  
 Though each deserv'd a severall monument,  
 Hewas (believe me Reader) for 'tis rare  
 Virtuous though young, and learned though an heire.  
 Not with his Blood, or Natures gifts content,  
 He paid them both their tribute which they lent.  
 His ancestors in him fixed their pride,  
 So with him all reviv'd, with him all dyed.  
 This made death lingring come, asham'd to be,  
 At once the ruine of a familie.

Learne Reader here, though long thy line hath stood,  
 Time breeds consumptions in the noblest blood.  
 Learn (Reader) here to what our Glories come,  
 Here's no distinction 'twixt the House and Toombe.

*Upon the losse of his little finger.*

**A** Rithmetique nine digits, and no more  
 Admits of, then I still have all my store,  
 For what mischance hath rane from my left hand,  
 It seems did only for a cipher stand,  
 But this Ile say for thee departed joynt,  
 Thou wert not given to steale, nor pick nor point  
 At any in disgrace; but thou didst goe  
 Untimely to thy Death, only to show  
 The other members what they once must doe,

Hand,

Hand, arme, legge, thigh, and all must follow too,  
 Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse  
 Henceforth I will impute the cause to this:  
 A fingers losse (I speake it not in sport)  
 Will make a verse a Foot too short,  
 Farewell deare finger, much I grieve to see  
 How soon mischance hath made a hand of thee.

*On the Passion of Christ.*

**V** Vhat rends the temples vaile, where is day gone  
 How can a generall darknesse cloud the Sun  
 Astrologers their skill in vaine doe try;  
 Nature must needs be sick, when God can dye.

*Necessary observations.*

1. Precept.

**F**irst worship God, he that forgets to pray  
 Bids not himselfe good morrow nor good day.  
 Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin;  
 And serve him first, whence all things did begin.

2. Pre.

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine end,  
 With them, though for a truth, doe not contend.  
 Though all should truth defend, doe thou loose rather  
 The truth a while, then loose their *Loues* for ever.  
 Who ever makes his fathers heart to bleed,  
 Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

3. Pre.

Think that is just, is not enough to do,

Unlesse thy very thoughts are upright too,

4 Pre.

Defend the truth, for that who will not dye,  
A coward is, and gives himselfe the lye.

5 Pre.

Honour the King, as sonnes their Parents doe,  
For he's thy Father, and thy Countries too.

6 Pre.

A friend is gold; if true hee'l never leave thee,  
Yet both without a touchstone may deceive thee.

7 Pre.

Suspicious men think others false, but he  
Cozens himselfe that will too credulous be,  
For thy friends sake, let no suspect be shown,  
And shun to be too credulous for thine own.

8 Pre.

Take well what e're shall chance, though bad it bee;  
Take it for good, and it will be so to thee.

9 Pre.

Swear not: An oath is like a dangerous dart  
Which shot rebounds to strike the shooters heart.

10 Pre.

The law's the path of life; then that obey,  
Who keeps it not, hath wandring lost his way.

11 Pre.

Thank those that doe thee good, so shalt thou gaine  
Their second help, if thou shouldst need againe.

12 Pre.

To doubtfull matters doe not headlong run;  
What's well left off, were better not begun.

13 Pre.

Be well advis'd, and wary counsell make,  
E're thou dost any action undertake.

■

Having



Having undertaken, thy endeavours bend  
To bring thy Action to a perfect end.

14 Pre.

Safe in thy brest close lock up thy Intent;  
For he that knows thy purpose, best prevents.

15 Pre.

To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed,  
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need.  
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,  
Thou soon shalt loose a friend, and find a foe.

16 Pre.

Keep thy friends goods; for should thy wants be known,  
Thou canst not tell but they may be thy own.

17 Pre.

To gather wealth through fraud doe not presume,  
A litle evill got will much consume.

18 Pre.

First think, and if thy thoughts approve thy will  
Then speak, and after what thou speakst fulfill.

19 Pre.

Spare nor, nor spend too much; be this thy care,  
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.  
Who spends too much may want, and so complain;  
But he spends best that spares to spend again.

20 Pre.

If with a stranger thou discourse, first learn  
By strictest observations to discern,  
If he be wiser then thy selfe; if so  
Be dumb, and rather choose by him to know.  
But if thy selfe perchance the wiser bee,  
Then doe thou speak that he may learne by thee.

21 Pre.

If thou dispraise a man let no man know.

By any circumstance that he's thy foe,  
 If men but once find that, they'l quickly see  
 Thy words from hate, and not from judgement be.  
 If thou wouldst tell his vice, doe what you can  
 To make the world believe thou lov'st the man.

22 Pre.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men,  
 Good counsell comes clean out of season then.  
 But when his fury is appear'd and past,  
 He will conceive his fault and mend at last.  
 When he is coole, and calme then utter it,  
 No man gives Physick in the midst oth' Fit.

23 Pre.

Seem not too conscious of thy worth, nor be  
 The first that knows thy own sufficiency.  
 If to thy King and Country thy true care  
 More serviceable is then others are,  
 That blaze in Court; and every Action sway  
 As if the Kingdome on their shoulders lay.  
 Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see  
 Others prefer'd of lesse Desert then thee.  
 Doe not complain though such a plaint be true,  
 Lords will not give their Favours as a Due.  
 But rather stay and hope: it cannot be  
 But men at last must needs thy vermes see.  
 So shall thy trust endure and greater grow,  
 Whilst they that are above thee, fall below.

24 Pre.

Desire not thy mean formines for to see  
 Next to the stately Mannors of the Great.  
 He will suspect thy labours, and oppress,  
 Fearing thy greatnesse makes his wealth the lesse.  
 Great ones doe love no Equals: But must be





Above the Terms of all comparitie,  
 Such a rich neighbour is compared best  
 To the great Pike that eats up all the rest;  
 Or else like *Pharaohs* Cow, that in an houre  
 Will seaven of his fattest friends devour.  
 Or like the sea whose vastnesse swallows clean  
 All other streams, though no increase be seen.  
 Live by the Poore, they doe the Poor no harme;  
 So Bees thrive best when they together swarme,  
 Rich men are Bears, and Poor men ought to fear'em  
 Like ravenous ywolves; 'tis dangerous living near'em.

25 Pre.

Each man three Divels hath, selfe borne afflictions;  
 Th'unruly tongue, the Belly, and Affections;  
 Charme these, such holy Conjurations can  
 Gain thee the friendship both of God and man.

26 Pre.

So live with man as if Gods curious eye,  
 Did every where into thine Actions prie.  
 For never yet was sinne so void of sence,  
 So fully fac'd with brazen impudence;  
 As that it durst before mens eyes commit  
 Their beastly lusts, least they should witnesse it.  
 How dare they then offend, when God shall see,  
 That must alone both Judge and Jury bee.

27 Pre.

Take thou no care how to deferre thy death,  
 And give more respite to this Mortall breath.  
 Would'st thou live long? the only means are these,  
 'Bove *Galens* dies, or *Hippocrates*.  
 Strive to live well; Tread in the upright waies,  
 And rather count thy Actions then thy daies;  
 Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,

For every day well spent I count a yeare,  
 Live well, and then how soon so e're thou die,  
 Thou art of Age to claime Eternity.  
 But he that out-lives *Nasir*, and appears  
 I have past the date of gray *Metusalem's* years;  
 If he his life to sloth and sinne doth give,  
 I say he only *Was*, he did not *Live*.

28 Pre.

Trust not a man unknown he may deceive thee;  
 And doubt the man thou know'st for he may leave thee.  
 And yet for to prevent exceptions too,  
 'Tis best not seem to doubt although you doe,

29 Pre.

Hear much but litle speak, a wise man fears,  
 And will not use his tongue so much as ears.  
 The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth doe break  
 Will others shame, and its own Ruine speak.  
 I never yet did ever read of any  
 Undone by hearing, but by speaking many.  
 The reason's this, the Ears if chaste and holy,  
 Doe let in wit, the Tongue doth let out folly.

30 Pre.

To all alike be courteous, meek, and kind,  
 A winning carriage with indifferent mind,  
 But not familiar, that must be exempt,  
 Grooms saucy love, soon turns into contempt.  
 Be sure he be at least as good as thee,  
 To whom thy friendship shall familiar bee.

31 Pre.

Judge not between two friends, but rather see  
 If thou canst bring them friendly to agree.  
 So shalt thou both their Loves to thee encrease,  
 And gain a Blessing too for making Peace;

But if thou shouldst decide the cause, i'th' end,  
Howe'er thou judge thou sure shalt loose a friend.

32 Pre.

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;  
Being got by many Actions, lost by one.

33 Pre.

Unto thy Brother buy not, sell, nor lend,  
Such Actions have their own peculiar end;  
But rather choose to give him, if thou see  
That thou hast power, and he needeth.

34 Pre.

Spare in thy youth, lest Age should find thee poor  
When time is past, and thou canst spare no more.  
No coupl'd misery is so great in either,  
As Age and Want when both doe meet together.

35 Pre.

Fly Drunkenness, whose vile incontinence  
Takes both away the reason and the sense,  
Till with *Circæas* cups thy mind's possest  
Leaves to be man, & wholly turns a Beast.  
Think whilst thou swallowest the capacious Bowle,  
Thou let'st in Seas to wrack and drowne the soule.  
That hell is open, to remembrance call,  
And think how subject drunkards are to fall.  
Consider how it soon destroyes the grace  
Of humane shape, spoiling the beauteous face,  
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,  
Smudging the face with vicious Heraldry.  
What Pearles and Rubies doth the wine disclose,  
Making the purse poore to enrich the Nose?  
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,  
Drawing some sickness into every part!  
The stomach over-cloyd, wanting a vent



To fight against his foes, and fortunes too,  
 But (ô) the griefe were treble for to see  
 Thy wretched Bride halfe pin'd with Poverty.  
 To see thy infants make their dumb complaint:  
 And thou not able to relieve their want.  
 The poorest begger when he's dead and gone,  
 Is rich as he that sits upon the Throne.  
 But he that having no estate is wed,  
 Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37 Pre.

If e're I take a wife I will have one  
 Neither for beauty nor for portions;  
 But for her vertues; and I'll married be  
 Not for my lust, but for posteritie.  
 And when I am wed, I'll never jealous be,  
 But make her learne how to be chaste by mee.  
 And be her face what 'twill, I'll think her faire  
 If she within the house confine her care.  
 If modest in her words, and cloths she be,  
 Not dawb'd with pride, and prodigalitie;  
 If with her neighbours she maintains no strife,  
 And bear herselfe to me a faithfull wife;  
 I'de rather unto such a one be wed,  
 Then clasp the choicest *Helen* in my bed.  
 Yet though she were an Angell, my affection  
 Should only love, not dote on her perfection.

*A Platonick Elegie.*

**L**ove, give me leave to serve thee, and be wise  
 To keep thy torch in, but restore blind eyes.  
 I will a flame into my bosome take,

That Martyrs Court when they embrace the stake:  
Not dull, and smoaky fires, but heat divine,  
That burnes not to consume, but to refine,  
I have a Mistresse for perfections rare  
In every eye, but in my thoughts most faire.  
Like Tapers on the Altar shine her eyes;  
Her breath is the perfume of Sacrifice.  
And where so'ere my fancy would begin,  
Still her perfection lets Religion in.  
I touch her like my Beads with devout care;  
And come unto my Court-ship as my Prayer.  
We sit, and talke, and kisse away the houres,  
As chastly as the morning dewes kisse flowres.

Goe wanton Lover spare thy sighs and teares,  
Put on the Livery which thy dorage weares,  
And call it Love, where heresie gets in  
Zeal's but a coale to kindle greater sin.  
We weare no flesh, but one another greet,  
As blessed soules in separation meet.  
Wer't possible that my ambitious sin,  
Durst commit rapes upon a Cherubin,  
I might have lustfull thoughts to her, of all  
Earths heav'nly Quire the most Angelicall.  
Looking into my brest, her forme I find  
That like my Guardian- Angell keeps my mind  
From rude attempts; and when affections stir,  
I calme all passions with one thought of her.  
Thus they whose reasons love, and not their senses,  
The spirits love: thus one Intelligence  
Reflects upon his like, and by chaste loves  
In the same spheare thus and that Angell moves.  
Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought  
Begets another, and that still is brought

To bed of more; vertues and grace increase,  
 And such a numerous issue ne're can cease.  
 Where Children though great blessings, only be  
 Pleasures repriv'd to some posteritie.  
 Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight;  
 And call that Love which is but appetite,  
 When essence meets with essence, and soules joyne  
 In mutuall knots, thats the true Nuptiall twine;  
 Such, Lady, is my love, and such is true.  
 All other Love is to your Sexe, not You.

*An Apologie for his false Prediction that his  
 Aunt Lane would be deliver'd of a Son.*

*Μάρτις ἀειπὸς ὅς τις ἠκάλεσεν ἑαυτὸν.*

The best Prophets are but good Guessers.

**A**Re then the *Sibyls* dead? what is become  
 Of the lov'd Oracles? are the *Augurs* dumbe?  
 Live not the *Magi* that so oft reveal'd  
 Natures intents? is *Gipsisme* quite repeal'd?  
 Is *Friar Bacon* nothing but a name?  
 Or is all witchcraft brain'd with *Doctor Lamb*?  
 Does none the learned *Bungies* soule inherit?  
 Has *Madam Taver* dispossess'd her spirit?  
 Or will the *Welchmen* give me leave to say  
 There is no faith in *Merlin*? none, though they  
 Dare swear each letter creed, and pawne their blood  
 He prophesied an age before the flood  
 Of holy *Dee*; which was, as some have said,  
 Ten generations ere the *Arke* was made,

All your predictions but impostures are,  
And you but prophecy of things that were.

And you Celestiall Juglers that pretend  
You are acquainted with the stars, & send  
Your spies to search what's done in every sphere,  
Keeping your state-intelligencers there;  
Your art is all deceit; for now I see  
Against the Rules of deep Astrologie,  
Girles may be got when *Mars* his power doth vaunt,  
And boyes when *Venus* is Predominant.  
Nor doth the Moone though moist and cold she be  
Alwies at full work to produce the shee:  
Had this been true I had foretold no lie,  
It was the Art was in the wrong, not I.  
Thence J so dully err'd in my beliefe,  
As to mistake an *Adam* for an *Eve*:  
O grosse mistake, and in the civill pleas  
*Error Persons*, Master Doctor saies,  
And may admit divorce, but farewell now  
You hungry star-fed Tribe, hence forth I vow  
*Talud, Albamazar, and Ptolomie*,  
With *Erra-Pater* shall no Gospell be.  
Nor will I ever after this I sweare  
Throw Dice upon the shepheards Calender.  
But why doe I excuse my ignorance  
Lay blame upon the Art? no, no, perchance  
I have lost all my skills for well I knowe  
My Physiognomie two yeares agoe  
By the small Pox was mar'd, and it may be  
A fingers losse hath spoild my Palmistry.

But why should I a grosse mistake confesse?

No, I am confident I did but guesse

The very truth; it was a male child then,



But Aunt you staid till 'twas a wench agen.  
 To see th' unconstancy of humane things,  
 How little time great Alteration brings!  
 All things are subject unto change we know,  
 And if all things, then why not sexes too?  
*Tyrosias* we read a man was borne  
 Yet after did into a woman turne.  
*Levinus* a Physitian of great fame,  
 Reports that one at *Paris* did the same.  
 And devout Papiests say certaine it is,  
 One of their Popes by Metamorphosis  
 Indur'd the same, else how could *Joan* be heire  
 To the succession of *Saint Peters* Chaire.

So I at *Chairing* *Crosse* have beheld one  
 A statue cut out of the *Parian* stone  
 To figure great *Alcides*: which when well  
 The Artift saw it was not like to sell;  
 He takes his Chizell, and away he pares  
 Part of his sinewy neck, shaving the baires  
 Of his rough beard and face, smoothing the brow  
 And making that look amorous; which but now  
 Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head  
 He poles the shaggie locks, and had o're-spread  
 His brawny shoulders with a fleece of haire,  
 And works instead more gentle tresses there;  
 And thus his skill exactly to expresse,  
 Soone makes a *Venus* of an *Hercules*.  
 And can it then impossible appeare,  
 That such a change as this might happen here.  
 For this cause therefore (gentle Aunt) I pray  
 Blame not my Prophecy, but your delay.

But this will not excuse me, that I may  
 Directly cleare my selfe, there is no way

Unless

Unless the *Jesuites* will to me impart  
The secret depth of their mysterious art.  
Who from their halting Patriot learne to frame  
A Crutch for every word that falls out lame.  
That can the subtle difference discry  
Betwixt equivocation and a lye.  
And a rare scape by sly distinction find  
To sweare the Tongue, and yet not sweare the mind.  
Now arm'd with Arguments I nothing dread,  
But my own cause thus confidently plead.

I said there was a boy within your womb,  
Not actually, but one in time to come.  
Or by *Antiphrasis* my words might be  
That ever understands the contrary;  
Or when I said you should a man-child beare,  
You understood me of the sexe I feare,  
When I did meane the mind; & thus define  
A woman but of spirit masculine.  
Or had I said it should a girl have been  
And it had prov'd a boy, you should have seen  
Me solve it thus; I meant a boy by fate,  
But one that would have been effeminate.  
Or thus I had my just excuse begun,  
I said my Aunt would surely bring a sonne.  
If not a daughter; what we seers foresee  
Is certain truth unless it falshood bee.  
Or I affirme because she brought forth one  
That will bring boyes, she hath brought forth a sonney.  
For doe not we call Father *Adam* thus,  
Because that he got those that have got us,  
What ere I said by simple Affirmation,  
I meant the right by *mentall reservation*.



*An Epithalamium to Mr F. H.*

**F**ranke when this Morne the harbinger of day  
 Blush'd from her Easterne pillow where she lay  
 Clasp'd in her *Tyrbons* armes, red with those kisses  
 Which being enjoy'd by night, by day she misses:  
 I walk'd the fields to see the teeming earth,  
 Whose womb now swells to give the flowres a birth,  
 Where while my thoughts with every object rane,  
 In severall contemplations rapt my braine,  
 A suddaine lustre like the Sunne did rise,  
 And with too great a light eclips'd mine eyes.  
 At last I spied a Beauty, such another,  
 As J have sometimes heard call thee her Brother.  
 But by the chariot, and her teame of Doves,  
 I guesst her to be *Venus*, Queene of Loves.  
 With her a pretty boy I there did see,  
 But for his wings I had thought it had been thee.  
 At last when I beheld his quiver of darts,  
 I knew 'twas *Cupid* Emperour of our hearts.  
 Thus I accosted them. Goddesse divine,  
 Great Queen of *Paphos* and *Cytherian* shrines  
 Whose Altars no man sees that can depart  
 Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart,  
 That conquerst Gods, and men; and heaven divine,  
 Yea and hell too: Beare witnesse *Proserpine*.  
 And *Cupid*, thou that canst thy Trophies show  
 Over all these, and o're thy mother too;  
 Witnesse the night which when with *Mars* she lay,  
 Did all her secrets to all the Gods betray:

Tell me great Powers, what makes such glorious beames  
Visit the lowly banks of *Ninus* streames?  
Then *Venus* smil'd, and smiling bid me know  
*Cupid* and she must both to *Weston* goe.  
I guesst the cause; for *Hymen* came behind  
In *lasteron* robes, his Nuptiall knots to bind.  
Then thus I pray'd: Great *Venus* by the Love  
Of thy *Adonis*, as thou hop'st to move  
Thy *Mars* to second kisses; and obtaine  
Beauties reward, the Golden fruit againe:  
Bow thy faire eares to my chaste prayers, and take  
Such Orisons as purest Love can make.  
Thou, and thy boy I know are posting thither  
To tie pure hearts in purest bonds together.  
*Cupid* thou know'st the maid, I have seen thee lye  
With all thy arrowes lurking in her eye.  
*Venus* thou know'st her love, for I have seen  
The time thou would'st have faine her Rivall been.  
O blesse them both! Let their affections meet  
With happy omens in the Geniall sheet.  
Both comely, beauteous both, both equall faire,  
Thou canst not glory in a fitter paire.  
I would not thus have praid if I had seen  
Fourescore and ten, wed to a young fiftien.  
Death in such Nuptials seems with love to play,  
And January seemes to match with May.  
Autumne to wed the Spring; Frost to desire  
To kisse the Sun; Ice to embrace the fire.  
Both these are young, both sprightfull, both compleat,  
Of equall measure, and of equall heat.  
And their desires are one; were all Loves such  
Who would love solitary them so much?  
Virginity (whereof chaste soeles doe boall;

A thing not knowne what 'tis, till it be lost)  
 Let others praise; for me I cannot tell  
 What vertue 'tis to lead *Babooner* in hell.  
 Woman is one with man when she is brided;  
 The same in kind, only in sexe divided.  
 Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then;  
*Adam* had been the first, and last of men.  
 How none O *Venus* then thy power had seen?  
 How then in vaine had *Cupids* arrowes been?  
 My selfe whose coole thoughts feele no hot desires,  
 That serve not *Venus* flames, but *Vesta's* fires,  
 Had I not vow'd the cloysters, to confine  
 My selfe to no more wives then only Nine,  
*Parnassus* brood; those that heare *Phabus* sing,  
 Bathing their naked limbs in *Thestian* spring,  
 I'de rather be an Owle of Birds, then one  
 That is the *Phoenix* if she live alone.  
 Two's the first of numbers, one naught can doe,  
 One then is good, when one is made of two.  
 Which mystery is thine great *Venus*, thine,  
 Thy union can two soules in one combine.  
 Now by that power I charge thee blesse the sheets  
 With happy issue where this couple meets.  
 The maid's a *Harvy*, one that may compare  
 With fruit *Hesperian*, or the Dragons care.  
 Her Love a *Ward*; nor he that awed the seas,  
 Frighting the fearefull *Hamadryades*,  
 That Ocean terror, he that durst out-brave  
 Dread *Neptunes* Trident, *Amphitrites* wave.  
 This *Ward* a milder Pirat sure will prove,  
 And only sailes the *Hellspont* of Love,  
 As once *Leander* did; his theft is best  
 That nothing steales but what's within the breast.

Yet let that other *Ward* his thefts compare,  
 And ransack all his treasures, let him beare  
 The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the *West*,  
 And all the richest treasures of the *East*.  
 The sands of *Tagus*, all *Pactolus* Ore,  
 With both the *Indies*, yet this one gets more  
 At once by Love; then he by force could get,  
 Or ravish from the Marchants; let him set  
 His Ores together, let him vainly boast  
 Of spices snatch'd from the *Canary* coast;  
 The Gummes of *Egypt*, or the *Tyrian* fleece  
 Died in his Native purple, with what *Greece*,  
*Solbos*, *Arabia*, or proud *China* yeilds,  
 With all the Metals in *Guiana* fields.  
 When this has set all forth to boast his pride  
 In various pompe; this other brings his Bride,  
 And l'e be judg'd by all judicious eyes,  
 If she alone prove not the richer prize.  
 O let nor death have power their Love to sever,  
 Let them both love, and live, and die together.  
 O let their beds be chaste, and banish thence  
 Aswell all Jealousies, as all offence!  
 For some men I have known, whose wives have been  
 As chaste as Ice: such as were never seen  
 In wanton dalliance, such as untill death  
 Never smelt any, but their husbands breath.  
 Yet the Good-man still dream'd of horns, still fearing  
 His forehead would grow harder; still appearing  
 To his own fancy, bull, or stagge, or more,  
 Or Oxe at least, that was an Ass before.  
 If she would have new cloaths, he straight will feare  
 She loves a Taylour; if she sad appeare  
 He guesses soon it is 'cause he's at home;

If jocund, sure she has some friend to come.  
 If she be sick, he thinks no greife she felt,  
 But wishes all Physicians had been guelt.  
 But ask her how she does, sets him a sweareing.  
 Feeling her pulse, is love tricks past the bearing.  
 Poore wretched wife, she cannot look a wry  
 But without doubt 'tis flat adultery.  
 And jealous wives there be, that are afraid  
 To entertaine a handsome Chamber-maid.  
 Farre, farre from them be all such thoughts I pray,  
 Let their Loves prove eternall, and no day  
 Adde date to their affections, grant (ô Queen)  
 Their Loves like nuptiall bayes be alwaies green.  
 And also grant--- But here she bid me stay,  
 For well she knew what I had else to say.  
 I ask'd no more, wish'd her hold on her race  
 To joyne their hands, and send them night apace.  
 She smil'd to heare what I in sport did say,  
 So whip'd her doves and smiling rid away.

*To Mr Feltham on his booke of Resolves.*

**I**N this unconstant Age when all mens minds  
 In various change strive to outvie the winds.  
 When no man sets his foot upon the square,  
 But treads on globes and circles; when we are  
 The Apes of Fortune, and desire to be  
 Resolved on as fickle wheelles as she.  
 As if the planets that our rulers are,  
 Made the soules motion too irregular,  
 When minds change oftner then the Greek could dream,  
 That made the Metempsychos'd soule his theme;

Sea oft to beastly formes; when truth to say  
 Moones change but once a month, we twice a day.  
 When none resolves but to be rich, and ill;  
 Or else resolves to be irresolute still.  
 In such a tide of minds, that every houre  
 Doe ebbe and flow by what inspiring power,  
 By what instinct of grace I cannot tell,  
 Dost thou resolve so much, and yet so well?  
 While foolish men whose reason is their sence,  
 Still wandering in the worlds circumference;  
 Thou holding passions rains with strictest hand  
 Dost firme and fixed in the Center stand.  
 Thence thou art settled, others while they tend  
 To rove about the circle find no end.  
 Thy book I read, and read it with delight,  
 Resolving so to live as thou dost write.  
 And yet I guesse thy life thy book produces,  
 And but expresse thy peculiar uses.  
 Thy manners dictate, thence thy writing came,  
 So *Lesbians* by their works their rules doe frame,  
 Nor by the rules the worke; thy life had been  
 Pattern enough, had it of all been seen,  
 Without a book; books make the difference here,  
 In them thou liv'st the same but every where.  
 And this I guesse, though th' art unknown to me,  
 By thy chaste writing; else it could not be  
 Dissemble ne're so well) but here and there  
 Some tokens of that plague would soone appeare;  
 Oft lurking in the skin a secret gout  
 In books would sometimes blister, and break out.  
 Contagious signes in which men take delight  
 Most needs infect the paper when they write.  
 But let the curious eyes of *Lycæum* look





Through every nerue, and sinew of this book,  
Of which 'tis full: let the most diligent mind  
Prie thorough it, each sentence he shall find  
Season'd with chaste, not with an itching salr,  
More favouring of the Lampe, then of the male,  
But now too many think no wit divine,  
None worthy life, but whole luxurious line  
Can ravish Virgins thoughts; And is it fit  
To make a Pandar, or a band of wit?  
But tell 'em of it, in contempt they look,  
And aske in scorne if you would geld the book.  
As if th' effeminate braine could nothing doe  
That should be chaste, and yet be masculine too.  
Such books as these (as they themselves indeed  
Truly confesse) men doe not praile, but read.  
Such idle books, which if perchance they can  
Better the brain, yet they corrupt the man.  
Thou hast not one bad line so lustfull bred  
As to dye maid, or matrons cheek in red.  
Thy modest wit, and witty honest letter  
Make both at once my wit, and me the better.  
Thy book a Garden is, and helps us most  
To regain that, which we in *Adam* lost.  
Where on the Tree of knowledge we may feed,  
But such as no forbidden fruits doth breed.  
Whose leaves like those whence *Eve* her coat did frame,  
Serve not to cover, but to cure our shame.  
Fraught with all flowers, not only such as grows  
To please the eye, or to delight the nose.  
But such as may redeeme lost healths again,  
And store of Heliebore to purge the brain.  
Such as would cure the surfeit man did take  
From *Adams Apples*: such as faine would make

Mans second Paradise, in which should be  
 The fruits of life, but no forbidden Tree.  
 It is a Garden; ha, J thus did say:  
 And maids, and Matrons blushing runne away.  
 But maids reenter these chaste pleasing bowers;  
 Chaste Matrons here gather the purest flowers.  
 Feare not, from this pure Garden doe not flye,  
 In it doth no obseane *Priapus* lye.  
 This is an *Eden* where no serpents be  
 To tempt the womans imbecilitie.  
 These lines rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raise;  
 Nor doth the Cinnamon bark deserve lesse praise,  
 I mean the stile, being pure, and strong, and round,  
 Not long but *Pythy*, being short breath'd, but sound.  
 Such as the grave, acute, wise *Seneca* sings,  
 That best of Tutors to the worst of Kings.  
 Not long and empty; lofty but not proud;  
 Subtile but sweet, high but without a cloud.  
 Well seiled, full of nerves, in brieft 'tis such  
 That in a little hath comprized much,  
 Like th' *Iliads* in a Nutshell: And I say  
 Thus much for stile; though truth should not be gay  
 In strumpets glittering robes, yet ne' rethelless  
 She well deserves a Matrons comelineesse.  
 Being too brave she would our fancies glut;  
 But we should loath her being too much the flut.  
 The reasonable soule from heaven obtain'd  
 The best of bodies, and that man hath gain'd  
 A double praise, whose noble vertues are  
 Like to the face, in soule and body faire.  
 Who then would have a noble sentence clad  
 In russet-thread-bare words, is full as mad  
 As if *Apelles* should so fondly dore,



As to paint *Venus* in old *Baucys* coat.  
 They erre that would bring stile so basely undert;  
 The lofty language of the law was thunder.  
 The wisest 'pothecary knows 'tis skill  
 Neatly to candy o're the wholesome pill.  
 Best Physique then, when gaul with sugar meets,  
 Tempering Absinthian bitternesse with sweets.  
 Such is thy sentence, such thy stile, being read  
 Men see them both together happ'ly wed.  
 And so resolve to keep them wed, as we  
 Resolve to give them to posteritie.  
 'Mongst thy resolves put my resolves in too;  
 Resolve who's will, thus I resolve to doe:  
 That should my errours choose anothers line  
 Whereby to write, I meane to live by thine;

---

In Natalem Augustissimi Principis Caroli.

**P**rima tibi perijt soboles (dilecta Maria.)  
 Elusitq; uterum maesta Diana tuum.  
 Tunc Caelo, nunc & terris facunda fuisti,  
 Quae potes & reges & peperisse deos.  
 Thy first birth *Mary* was unto a tombe;  
 And sad *Lucina* cheared thy blest wombe.  
 To heav'n thou wert fruitfull, now to earth,  
 That canst give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

---

Upon his Picture.

**V**Vhen age hath made me what I am not now  
 And every wrinkle tels me where the plow

If time hath furrowed, when an Ice shall flow  
 Through every veine, and all my head be snow:  
 When death displays his coldnesse in my cheek,  
 And I, my selfe in my own Picture seek.  
 Not finding what J am, but what I was;  
 In doubt which to beleive, this, or my glasse:  
 Yet though I alter, this remains the same  
 As it was drawne, retains the primitive frame,  
 And first complexion, here will still be seen  
 Blood on the cheek, and Downe upon the chin.  
 Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,  
 The ruddy Lip, and haire of youthfull dye.  
 Behold what frailty we in man may see,  
 Whose Shadow is lesse given to change then he.

---

*An Ode to Mr: Anthony Stafford to hasten  
 him into the Country.*

Come spurre away,  
 I have no patience for a longer stay,  
 But must goe down,  
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great Town.  
 I will the country see,  
 Where old simplicity,  
 Though hid in gray,  
 Doth look more gay  
 Then foppery in plush and scarlet clad.  
 Farewell you City-wits that are  
 Almost at Civill warre, (mad  
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world growe  
 More of my dayes

I will not spend to gain an Idiots praise;  
Or to make sport  
For some slight Punie of the Innes of Court.  
Then worthy *Stafford*, say,  
How shall we spend the day.  
With what delights,  
Shorten the nights?  
When from this tumult we are got secure;  
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,  
Yet shall no finger loose;  
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

There from the tree  
Wee'l cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry,  
And every day  
Goe see the wholesome Country Girls make hay,  
Whose brown hath lovelier grace,  
Then any painted face,  
That I doe know.  
*Hide-Parke* can show.  
Where I had rather gain a kisse then meet  
(Though some of them in greater state  
Might court my love with plate)  
The beauties of the *Cheape*, and wives of *Lumbarde*

But think upon  
Some other pleasures, these to me are none,  
Why doe I prate  
Of woemen, that are things against my fate.  
I never mean to wed  
That torture to my bed.  
My Muse is she  
My love shall be.

Let Clownes get wealth, and heires, when I am gone,  
 And the great Bugbeare grisly death  
 Shall take this idle breath,  
 If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Sonne.

Of this no more;  
 Wee'l rather tast the bright *Pomona's* store.  
 No fruit shall scape  
 Our pallats, from the damisen, to the grape.  
 Then full we'l seek a shade,  
 And hear what musique's made;  
 How Philomell  
 Her tale doth tell;  
 And how the other Birds doe fill the quire;  
 The Thrush and Black-bird lend their throats  
 Warbling melodious notes;  
 We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the skie,  
 Where at what fowle we please our Hauke shall flye;  
 Nor will we spare  
 To hunt the crafty foxe, or timorous hare;  
 But let our hounds run loole  
 In any ground they'l choose,  
 The Buck shall fall;  
 The stagge and all:  
 Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,  
 For to my *Muse*, if not to mee,  
 I'me sure all game is free;  
 Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty.

And when we meane  
 To tast of *Bacchus* blessings now and then,  
 And drink by stealth

A cup or two to noble *Barkleys* health,  
 I'll take my pipe and try  
 The *Phrygian* melody;  
 Which he that hears  
 Lets through his ears  
 A madnesse to distemper all the brain,  
 Then I another pipe will take  
 And *Dorique* musique make,  
 To Civilize with greater notes our wits again.

---

*An answer to Mr Ben Johnson's Ode to persuade him not to leave the stage,*

**B**EN doe not leave the stage  
 Cause 'tis a loathsome age;  
 For Pride and Impudence will grow too bold,  
 When they shall heare it told  
 They frighted thee; stand high as is thy cause,  
 Their hisse is thy applause,  
 More just were thy disdain,  
 Had they approv'd thy vaine.  
 So thou for them, and they for thee were borne,  
 They to incense, and thou as much to scorne.

Wilt thou engrosse thy store  
 Of wheat, and powre no more,  
 Because their Bacon-brains have such a tast  
 As more delight in mast?  
 No; set 'em forth a board of dainties, full  
 As thy best Muse can cull;  
 While they the while doe pine  
 And thirst, midst all their wine,

What greater plague can hell it selfe devise,  
Then to be willing thus to rancalize?

Thou canst not find them stasse  
That will be bad enough  
To please their pallats; let 'em thine refuse  
For some Pye-corner Muse;  
Shee is too faire an hostesse, twere a sinne  
For them to like thine *Inne*;  
'Twas made to entertaine,  
Guests of a nobler strain,  
Yet if they will have any of thy store,  
Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy dore.

And let those things in Plush,  
Till they be taught to blush,  
Like what they will, & more contented be  
With what *Broom* swept from thee.  
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains  
Write not to Cloths but Brains:  
But thy great spleen doth rise  
Cause moles will have no eyes;  
This only in my *Ben*, I faultily find  
He's angry, they'le not see him that are blind.

Why should the Scene be Mute  
Cause thou canst touch my Lute,  
And string thy *Horace*? let each Muse of nine  
Claim thee, and say thou art mine.  
'Twere fond to let all other flames expire  
To sit by *Pindar's* fire;  
For by so strange neglect,  
I should my selfe suspect





The Palsie were as well, thy brains disease;  
If they could shake thy Muse which way they please,

And though thou well canst sing,  
The glories of thy King;  
And on the wings of verse his chariot beare  
To heaven, and fixe it there:  
Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise,  
To please him as to praise.  
I would not have thee choose  
Only a treble Muse,  
But have this envious ignorant Age to know,  
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

*A Dialogue. Thirsis, Lalage.*

*Th.* **M**Y Lalage when I behold  
So great a cold,  
And not a spark of heat in thy desire,  
I wonder what strange power of thine,  
Kindles in mine  
So bright a flame, and such a burning fire.  
*Lal.* Can *Thirsis* in Philosophy  
A truant be,  
And not have learn'd the power of the Sun?  
How he to sublunary things  
A fervour brings,  
Yet in himselfe is subject unto none?  
*Thi.* But why within thy eyes appeare  
Never a teare,  
That cause from mine perpetuall showres to fall?  
*Lal.* Foole 'tis the power of fire you know

afe.

To melt the snow,

Yet has no moisture in it selfe at all,

*Thi.* How can I be, dear Virgin snow,

Both fire and snow?

Doe you that are the cause, the reason tell;

More then miracle to me

It seems to be,

That so much heat with so much cold should dwell.

*La.* The reason I will render thee;

Why both should be.

Audacious *This* is in thy love too bold,

Cause thy sawcinesse durst aspire

To such a fire,

Thy love is hot; but 'tis thy hope is cold.

*Th.* Let pittie move thy gentle brest

To one oppress;

This way, or that, give ease to my desire;

And either let Loves fire be lost

In hopes cold frost,

Or hopes cold frost be warm'd in loves quick fire,

*La.* O neither Boy; neither of these

Shall work thy ease.

He pay thy rashnesse with immortall pain,

As hope doth strive to freeze thy flame,

Love melts the same:

As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez't againe.

*Th.* Come gentle swains lend me a groane

To ease my moane.

*Chorus.* Ah cruell Love how great a power is thine?

Under the Poles although we lye

Thou mak'st us frye:

And thou canst make us freeze beneath the line,

To

*A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepheard.*

*Nym.* **W**HY sigh you swain? this passion is not common  
I fit for your kids or Lamblins? *Sh.* For a man.

*Nym.* How faire is she that on so sage a brow  
Prints lowring looks? *Shep.* Just such a toy as thou. (man)

*Nym.* Is she a maid? *Shep.* what man can answer that?

*Nym.* Or widdow? *Sh.* No. *Ny.* What then? *Sh.* I know not  
Saint-like she looks, a *Syren* if she sing. (what)

Her eyes are starres, her mind is every thing.

*Nym.* If she be fickle, Shepheard leave to wooe  
Or fancy mee. *Sh.* No thou art woman too;

*Nym.* But I am constant. *Sh.* Then thou art not faire.

*Nym.* Bright as the morning. *Sh.* Wavering as the Ayre.

*Nym.* What grows upon this cheek? *Sh.* A pure Carnation.

*Nym.* Come tast a kisse. *Sh.* O sweet, o sweeter Temptation.

*Chor.* Ah Love, and canst thou never loose the field?  
Where *Cupid* layes the siege, the towne must yeild,  
He warms the chiller blood with glowing fire,  
And thaws the Icy frost of cold desire.

*A Pastoral Ode.*

**C**OY *Celia* dost thou see  
Yon hollow mountain tottering o're the plaine,  
O're which a farall Tree  
With treacherous shade betrays the sleepey swaine?  
Beneath it is a Cell,  
As full of horror as my brest of care,  
Ruin therein might dwell,

As a fit roome for guilt and black dispaire.  
 Thence will I headlong throw  
 This wretched weight, this heap of misery;  
 And in the dust below,  
 Bury my Carcasse, and the thought of thee:  
 Which when I finish have,  
 O hate me dead, as thou hast done alive;  
 And come not neare my grave  
 Lest I take heat from thee, and so revive,

---

## A Song.

Musick thou Queen of soules, get up and string  
 Thy pow'rfull Lute, and some sad requiem sing;  
 Hill Rocks require thy *Eccò* with a groane;  
 And the dull chists repeat the duller tone;  
 Then on a suddain with a nimble hand  
 Runne gently o're the Chordes, and so command  
 The Pine to dance, the Oake his Roots forgoe,  
 The Holme and aged Elme to foot it too;  
 Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars runne;  
 And call the Courtly Palme to make up one;  
 Then in the midst of all their Jolly train,  
 Strike a sad note; and fixe'em Trees again,

---

## The Song of Discord.

Et *Linus* and *Amphion* lute,  
 With *Orpheus* citterne now be mute.  
 The hardest voice the sweetest notes;  
 The Raven has the choicest throat,



A set of Froggs a quire for mee,  
 The Mandrake shall the Chaunter bee,  
 Where neither voice, nor tunes agree;  
 This is discords Harmony.  
 Thus had *Orpheus* learn'd to play,  
 The following Trees had run away.

---

*To one Overhearing his private discourse.*

I Wonder not my *Leda* farre can see  
 Since for her eyes she might an Eagle be,  
 And dare the Sun; but that she hears so well  
 As that she could my privat whisperings tell,  
 I stand amaz'd; her ears are not so long,  
 That they could reach my words; hence then it sprung  
 Love overhearing fled to her bright eare,  
 Glad he had got a tale to whisper there.

---

*Epigram: 47 ex decimo Libro Martialis.*

These are things that being possess  
 Will make a life that's truly blest;  
 Estate bequeath'd, not got with toile;  
 A good hot fire, a gratefull soyle.  
 No strife, warme cloths, a quiet soule,  
 A strength intire, a body whole.  
 Prudent simplicity, equall friends,  
 A diet that no Art commends.  
 A night not drunk, and yet secure,  
 A bed not sad, yet chaste and pure.  
 Long sleeps to make the nights but short;

will to be but what thou art.  
 Naught rather choose; contented lye,  
 and neither feare, nor wish to dye.

In Grammaticum Eunuchum.

**G**rammaticum Diodore doces Eunuche puellor,  
 Credo Solacisum tu Diodore facis,  
 cum sis ex ceteris quam nec Sporus ille Neronis,  
 Nec meris liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.  
 Non unam liquit tibi seua novacula testem;  
 Propria quæ maribus cur Diodore legi?  
 Quæ genus aut sexum variant, Heterosclita tantum  
 Posthæc si sapias tu Diodore legas.

To the Vertuous and noble Lady, the Lady Cotton.

**I**s not to force more tears from your sad eye,  
 That we write thus; that were a Piety  
 Turn'd guilt & sinne; we only beg to come  
 And pay due tribute to his sacred tombe,  
 The muses did divide his love with you,  
 And justly therefore may be mourners too.  
 In stead of Cypressse, they have brought fresh Baies  
 To crowne his Urne, and every dirge is praise.  
 But since with him the learned tongues are gone,  
 Necessity here makes us use our owne.  
 Read in his praise your owne, you cannot misse;  
 For he was but our Wonder, you were his.

*An Elegie on the death of that Renowned and  
Noble Knight Sir Rowland Cotton  
of Bellaport in Shropshire.*

**R**Ich as was *Cottons* worth, I wish each line,  
And every verse I breath like him, a Mine.  
That by his vertues might created be  
A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie.  
But that invention cannot sure be poore,  
That but relates a part of his large store.  
His youth began, as when the Sun doth rise  
Without a Cloud, and clearly trots the skies.  
And whereas other youths commended bee,  
From conceiv'd Hopes, his was maturitie.  
Where other Springs boast blossoms fairly blown,  
His was a harvest, and had fruits full grown.  
So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to raigne  
In wisdom, & *Æson* like, turn'd young againe.  
This, Royall *Henry*, whose majesticke eye  
Saw thorough men, did from his court desery,  
And thither call'd him, and then fix'd him there  
One of the prime starres in his glorious sphere.  
And (Princely Master) witnesse this with mee,  
He liv'd not there to serve himselfe but thee.  
No Silk-worne Courtier, such as study there  
First how to get their cloaths, then how to weare.  
And though in favour high, he nere was known  
To promote others suits to pay for's own.  
He valued more his Master, and knew well,  
To use his love was noble; base to sell.  
Many there be live in the Court we know

to serve for Pageants, and make up the show,  
 and are not serviceable there at all  
 at now and then at some great Festivall,  
 he serv'd for nobler use, the secret care  
 of common wealths, and mystique State affaires,  
 and when great Henry did his maxims heare,  
 he wore him as a Jewell in his Eare.  
 yet short he came not, nay he all out-went  
 what some call a Courtiers complement.  
 in Active body that in subtile wits  
 turns pliable to any exercise.  
 or when he leapt, the people dar'd to say  
 he was borne all of fire, and wore no clay.  
 Which was the cause too that he wrestled so,  
 tis not fires nature to be kept below.  
 his course he so perform'd with nimble pace,  
 the time was not perceiv'd measur'd the race.  
 as it were true that some late Artists say,  
 the Earth mov'd up, and run the other way.  
 all so soon finish'd, when the match was wonne  
 the Gazers by ask'd why they not beganne.  
 When he in masque us'd his harmonious sett,  
 the Sphears could not in comelier order meet,  
 nor move more gracefull, whether they advance  
 their measures forward, or retire their dance.  
 There be have seen him in our Henry's Court  
 the glory and the envy of that sport.  
 And capring like a constellation rise,  
 having fixt upon him all the Ladies eyes.  
 But these in him I would not vertues call,  
 But that the world must know, that he had all.  
 When Henry dy'd (our universall woe)  
 Willing was Cotton to dye with him too.



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In wisdom, *Æsop* like, turn'd young againe.  
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 But that the world must know, that he had all.  
 When Henry dy'd (our universall woe)  
 Willing was Cotton to dye with him too,

And as neare death he came as neare could bee;  
 Himselfe he buried in obscuritie,  
 Entomb'd within his study wals, and there  
 Only the Dead his conversation were,  
 Yet was he not alone; for every day,  
 Each *Muse* came thither with her sprig of Bay,  
 The *Graces* round about him did appeare,  
 The *Genii* of all Nations, all met there,  
 And while immur'd he sat thus close at home,  
 To him the wealth of all the world did come,  
 He had a language to salute the Sunne,  
 Where he unharnest, and where's teame begunne;  
 The tongues of all the East to him were known  
 As Naturall, as they were borne his own,  
 Which from his mouth so sweetly did intice,  
 As with their language he had mix'd their spice,  
 In Greek so fluent, that with it compare  
 Th' *Athenian* Olives, and they saplesse are,  
 Rome did submit her *Fastes*, and confesse  
 Her *Tully* might talke more, and yet speak lesse.  
 All Sciences were lodg'd in his large brest,  
 And in that Pallace thought themselves so blest  
 They never meant to part, but he should be  
 Sole Monarch, and dissolve their Hierarchy.  
 But o how vaine is mans fraile Harmonie!  
 We all are swannes, he that sings best must die.  
 Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there,  
 We need no Language, nor interpreter.  
 Who would not laugh at him now, that should seek  
 In *Cotton's Urne* for Hebrew or for Greek?  
 But his more heav'nly graces with him yet  
 Live constant, and about him circled sit  
 A bright Retinue, and on each falls downe

A robe  
 The  
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 And  
 I wil

A robe of Glory, and on each a Crowne.

Then Madam (though you have a losse sustain'd  
Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd

Here in this world) dry your sad eyes, once more/  
You shall again enter the Nuptiall dore.

A sprightly bride; where you shall clothed bee  
In garments weav'd of Immortality.

Nor grieve because he left you not a Sonne,

To Image Cotton forth now he is gone.

For it had been a wrong to his great Name

T'have liv'd in any thing but Heaven, and Fame.

*Ausonii Epigram 38.*

Shee which would not, I would chooſe;  
Shee which would, I would reſuſe.

*Venus* could my mind but tame;

But not ſatiſſie the ſame.

Inticements offer'd I deſpiſe,

And deny'd I ſlightly prize.

I would neither glut my mind,

Nor yet too much torment find.

Twice girt *Diana* doth not take mee,

Nor *Venus* naked joyfull make mee.

The firſt no pleaſure hath to joy mee,

And the laſt enough to cloy mee,

But a crafty wench I'de have

That can ſell the ſelf I crave.

And joyne at once in me theſe two,

I will, and yet I will not doe.

*On the Death of a Nightingale.*

**G**Oe solitary wood, and henceforth be  
 Acquainted with no other Harmonie,  
 Then the Pyes chattering, or the shrieking note  
 Of bodeing Owles, and fatall Ravens throate,  
 Thy sweetest Chanters dead, that warbled forth  
 Layes, that might tempests calme, and still the North  
 And call downe Angels from their glorious Sphære  
 To heare her Songs, and learn new Anthems there,  
 That soule is fled, and to *Elisium* gone;  
 Thou a poore desert left; goe then and runne,  
 Begge there to stand a grove, and if she please  
 To sing again beneath thy shadowy Trees;  
 The soules of happy lovers crown'd with blisses  
 Shall flock about thee, and keep time with kisses.

*In filiam Manlii insepultum.*

**I**N terrâ conditæ vetuit Pater improbus, at Te  
 In tumulo patitur nobiliore regi.  
 Pars canis est tumuli; tumuli pars altera Tigris  
 Altera pars Lupus est, et Leo forsân erit,  
 Marmoreos Regum tumulos contemne, sepulchra  
 Sunt alii tantum mortui, viva tibi.

## Upon the report of the King of Swedens Death.

'Le not beleev's; if fate should be so crosse,  
 Nature would not be silent of her losse.  
 Can he be dead, and no portents appeare?  
 No pale Eclipse of th'sunne to let us feare  
 What we should suffer, and before his light  
 Our our, the world enveloped in Night?  
 What thundring torrents the fluth'd welkin rare?  
 What apparition kill'd him in the aire?  
 When *Cesar* dy'd there were convulsion fits,  
 And nature seem'd to run out of her wits,  
 At that sad object *Tybers* bosome swell'd,  
 And scarce from drowning all, by *Iove* withheld.  
 And shall we give this mighty Conquerour  
 That in a great and a more holy warre,  
 Was pulling downe the Empire which he reard,  
 A fall unmourn'd of Nature, and unfeard;  
 A death (unless the league of heav'n withstood)  
 Lesse wept then with an universall flood?  
 If I had seen a Comet in the aire  
 With glorious eye, and bright dishevel'd haire,  
 And on a suddaine with his gilded traine  
 Drop downe; I should have said that *Sweden's* flaine,  
 Shot like that starre; or if the earth had shooke  
 Like a weake floore, the falling rooffe had broke;  
 I should have said the mighty King is gone;  
 Fell'd as the tallest tree in *Lithanon*.  
 Alasse if he were dead, we need no post,  
 Very *insinuat* would tell us what we lost.  
 And a chill damp (as at the generall doome)

Creep through each brest, & we should know for whom  
 His *German* conquests are not yet complear,  
 And when they are, there's more remaining yet.  
 The world is full of sinne, not every Land  
 O'regrown with schisme hath felt his purging hand,  
 The Pope is not confounded, and the Turke;  
 Nor was He sure design'd for a lesse worke,  
 But if our sinnes have stop'd him in the source,  
 In mid'st Carre of his victorious course;  
 And heaven would trust the dulnesse of our sense  
 So farre, not to prepare us with portents,  
 'Tis we that have the losse, and he hath caught  
 His heav'nly garland e're his work be wrought,  
 But I, before I'll undertake to grieve  
 So great a losse; will choose not to believe.

*On Sir Robert Cotton the Antiquary*

Posterity hath many fates bemoan'd,  
 But ages long since past for thee have groan'd.  
 Times Trophies thou didst rescue from the grave,  
 Who in thy death a second buriall have.  
 Cotton, deaths conquest now compleat I see,  
 Who ne're had vanquish't all things but in thee.

*An Elegit.*

Hav'n knows my love to thee, fed on desires  
 So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,  
 As are the purest beams that from the Sun  
 At his full beight, and the devotion

Of dying Martyrs could not burne more cleare,  
 Nor innocence in her first robes appeare  
 Whiter then our Affections; they did show  
 Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow.  
 So pure, the *Phoenix* when she did refine  
 Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.  
 But now my dar's o'recast, for I have now  
 Drawne Anger like a tempest o're the brow  
 Of my faire Mistresse; thole your glorious eyes  
 Whence I was wont to see my day starre rise,  
 Threat like revengefull Meteors; and I feele  
 My torment, and my guilt double my hell.  
 'Twas a mistake, and might have veniall been,  
 Done to another, but it was made sin,  
 And justly mortall too by troubling Thee,  
 Slight wrongs are treasons done to Majestic.  
 O all yee blest Ghosts of deceased Loves,  
 That now live Sainted in th' *Elisian* groves  
 Mediate for mercy for me, at her shrine  
 Meet in full quire, and joyne your prayers with mine.  
 Conjure her by the merits of your kisses,  
 By your past sufferings and present blisses.  
 Conjure her by your mutuall hopes, and feares;  
 By all your intermixed sighes, and teares,  
 To plead my pardon; goe to her and tell  
 That you will walk the guardian sentinell,  
 My soules safe Geni; that she need not feare  
 A mutinous thought, or one close rebell there.  
 But what needs that, when she alone sits there  
 Sole Angell of that Orbe? in her own spheare  
 Alone she sits, and can secure it free  
 From all irregular motions; only she  
 Can give the balsome that must cure this sore;  
 And the sweet Antidote to sin no more.





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 Can give the balsome that must cure this sore;  
 And the sweet Antidote to sin no more.

H'Ευφροδὲς ἢ μανίας ἢ πᾶντιν. *Arist.*

FROM witty men and mad  
All Poetry conception had.

No Sires but these will Poetry admit  
Madnesse or wit.

This definition Poetry doth fit,  
It is a witty madnesse, or mad wit.

Only these two Poëtique hear admits,  
A witty man, or one that's out of 's wits.

*Ad Amicum Litigantem.*

WOULD you commence a Poet Sir, and be  
A graduate in the thredbare mysterie?

The Oxes ford will no man thither bring,  
Where the horse hoofs rais'd the *Pegassian* spring,  
Nor will the bridge through which low *Cham* doth run,  
Direct you to the banks of *Helicon*.

If in that art you meane to take degrees,  
Bedlam's the best of Universities.

There study it, and when you would no more  
A Poet be, goe drink some Hellebore.

Which drug when I had tasted, soone I left  
The bare *Paruassus*, and the barren cleft;  
And can no more one of their Nation be,  
Because recover'd of my lunacie.

But you may then succeed me in my place  
Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace  
Denied you, for you goe to law, 'tis said,  
And then 'tis ta'ne for granted you are mad.

*Felices*

Felicem Anticyram ! nullo ibi credo Poetas  
 In sanos tumido corde fovere modos.  
 Hanc fama est tantum sanos admittere cives.  
 Exulat hinc vester, (turba molesta) furor!  
 Nullus in hac Elegis, nullus jugulatur Jambus;  
 Incola non Satyram, non Epigramma rimet.  
 Nullus in hac teneras recitator verberat aures,  
 Non hic iudicium, non perit ille ruum.  
 Non hic te Chloris, non his laudata farigat  
 Calia; nulla tuam mordet hirudo cutem.  
 Putida nec medias disrumpunt carmina mensas;  
 Mucida nec quisquam vina legendo facit.  
 Nusquam aliquis, terra securior errat, ob unum hoc  
 Grates Helleboro quin agat ille suo!

In Corydonem & Corinnam.

A Miser, & nullo felix in amore! Corinnam,  
 Cum rogat illa, negas; cum negat illa, rogas.  
 Ambos urit Amor, quid sit felicius & ambos  
 Tempore non uno sed tamen urit amor.  
 Cum flagrat Corydon, frigescit fibra Corinnæ;  
 Cum tua frigescit fibra, Corinna calet.  
 Cur estas Corydonis hyems sit falsa Corinnæ?  
 Quidvis Corinnæ estas sit Corydonis hyems?  
 Unde ignis glaciem? glacies unde efficit ignem?  
 Desine crudeles, seve Cupido, locos!  
 Desine! sed nec te Corydonis tollere flammam,  
 Tollere nec castas Virginis ora nives.  
 Pre duos, exingue duos, & pectus utrumque  
 Aut calor, aut teneat pectus utrumque gelu.

## Paraphras' d.

**A** H wretch in thy *Corinna's* love unblest !  
 How strange a fancy doth torment thy breast?  
 When she desires to sport thou saist her nays,  
 When she denies then thou desir'st to play.  
 Love burnes you both, (ô 'tis a happy turne!)  
 But 'tis at severall times love both doth burne.  
 When scorching heat hath *Corydon's* heart possess'd,  
 Then raignes a frost in cold *Corinna's* breast;  
 And when a frost in *Corydon* doth raigne,  
 Then is *Corinna's* breast on fire againe.  
 Why then with *Corydon* is it summer prime,  
 When with *Corinna* it is winter time?  
 Or why should then *Corinna's* summer be  
 When it is winter, *Corydon*, with thee?  
 Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceed?  
 Ah jest not Love in so severe a deed!  
 I bid thee not *Corydon's* flame to blow  
 Cleane out; nor cleane to melt *Corinna's* snow.  
 Burn both / freeze both ! let mutuall Fervour hold  
 His and her breast, or his and her's a cold.

## Ad Bassum.

**N** Ostri, (Bassie) solent pretio conducere pullos  
 Quos in deliciis Anticum omnis habet.  
 At si quis cuperet sapientem vendere proco,  
 Rarus erit minimo qui velit esse vitum.  
 Usq; aded nolet ingenium, tantog; putatur

*Quo minus est cerebri, charius esse caput.  
 Vade tot ignava venerer? cur stultus amatur?  
 Hei mihi! cur tanti non sapuisse fuit?  
 Hec ratio est, paribus gaudet Venus atq; Cupido;  
 Et nunquam similes non sibi tangit Amor.*

*To one admiring her selfe in a Looking-Glasse.*

Faire Lady when you see the Grace  
 Of Beauty in your Looking-Glasse:  
 A stately forehead, smooth and high,  
 And full of Princely Majesty.  
 A sparkling eye, no gemme so faire,  
 Whose lustre dimmes the Cyprian starre;  
 A glorious cheek divinely sweet,  
 Wherein both Roses kindly meet.  
 A cherry Lip that would entice  
 Even Gods to kisse at any price.  
 You thinke no beauty is so rare  
 That with your shaddow might compare.  
 That your reflection is alone,  
 The thing that men most dote upon.  
 Madam, alas your Glasse doth lye,  
 And you are much deceiv'd; For I  
 A beauty know of richer grace  
 (Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face.  
 Hence then O learne more milde to be,  
 And leave to lay your blame on me,  
 If me your reall substance move;  
 When you so much your Shadow Love.  
 Wise nature would not let your eye  
 Look on her own bright Majestie,

Which

Which had you once but gaz'd upon,  
 You could, except your selfe, love none:  
 What then you cannot love, let me,  
 That face I can, you cannot see.

Now you have what to love, you'll say  
 What then is left for me I pray?  
 My face sweet heart if it please thee,  
 That which you can, I cannot see:  
 So either love shall gaine his due,  
 Your's sweet in me, and mine in you.

*An Eclogue occasion'd by two Doctors  
 disputing upon Predestination.*

*Corydon.*

**H**O jolly *Thyrsis* whither in such hast?  
 I'll st for a wager that you run so fast?  
 Or past your houre below yon hawthorne tree  
 Does longing *Galatea* look for thee?

*Thyrsis.*

No *Corydon*, I heard young *Daphnis* say  
*Alexis* challeng'd *Tityrus* to day  
 Who best shall sing of Shepheards Art, and praises;  
 But hark I heare 'em, listen to their laies.

*Tityrus.*

*Alexis* read, what means this mystique thing?  
 An Ewe I had two Lambs at once did bring;  
 Th'one black as Jet; the other white as snow:  
 Say in just providence how it could be so?

*Alexis.*

Will you *Pas*'s goodnesse therefore partiall call,  
 That might as well have given thee none at all?

*Tityrus.*

*Tityrus.*

Were they not both eand by the selfe same Ewe?  
How could they merit then so different hue?

Poore Lamb alas; and couldst thou, yet unborne,  
Sin to deserve the guilt of such a scorne!

Thou hadst not yet fowl'd a religious spring,  
Nor fed on plots of hollowed grasse, to bring  
Staines to thy fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree  
Sacred to Pan or Pales Deitie.

The Gods are ignorant if they not foreknow;  
And knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

*Alexis.*

*Tyris* with me contend, or *Corydon*;

But let the Gods, and their high wills alone

For in our Flocks that freedome challenge we;

This Kid is sacrific'd, and that goes free.

*Tityrus.*

Feed where youwill my Lambs, what boots it us  
To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus.

This on the barren mountaines flesh can gleane,

That fed in flowry pastures will be leane.

*Alexis.*

Plow, sowe, and compasse, nothing boots at all,

Unlesse the dew upon the Tilt's doe fall.

So labour silly shepheards what we can

All's vaine, unlesse a blessing drop from Pan.

*Tityrus.*

Ill thrive thy Ewes if thou these lyes maintaine,

*Alexis.*

And may thy Goats miscary sawcy swaine,

*Thyrsis*

Fie, Shepheards fie! while you these stifes begin,

Here creepes the Wolfe, and there the Fox gets in,

*To*



To your vaine piping on so deep a Reed  
The Lambkins listen, but forget to feed,  
It gentle swaines befits of Love to sing,  
How Love left Heaven; and heave'ns immortall King,  
His Coæternall Father. O admire,  
Love is a Sonne as ancient as his Sire.  
His Mother was a Virgin; how could come  
A birth so great, and from so chaste a wombe.  
His cradle was a manger; Shepherds see  
True faith delights in poore simplicitie.  
He pres'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitfull vine,  
But could of water make a brisker wine.  
Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barne  
The harvest bring, nor thresh, and grind the Corne,  
Without all these Love could supply our need,  
And with five Loaves, five thousand Hungers feed.  
More wonders did he, for all which suppose  
How he was crown'd, with Lilly, or with Rose?  
The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,  
Or mirtle, with the which *Venus*, they say,  
Girts her proud Temples? Shepherds none of them  
But wore (poore head) a thorny Diadem,  
Feet to the Lame he gave; with which they run  
To work their Surgeons last destruction.  
The blind from him had eyes; but us'd that light  
Like Basilisques to kill him with their sight.  
Lastly he was betrai'd (O sing of this)  
How Love could be betrai'd: 'twas with a kisse.  
And then his innocent hands, and guilelesse feet  
Were nail'd unto the Crosse, striving to meet  
In his spread armes his spouse, so mild in show  
He seem'd to court th' Embraces of his foe.  
Through his pear'd side, through which a speare was fixt

A torrent of all flowing Balsame went,  
 Run *Amarillis* run: one drop from thence  
 Cures thy sad soule, and drives all anguish hence.  
 Goe sun-burnt *Thessylis*, goe, and repaire  
 Thy beauty lost, and be again made faire,  
 Love-sick *Amyntas* get a *Philtrum* here,  
 To make thee Lovely to thy truly deare.  
 But coy *Licoris* take the Pearle from thine,  
 And take the blood-shot from *Alexis* eyne,  
 Weare this an Amulet 'gainst all Syrens smiles,  
 The stings of snakes, and Tears of Crocodiles,  
 Now Love is dead: Oh no, he never dies;  
 Three daies he sleeps, and then again doth rise,  
 (Like faire *Aurora* from the Easterne Bay)  
 And with his beams drives all our clouds away:  
 This pipe unto our flocks, this sonnet get,  
 But hoe, I see the Sun ready to set,  
 Good night to all; for the great night is come;  
 Flocks to your folds and Shepheards hye you home.  
 To-morrow morning, when we all have slept,  
 Pan's Cornet's blown, and the great *Sheep-shears* kept,

---

*An Eglogue to Mr Johnson.*

*Tityrus.*

**V**nder this Beechwhy first thou here so sad  
 Son *Damon*, that waitest a joviall lad?  
 These groves were wont to Echo with the sound  
 Of thy shrill reed, while every Nymph danc'd round.  
 Rouse up thy soule, *Parnassus* mount stands high,  
 And must be climb'd with painfull industry.  
*Damon*, You Father on his forked top sit still,

H

And

And see us panting up to steep a hill;  
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore  
Never with wax, never to joyn it more.

*Tyt.* Fond boy 'twas rashly done; I meant to thee,  
Of all the sonnes J have, by legacie  
To have bequeat'ed my pipe, thee, thee of all,  
J meant it should her second Master call.

*Dam.* And doe you thinke I durst presume to play  
Where *Tityrus* had worn his lip away! J  
Live long thy selfe to tune it; 'tis from thee,  
It has not from it selfe such Harmony,  
But if we ever such disaster have

As to compose our *Tytirus* in his grave;  
Yonder, upon yon aged Oak, that now  
Old trophies beares, on every sacred bow  
Wee'le hang it up a relique, we will doe it,  
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.

*Tyt.* Canst thou farwell unto the Muses bid?  
Then Bees shall loath the Thyme, the new-weand Kid  
Browze on the buds no more; the teeming ewes  
Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse.

*Dam.* I by those Ladies now doe nothing set;  
Let 'em for me some other servant get;  
They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,  
No, though my pipe had hope to equall thine.  
Thine which the floods have stopt their course to hear,  
To which the spotted Linx hath lent an ear.  
Which while the severall Echoes would repeat,  
The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great  
That *Par* himselfe amaz'd at thy deep aires,  
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.  
Of all the Gods *Par* doth the pipe respect,  
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.

can distinguish what thy Raptures be  
 from *Bacchus* louse lascivious Minstrelsie,  
 Or *Mevius* windy Bagpipe, *Mevius* he  
 whose wit is but a Tavern Timpanie,  
 Ever I flock of my own doe feed,  
 My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed,  
 Yt. Two Altars I will build him, and each yeare  
 Will sacrifice two well-fed Bullocks there;  
 Two that have horns, that while they butting stand  
 strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand,  
 But what can make thee leave the Muses, man,  
 That such a Patron hast as mighty *Pan*?  
 Whence is this fury? Did the partiall care  
 Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did heare  
*Egon*, and thee contend which best should play,  
 Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away?  
 Does *Amarillis* cause this high despaire?  
 Or *Galatea's* coyneffe breed thy care?  
 Dam. Neither of these, the Vulgar I contemne  
 Thy pipe not alwaies *Tytirus* wins with them;  
 And as for Love, in sooth I doe not know  
 Whether he wears a bow, and shifts or no,  
 Or did I, I away could quickly find,  
 To win the beauteous *Galatea's* mind,  
 Or *Amarillis*: I to both could send  
 Apples that with *Hesperian* fruit contend:  
 And on occasion could have quickly guest  
 Where two fayre ring-doves built their amorous nest,  
 Yt. If none of these, my *Damon* then arcad  
 What other cause can so much passion breed?  
 Dam. Father, I will, in those indulgent eares  
 I dare unload the burden of my fears,  
 The Reapers that with whetted sickles stand,  
 Gathering

Gathering the falling ears 'ith' other hand;  
 Though they endure the scorching Summers heat,  
 Have yet some wages to allay their sweat:  
 The Lopper that doth fell the sturdy Oak  
 Labours, yet has good pay for every stroke.  
 The Plowman is rewarded: only we  
 That sing, are paid with our own melody;  
 Rich churles have learnt to praise us, and admire,  
 But have not learn't to think us worth the hire.  
 So toiling Ants perchance delight to hear,  
 The summer musique of the Gras-hopper,  
 But after rather lee him starve with pain,  
 Then spare him from their store one single grain.  
 As when great Junos beauteous Bird displays  
 Her starry tail, the boyes doe run and gaze  
 At her proud trains; so look they now adaies  
 On Poets; and doe think it they but praise,  
 Or pardon what we sing, enough they doe;  
 I, and 'tis well if they doe so much too.  
 My rage is swel'd so high I cannot speak it,  
 Had J Pan's pipe or thine I now should break it.  
*Tit.* Let moles delight in Earth; Swine dung-hills rake;  
 Crows prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleasure take  
 In slimy pools; And Niggards wealth admire;  
 But we, whose soules are made of purer fire,  
 Have other aims: Who songs for gain hath made,  
 Has of a liberall Science fram'd a Trade.  
 Harke how the Nighthingale in yonder tree,  
 Hid in the boughs, warbles melodiously  
 Her various musique forth, while the whole Quire  
 Of other birds flock round, and all admire!  
 But who rewards her? will the ravenous Kite  
 Part with her prey to pay for her delight?

Or will the foolish, painted, prating Jay  
 Now turn'd a hearer, to requite her play  
 Lend her a straw? or any of the rest  
 Fetch her a feather whē she builds her nest?  
 Yet sings she ne're the lesse, till every den  
 Doe catch at her last notes: And shall I then  
 His fortunes, *Damon*, 'bove my own commend,  
 Who can more cheefe into the market send?  
 Clownes for posterity may cark and care,  
 That cannot out-live death but in an Heire:  
 By more then wealth we propagate our Names,  
 That trust not to successions, but our Fames.  
 Let hide-bound churles yoke the laborious Oxe,  
 Milk hundred goats, and sheare a thousand flocks,  
 Plant gainfull Orchards, and in silver shine,  
 Thou of all fruits should'st only prune the Vine:  
 Whose fruit being tasted, might erect thy brain  
 To reach some ravishing, high, and lofty strain;  
 The double birth of *Bacchus* to expresse,  
 First in the Grape, the second in the Presse.  
 And therefore tell me boy, what is't can move  
 Thy mind, once fixed on the Muses Love?  
*Dam.* When I contented liv'd by *Cham's* fair streams,  
 Without desire to see the prouder *Thames*,  
 I had no flock to care for, but could sit  
 Under a willow covert, and repeat  
 Those deep and learned layes, on every part  
 Grounded on judgement, subtilty, and Art,  
 That the great Tutor to the greatest King,  
 The shepheard of *Stragira*, us'd to sing:  
 The sheapheard of *Stragira*, that unfolds  
 All natures closet, shows what e're it holds;  
 The matter, form, sense, motion, place, and measure

Of every thing contain'd in her vast treasure,  
 How Elements doe change, What is the cause  
 Of Generation; what the Rule and Laws  
 The Orbs doe move by; Censures every starre,  
 Why this is fixt, and that irregular;  
 Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been there,  
 And help't each Angell turn about her spheare.  
 The thirsty pilgrim travelling by land,  
 When the fierce Dog-starre doth the day command,  
 Halfe choak't with dust; parch't with the soulttry heat,  
 Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with sweat,  
 Finding a gentle spring, at her cool brinke  
 Doth not with more delight sit down and drinke,  
 Then I record his songs; we see a cloud,  
 And feareing to be wet, doe run and shroud  
 Vnder a bush, when he would sit and tell  
 The cause that made her mistie wombe so swell;  
 Why it sometimes in drops of rain doth flow,  
 Sometimes dissolves her selfe in flakes of snow:  
 Nor gaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame  
 A reason why it wore a beard of flame.  
 Ah *Tyrrus*, I would with all my heart,  
 Even with the best of my carv'd mazers part,  
 To hear him, as he us'd, divinely shew,  
 What 'tis that paints the divers-colour'd bow:  
 Whence Thunders are discharg'd, whence the wind  
 What foot through heaven hath worn the milky way!  
 And yet I let this true delight alone,  
 Call'd thencee to keep the flock of *Corydon*.  
 Ah woe is me, anothers flock to keep;  
 The care is mine, the master sheares the sheep!  
 A flock it was that would not keep together;  
 A flock that had no fleece, when it came hither.

For would it learn to listen to my layes,  
 'twas a flock made up of severall strays:  
 And now J would return to *Cham*, I hear  
 desolation frights the Muses there!  
 With rustique swains I mean to spend my times;  
 Teach me there father to preserve my rime.  
 Yet. To morrow morning I will counsell thee,  
 Meet me at *Faunus* Beech; for now you see  
 How larger shadows from the Mountains fall,  
 And *Corydon* doth *Damon*, *Damon*, call.  
*Damon*, 'tis time my flock were in the fold,  
 More then high time; did you not erst behold  
 How *Hesperus* above yon clouds appear'd,  
*Hesperus* leading forth his beaureous heard?

*A Pastorall Courtship.*

**B**Ehold these woods, and mark my Sweet  
 How all the boughes together meet!  
 The *Cedar* his fair arms displayes,  
 And mixes branches with the *Bayes*.  
 The lofty *Pine* deignes to descend,  
 And stardy *Oaks* doe gently bend.  
 One with another subt'ly weaves  
 Into one loom their various leaves;  
 As all ambitious were to be  
 Mine and my *Phyllis* canopic!

Let's enter, and discourse our Loves;  
 These are, my Dear, no tell-tale groves!  
 There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrots there,  
 To prate again the words they heare,  
 Nor babbling Echo, that will tell



The neighbouring hills one syllable.

Being enter'd lets together lye,  
Twin'd like the *Zodiaks Gemini*!

How soon the flowers doe sweeter smell?

And all with emulation swell

To be thy pillow? These for thee

Were meant a bed, and thou for me,

And I may with as just esteem

Presse thee, as thou maist lye on them.

And why so coy? What dost thou feare?

These lurks no speckled Serpent here,

No Venemous snake makes this his roade,

No Canker, nor the loathsome road.

And yon poor spider on the tree,

Thy spinster will, no poisoner be.

There is no Frog to leap, and fright

Thee from my arms, and break delight;

Nor snail that o're thy coat shall trace,

And leave behind a slimy lace.

This is the hallowed shrine of Love,

No wasp nor hornet haunts this grove,

Nor pismire to make pimples rise

Upon thy smooth and ivory thighs.

No danger in these shades doth lye,

Nothing that wears a sting, but I:

And in it doth no venome dwell;

Although perchance it make thee swell.

Being set, let's sport a while my Fair,

I will tye Love knots in thy haire.

See *Zephyrus* through the leavs doth stray,

And has free liberty to play;

And braids thy locks: And shall I find

Lesse favour then a saucy wind?

Now let me sit, and fix my eyes,  
On thee that art my Paradise.  
Thou art my all; the Spring remains  
In the fair violets of thy veins:  
And that it is a summers day,  
Ripe Cherries in thy lips display.  
And when for Autumne I would seek,  
'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek.  
But that which only moves my smart,  
Is to see winter in thy heart.  
Strange, when at once in one appear  
All the four seasons of the year!  
I'll clasp that neck where should be set  
A rich and Orient Carkanet;  
But swains are poor, admit of them  
More naturall chains, the arms of men.  
Come let me touch those breasts, that swell  
Like two fair mountains, and may well  
Be stil'd the Alpes, but that I feare  
The snow has lesse of whitenesse there.  
But stay (my love) a fault I spy,  
Why are these two fair fountains dry?  
Which if they run, no Muse would please  
To tast of any spring but these.  
And *Ganymed* employ'd should be  
To fetch his love *Nectar* from thee.  
Thou shalt be Nurse fair *Venus* swears,  
To the next *Cupid* that she bears.  
Were it not then discreetly done  
To ope one spring to let two runne?  
Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,  
Blushes to see no coyn stamp in't.  
Employ it then, for though it be

Our wealth, it is your royaltie;  
And beauty will have currant grace  
That bears the Image of your face.  
How to the rouch the Ivory thighes  
Veil gently, and again do rise,  
As pliable to impression,  
As Virgins waxe, or *Parian* stone  
Dissolv'd to softnesse; plump, and full,  
More white and soft then *Cos* *all* *Wool*;  
Or Cotten from the *Indian* Tree,  
Or pretty silk-worms huswiferie,  
These on two marble pillars rais'd  
Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;  
They, or their Columnes must, but when  
I view those feet which I have seen  
So nimbly trip it o're the Lawns,  
That all the *Satyrs* and the *fawns*  
Have stood amaz'd, when they would passe  
Over the layes, and not a grasse  
Would feel the weight, nor rush, nor beme  
Drooping betray which way you went;  
O then I felt my hot desires  
Burn more; and flame with double fires.  
Come let those thighes, those legs, those feet  
With mine in thousand windings meet,  
And woven in more subtle twines  
Then woodbine, Ivy, or the vines.  
For when Love sees us circling thus  
He'll like no *Arbour* more then us.  
Now let us kisse, would you be gone?  
Manners at least allows me one.  
Blush you at this? pretty one stay,  
And I will take that kisse away.

Thus with a second, and that too  
A third wipes off; so will we goe  
To numbers that the stars outrun,  
And all the Atoms in the Sun.  
For though we kisse till *Phæbus* ray  
Sink in the seas, and kissing stay  
Till his bright beams return again,  
There can of all but one remain:  
And if for one good manners call,  
In one good manners grant me all,  
Are kisses all? they but fore-run  
Another duty to be done.  
What would you of that Minstrell say  
That tunes his pipes and will not play?  
Say what are blossoms in their prime,  
That ripen not in harvest time?  
Or what are buds that ne're disclose  
The long'd for sweetnesse of the rose?  
So kisses to a Lover's guest  
Are invitations, nor the feast.  
See every thing that we espy  
Is fruitfull saving you and I:  
View all the fields, survey the bowers,  
The buds, the blossoms, and the flowers,  
And say if they so rich could be  
In barren base *Virginie*.  
Earth's not so coy as you are now,  
But willingly admits the plow.  
For how had man or beast been fed,  
If she had kept her maiden head?  
*Calis* once coy as are the rest  
Hangs now a babe on either brest,  
And *Chloris* since a man she took,

Has lesse of greenesse in her look,  
 Our ewes have ean'd, and every damme  
 Gives suck unto her tender Lambe.  
 As by these groves we walk'd a long,  
 Some Birds were feeding of their young,  
 Some on their egges did brooding sit,  
 Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet.  
 Those that were slower then the rest,  
 Were busy building of the nest,  
 You only will not pay the fine,  
 You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentina*.  
 As you were angling in the brook  
 With silken line and silver hook,  
 Through Christall streams you might descry  
 How vast and numberlesse a fry  
 The fish had spawn'd, that all along  
 The banks were crowded with the throng.  
 And shall fair *Venus* more command  
 By water then she does by land?  
 The *Phoenix* chaste yet when she dyes,  
 Her selfe with her own ashes lyes.  
 But let thy Love more wisely thrive  
 To doe the act while th'art alive.  
 'Tis time we lest our childish Love  
 That trades for toys, and now approve  
 Our abler skill, they are not wise  
 Look Babies only in the eyes.  
 That smooth red smile shewes what you meant,  
 And modest silence gives consent.  
 That which we now prepare, will be  
 Best done in silent secrecie.  
 Come doe not weep, what is't you feare?  
 Least some should know what we did here.

See not a flowre you prest is dead,  
 But re-erect his bended head;  
 That whoso'e'r shall passe this way  
 Knows not by these where *Phyllis* lay.  
 And in your forehead there is none  
 Can read the act that we have done.

*Phyllis.*

Poor credulous and simple maid!  
 By what strange wiles art thou betraid!  
 A treasure thou hast lost to day  
 For which thou canst no ransom pay.  
 How black art thou transform'd with sin!  
 How strange a guilt gnaws me within!  
 Grief will convert this red to pale;  
 When every wake, and Whitsund-ale  
 Shall ralk my shame; break, break sad heart  
 There is no Medicine for my smart,  
 No hearb nor balm can cure my sorrow,  
 Unless you meet again to morrow.

*Vpon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a  
 voice incomparable sweet.*

I Chanc'd sweet *Lesbia's* voice to heare,  
 O that the pleasure of the eare  
 Contented had the appetite;  
 But I must satisfy the sight;  
 Where such a face I chanc'd to see  
 From which good Lord deliver me.  
 I't not prophane if I should tell  
 I thought her one of those that fell  
 With *Lucifers* Apostate train  
 Yet did her Angels voice retain?

A Cherubin her notes deserv'd,  
 A Divill every where beside.  
 Aske the dark woods, and they'll confesse  
 None did such Harmony expresse  
 In all their bowres from May to June,  
 Yet nere was face so out of tune.  
 Her Virginall-teeth false time did keep,  
 Her wrinkled forehead went too deep.  
 Lower then *Gammus* sunk her eyes,  
 'Bove *Ela* though her nose did rise.  
 I'll trust Musicians now, that tell  
 Best musique doth in discords dwell.  
 Her ayres entic'd the gentle quire  
 Of Birds to come, who all admire,  
 And would with pleasure longer stay,  
 But that her looks frights them away.  
 Which for a good *Priapus* goes,  
 And well may serve to scare the crows.  
 Her voice might tempt th'immortall race,  
 But let her only shew her face,  
 And soone she might extinguish thus  
 The lusting of an *Incubus*.

So have I seen a lute o'rworn,  
 Old and rotten, patcht and torn,  
 So ravish with a sound, and bring  
 A close so sweet to every string,  
 As would strike wonder in our eares,  
 And work an envy in the Sphæares.  
 Say monster strange, what maist thou be?  
 Whence shall I fetch thy Pedigree?  
 What but a Panther could beget  
 A beast so foule, a breath so sweet?  
 Or thou of *Syrens* issue art,

If they be fish the upper part.  
 Or else blind Homer was not mad  
 Then, when he sung *Ulysses* had  
 So strange a guist from *Eolus*,  
 Who odour-breathing *Zephyrus*  
 In severall bottles did inclose;  
 For certain thou art one of those.  
 Thy looks, where other woemen place  
 Their chiefest Pride, is thy disgrace.  
 The tongue, a part which us'd to be  
 Worst in thy Sexe, is best in thee.  
 Were I but now to choose my deare  
 Not by my eye, but by my eare,  
 Here would I dote; how shall I wooe  
 Thy voice, and not thy body too?  
 Then all the brood J get of thee,  
 Would Nightingalls and Cygnets be;  
 Cygnets betimes their throats to trye,  
 Borne with more Musique then they dye.  
 Say *Lesbia*, say, what God will blese  
 Our Loves with so much happinesse?  
 Some woemen are all tongue, but &  
 Why art not thou my *Lesbia* so?  
 Thy looks doe speak thee witch; one spell  
 To make thee but invisible,  
 Or dye! resigne thy selfe to death,  
 And I will catch thy last breath;  
 But that the nose will scarce I feare  
 Find it so sweet as did the eare,  
 Or if thou wouldst not have me coy,  
 As was the selfe-inamour'd Boy,  
 Turn only Voice, an Echo prove,  
 Next, here, by heav'n, I'll fixe my Lover

If



If not, you Gods, to ease my mind,  
Or make her dumb, or strike mee blind;  
For grieve, and anger in me rise,  
Whil' st she hath tongue, or I have eyes.

---

*The Milk-maids Epithalamium.*

**I**Oy to the Bridegroome and the Bride  
That lye by one anothers side!  
O lie upon the Virgin Bedds,  
No losse is gain but Maiden heads.  
Love quickly send the time may be  
When I shall deal my Rosemary!

I long to simper at a feast,  
To dance, and kisse, and doe the rest.  
When I shall Wed, and Bedded be  
O then the qualme comes over me,  
And tells the sweetnesse of a Theame  
That J nere knew but in a dreame.

You Ladies have the blessed nights,  
I pine in hope of such delights,  
And silly Damsell only can  
Milk the coves teats and think on man,  
And sigh and wish to tast and prove  
The wholesome Sillibub of Love.

Make hast, at once twin-Brothers beare;  
And leave new matter for a starre.  
Woemen and ships are never shown  
So fair as when their sails are blown.

Then when the Midwife hears your moane,  
 'Tis sigh for griefe that I have none,

And you, deare Knight, whose every kisse  
 Reaps the full crop of Cupids blisse,  
 Now you have found, confesse and tell  
 That single sheets doe make up hell,  
 And then so charitable be  
 To get a man to pittie me.

*An Eglogue on the noble Assemblies revived on  
 Cotswold Hills, by M. Robert Dover.*

*Colles. The not.*

**W**HAT Clod-pates, *The not*, are our Brittainish swains,  
 How lubber-like they loll upon the plains?  
 No life, no spirit in 'em; every Clown  
 Doone as he layes his Hook and Tarbox down,  
 That ought to take his Reed, and chant his layes,  
 Or nimble run the winding of the Maze,  
 Now gets a bush to roare himselfe, and sleep;  
 'Tis hard to know the shepherd from the sheep.  
 And yet me thinks our English pastures be  
 As flowery as the Lawnes of Arcadies  
 Our Virgins blith as theirs, nor can proud Greece  
 Boast purer ayre, nor sheete a finer fleece.  
*The.* Yet view their out-side, *Colles*, you would say  
 They have as much bravure in their necks as they  
 Fair *Tempe* brags of, lussy arms that swell  
 With able sinews, and might hurls as well  
 The weighty sledge; their leggs, and thighs of bone,  
 Great as *Colossus*, yet their strength is gone,  
 They looke like yonder man of wood, that stands

To bound the limits of the Parish lands.  
 Dost thou ken, *Colten*, what the cause might be  
 Of such a dull and generall Lethargie?  
*Col.* Swain, with their sports their soules were ta'ne away,  
 Till then they all were active, every day  
 They exercis'd to weild their limbs, that now  
 Are numb'd to every thing, but flail and plow.  
 Early in May up got the jolly rout  
 Call'd by the Lark, and spred the fields about  
 One for to breath himselfe, would coursing be  
 From this same Beech, to yonder Mulberie.  
 A second leapt, his supple nerves to try,  
 A third was practising his melody.  
 This a new Jigg was footing, others were  
 Busied at wrestling, or to throw the Barre:  
 Ambitious which should beare the bell away.  
 And kisse the Nur-brown Lady of the *May*.  
 This stirr'd 'em up; a jolly swain was he  
 Whom *Peg* and *Susan* after Victory  
 Crown'd with a garland they had made, beset  
 With Daisies, Pinks and many a Violet,  
 Cossip, and Gilliflower. Rewards though small  
 Encourage vertue; but if none at all  
 Meet her, she languisheth, and dyes, as now  
 Where worth's deny'd the honour of a bough.  
 And, *Thenor*, thus the cause I read to be  
 Of such a dull and generall Lethargie.  
*The.* Ill thrive the Lowr that did their mirth gain-*say*,  
 Wolves haunt his flocks, that took those sports away.  
*Col.* Some melancholy swains about have gone  
 To teach all zeal their own complexion:  
 Choler they will admit sometimes I see,  
 But Flegme, and Sanguine no Religions be.

Thick

These teach that Dauncing is a Iezabell;  
 And Barley-break, the ready way to Hell.  
 The Morrice Idols, Whitsun'-ales can be  
 But prophane Reliques of a Iubil ee!  
 These in a zeal, expresse how much they doe  
 The Organs hate, have silenc'd Bag-pipes too;  
 And harmelesse May-poles, all are rail'd upon  
 As if they were the towers of Babilon,  
 Some think not fit there should be any sport  
 I'th Country, 'tis a dish proper to th' Court.  
 Mirth not becomes 'em, let the sawcy swain  
 Eat Beef, and Bacon, and goe sweate again,  
 Besides, what sport can in their pastimes be  
 When all is but ridiculous fopperie?

*The. Colten*, I once the famous Spain did see,  
 A nation glorious for her gravine;  
 Yet there an hundred Knights on warlike steeds  
 Did skirmish out a fight arm'd but with Reeds;  
 At which a thousand Ladies eyes did gaze,  
 Yet 'twas no better then our Prison-bale.  
 What is the Barriers but a Courtly way  
 Of our more dorne right sport, the Cudgell-play?  
 Foot-ball with us may be with them Balloone,  
 As they at Tilt, so we at Quintaine runne.  
 And those old Pastimes relish best with mee,  
 That have least Art, and most simplicitie.  
*Colten*, they say at Court there is an Art  
 To dance a Ladies honour from her hearts;  
 Such wiles poor shepheards know not, all their sence  
 Is dull to any thing but Janocence.  
 The Country Lasse, although her dance be good,  
 Stirrs not anothers Galliard in the Blood.  
 And yet their Sports by some controul'd have been,

Who think there is no mirth but what is sinne,  
 O might I but their harmlesse Gambols see  
 Restor'd unto an ancient liberty,  
 Where spotlesse dalliance traces ore the Plains,  
 And harmlesse Nymphs jet it with harmlesse swains;  
 To see an age again of Innocent Loves  
 Twine close as Vines, yet kisse as chaste as Doves,  
 Me thinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have strung,  
 Or tun'd my whistle to the *Mantuan* song.  
*Coll.* Then tune thy whistle boy, and string thy Lyre,  
 That age is come again, thy brave desire  
*Pan* hath approv'd; dauncing shall be this yeare  
 Holy as is the motion of a Spheare.

*Tbe.* *Collen*, with sweeter breath Fame never blew  
 Her sacred Trump, if this good newes be true: (land  
*Coll.* Knowst thou not *Cotswold* hils? *Tb.* Through all the  
 No Finer wooll runnes through the spinisters hand,  
 But silly *Collen*, ill thou dost divine,  
 Canst thou mistake a Bramble for a Pine?  
 Or think this Bush a Cedar? or suppose  
 Yon Hamlet, where to sleep each shepheard goes,  
 In circuit, buildings, people, power and name  
 Equalls the Bow string'd by the silver Thame?  
 As well thou maist their sports with ours compare,  
 As the soft wooll of Lambs, with the Goates haire.  
*Coll.* Last evening Lad, I met a noble swaine,  
 That spur'd his sprightfull Palfrey ore the plain,  
 His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as gay  
 As any Lasse upon her Bridall day:  
 I thought (what easy faiths we sheapheards prove!)  
 This, nor the Bull, had been *Europa's* Love!  
 I ask't the cause, they told me this was he,  
 Whom this daies Triumph crown'd with Victory.

Many

Many brave steeds there were, some you should finde  
 So fleet as they had been sonnes of the winder:  
 Others with hoofs so swift, beat ore the race  
 As if some engine shot 'em to the place.  
 So many, and so well wing'd steeds there were  
 As all the brood of *Pegasus* had been there.  
 Rider, and horse could not distinguish'd be,  
 Both seem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaur's* progeny.  
 A numerous troope they were, yet all so light  
 Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'em in their flight.

Such Royall pastimes *Cotswold* mountains fill,  
 When gentle swains visit her glorious hill:  
 Where with such packs of hounds they hunting goe  
 As *Cyrus* nere did wind his Bugle to!  
 Whole noise is muscical, and with full cries  
 Beats o're the fields, and Echoes through the skies,  
*Orion* hearing wish'd to leave his Spheare,  
 And call his dogge from heaven to port it there.  
*Warr* though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall  
 So brave a dirge sung forth his funerall.  
 Not *Syrrens* sweetlier rill, Hares as they flie  
 Look back, as glad to listen, loth to die.  
*The*. No doubt but from this brave Heroick fire  
 In the more noble hearts, sparks of desire  
 May warme the colder boores, and emulous strife  
 Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life.  
 When thoughts of fame their quickned soules shall fill  
 At every glaunce that shewes 'em *Cotswold* hill.  
*Coll*. There Shepheard, there, the solemne games be plaid,  
 Such as great *Theseus*, or *Alcides* made:  
 Such as *Apollo* wishes he had seen,  
 And *Iove* desires had his invention been!  
 The *Nemean*, and the *Isthmian* pastimes still

Though dead in *Greece*, survive on *Corfuold* hill,  
*The*. Oh happy hill! the gentle *Graces* now  
 Shall trip o're *Thine* and leave *Cithérons* brow:  
*Parnassus* clift shall sink below his spring,  
 And every *Muse* shall on thy frontlet sing.  
 The *Goddesses* again in strife shall be,  
 And from mount *Ida* make appeal to thee;  
*Olympus* pay thee homage, and in dread  
 The aged *Alpes* shall bow his snowy head;  
*Flora* with all her store thy *Temples* Crowne,  
 Whose height shall reach the stars; Gods looking down  
 Shall blesse the Incense that thy flowers exhale  
 And make thee both a Mountaine and a Vale.  
 How many *Ladiés* on thy top shall meet,  
 And presse thy tresses with their od'rous feet?  
 Whose eyes when wondring men see from a farre,  
 They'le think thee Heaven and each of them a starre,  
 But gentle *Colleen* say what God or man  
 Fame we for this great work, *Daphnis* or *Pan*?  
*Col.* *Daphnis* is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,  
 Tell all your flocks 'tis *Joviall Dovers* deed.  
 Behold the shepheards in their ribbands goe,  
 And shortly all the *Nymphs* shall wear 'em too:  
 Amaz'd to see such glory met together,  
 Blesse *Dovers* pipe, whose Musick call'd 'em hither,  
 Sport you my *Rams* at sound of *Dovers* name;  
 Big-bellied ewes make hast to bring a Lambe  
 For *Dovers* fold; Goe maids and Lillies get  
 To make him up a glorious Coronet.  
 Swains keep his holy-day and each man swear  
 To Saint him in the *Shepheards Calendar*.

## Ad Medicum.

**H**Eu, quæ me Cholchis, magico quæ Thessala cantu  
Sic cruciat miserum, & tantis coquit illa flammis?  
Aut quæ cera meas torret liquefacta medullas?

Mitiâs in Lybiam Phæbi jubar contra leonâ  
Ingressum furit, & Vulcania mitiâs Ætæna  
Sævit, ardentes cineres, multamq; favillam  
In Calabros jaculata sinus: Heu, quis mihi vestes  
Induit Herculeas? nam sentio virus, & omnes  
Ebullire meas Nessæo sanguine venas!  
Mille licet pascas fibrâ crescente volucres,  
Felicem Titium, multo quem frigore stringit  
Caucasus! O liceat mihi tecum monte sub illo  
Eternum tractare gelu, glaciæq; perenni  
Demulcere animum, nivibusq; extinguere flammâs!  
Aut tecum sitiam, gelidis modò detur in undis  
Stare, tuisq; meum lymphis solariet æstum,  
Tantales namq; uror miserè miser, æstuat intus  
Indomitus, torosq; ignis depascitur artus.  
Dum gliscit calor, & sævo coquit igne cruorem,  
Intumet extemplo cutis, exurgitq; tumescit  
Purpureâ maculâ, & multo distincta rubore,  
Non aliter quàm de calo cum decidit imber,  
Plurima (vidi etenim) medio natat equore bulla;  
Aut quale in nostris (sæpe est videre) cunctis  
Cum primum veribus stridet caro: Belides in me,  
In me perpetuam diffundite, Belides, urnam.  
Gens est, humanos, quæ dicitur, imple, carnes  
Condere visceribus; me, me, pe. at, & vorer ore  
Jam rostum jecur: heu, fervent mea & omnia membra  
Apta Thyestæis vivunt convivio mensæ.



*At cum flamma satius toros bacchata per artus  
 Lentius ardescens deferbuit, illicò surgens  
 Descendit curia, & paulò nunc mitius uror.  
 Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorq; repente  
 Taygeti montis, gelidæve in vallibus Hæmi  
 Ramorum densâ requiescere lectus in umbras;  
 Et tandem revocata suæ redit, improba, vitæ.  
 Flamma, premisq; iterum, solitisq; caloribus urit.  
 Tunc mihi scintillant oculi, tremulumq; videntes  
 Imbelli spectant acie, bina omnia, bina  
 Conspicio, & binis exurgit mensa lucernis;  
 Tum videor Stygiis undis, ipsosq; Acharonte  
 Immergi. videor flagranti claudier ære,  
 Inq; Perillæo mugire incendia Tauro.  
 Sum meus ipse Rogus: quæ tantas pabula possunt,  
 Quo valeam tantas nutrire bitumine flammæ?  
 Si qua est herbarum virtus (quæ maximo certe est)  
 Extinguas plusquam Phæbeos, (Phæbe) calores:  
 Extinguas, precor, & costis mihi redde salutem,  
 Ut semel annosum reparaverat Ælona Colchis:  
 Vix Arles juvenem rediit grandævus in Agnum.*

*The Song of Orpheus.*

**H**Aile sacred Deserts, whom kinde nature made  
 Only to shelter with a loving shade,  
 The now neglected Musique, glad to see  
 Lions afford her hospitality,  
 And Tigers bid her welcome, with the rest  
 Offavage Beasts accept her for a guest,  
 Since men refuse her, and scarce daigne an eare  
 To her high notes; or if they please to heare,  
 'Tis all; amongst my Pupils, you may see

The Birds that learn't their sweetest laies of mee;  
 Those that chant Carols in this thanklesse age  
 To pleasure men, rewarded with a Cage.

---

*A Maske for Lydia.*

Sweet *Lydia* take this maske, and shroud  
 Thy face within the silken cloud,  
 And veile those powerfull Skies:  
 For he whose gazing dares so high aspire,  
 Makes burning glasses of his eyes,  
 And sets his heart on fire,

Vaile, *Lydia*, vaile, for unto mee  
 There is no Basilisk but thee,  
 Thy very looks doe kill:  
 Yet in those looks so first is my delight,  
 Poore soule (alas) I languish still  
 In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes or we shall finde  
 Too great a lustre strike us blind!  
 Or if a Ray so good  
 Ought to be seen, let it but then appeare  
 When Eagles doe produce their brood,  
 To try their young ones there.

Or if thou would'st have me to know  
 How great a brightnesse thou canst show,  
 When they have lost the Sun;  
 Then do thou rise, and give the world this light,

*Sol* from th' *Hesperides* is run,  
And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet through the *Goat* when he shall stray,  
Thou through the *Crab* must take thy way;  
For should you both shine bright  
In the same *Tropick*, we poore moles should get  
Not so much comfort by the light,  
As torment by the heat.

Where's *Lydia* now? where shall I seeke  
Her charming lip, her tempting cheek  
That my affections bow'd  
So dark a fable hath eclips'd my faire,  
That I can gaze upon the cloud,  
That durst not see the starre.

But yet me thinks my thoughts begin  
To say there lyes a white within,  
Though black her pride controule:  
And what care I how black a face I see,  
So there be whitenesse in the soule,  
Still such an *Ethiop* be.

*A Parley with his empty Purse.*

**P**urse, who'l not know you have a Poets been  
When he shall look and find no gold herein?  
What respects (think you) will there now be shoyne  
To this foule nest, when all the birds are flowne?

Vnnaturall

Vnnaturall vacuum, can your emptinesse  
 Answer to some slight questions, such as these?  
 How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores  
 Be cleer'd with vesses to my Creditors?  
*Hexameter's* no sterling, and I feare  
 What the brain coines goes scarce for currant there.  
 Can meeter cancell bonds? is here a time  
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalke with rime?  
 Or if now were hurrying to the jaile  
 Are the nine *Muses* held sufficient baile?  
 Would they to any composition come,  
 If we should mortgage our *Elisum*,  
*Tempe*, *Pernassus*, and the golden streams  
 Of *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*, those rich dreams  
 Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move  
 Those rocks, and stones with his best strains of love?  
 Should J (like *Homer*) sing in lofty tones  
 To them *Achilles*, and his *Myrmidons*;  
*Hector*, and *Ajax* are but Sergeants names,  
 They relish bay-salt, 'bove the Epigrams  
 Of the most season'd braine, nor will they be  
 Content with Ode, or paid with Elegy.  
 Muse, burne thy baies, and thy fond quill resign,  
 One crosse of theirs is worth whole books of mine.  
 Of all the treasure which the Poets hold  
 There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;  
 And mine's return'd to th'*Indies*, and hath swore  
 Never to visit this cold climate more.  
 Then crack your strings Good Purse, for you need none;  
 Gape on, as they doe to be paid, gape on.

*Upon love fondly refus'd for Conscience sake.*

**N**ature, Creations law, is judg'd by sense,  
 Not by the Tyrant conscience.  
 Then our commission gives us leave to doe,  
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to;  
 For we must question else heavens great decree,  
 And taxe it with a Treacher y;  
 If things made sweet to tempt our appetite  
 Should with a guilt staine the delight,  
 Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing doe;  
 Who made us love, made 't lawfull too.  
 It was not love, but love transform'd to vice  
 Ravish'd by envious Avarice,  
 Made women first impropriate; all were free,  
 Inclosures mens inventions be.  
 T'rh' golden age no action could be found  
 For trespasse on my neighbours ground:  
 'Twas just with any Fayre to mixe our blood;  
 The best is most diffusive good.  
 She that confines her beams to one mans sight,  
 Is a dark Lanthorne to a glorious light.  
 Say, does the Virgin. spring lesse chaste appeare  
 Cause many Thirsts are quenched there?  
 Or have you not with the same odours met,  
 When more have smelt your violet?  
 The Phenix is not angry at her nest,  
 Cause her perfumes make others blest.  
 Though Incense to th'eternall Gods be meant,  
 Yet mortalls Rivall in the sent.  
 Man is the Lord of Creatures, yet we see  
 That all his vassals loves are free,

The severe wedlocks fetters doe not bind  
The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous mind;  
But that he may be like a Bridegroom led  
Even to the Royall Lyons bed.  
The birds may for a yeare their loves confine,  
But make new choice each *Valentine*.  
If our affections then more servile be  
Then are our slaves, where's mans sovereignty?  
Why then by pleasing more, should you lesse please,  
And spare the sweets, being more sweet then these?  
If the fresh Trunk have sap enough to give  
That each insertive branch may live;  
The Gardener grafts not only Apples there,  
But addes the Warden and the Pear,  
The Peach, and Apricock together grow,  
The Cherry and the Damson too.  
Till he hath made by skilfull husbandry  
An intire Orchard of one Tree.  
So least our Paradise perfection want,  
We may as well inoculate as plant.  
What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theme?  
Or nodding nurses idle dreame?  
So feign'd, as are the Goblins, Elves, and Fairies  
To watch their Orchards, and their Dairies.  
For who can tell when first her reigne begun?  
I'th' state of innocence was none:  
And since large Conscience (as the proverb shewes)  
In the same sense with bad one goes,  
The lesse the better then, whence this will fall,  
'Tis to be perfect to have none at all.  
Suppose it be a vertue rich, and pure,  
'Tis not for Spring, or Summer sure,  
Nor yet for Autumn; Love must have his prime,

His

Hiswarmer heats, and harvest time.  
 Till we have flourish'd, growne, and reapt our wishes,  
 What Conscience dares oppose our kisses?  
 But when times colder hand leads us neare home,  
 Then let that winter-vertue come:  
 Frost is till then prodigious; we may doe  
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to.

---

*On Importunate Dunnes,*

**P**Oxe take you all from you my sorrowes swell  
 Your Treacherous Faith makes me turne Infidell  
 Pray vex me not for Heavens sake, or rather  
 For your poore Childrens sake, or for their Father:  
 You trouble me in vaine, what 'ere you say  
 I cannot, will not, nay I ought not pay.  
 You are Extortioners; J was not sent  
 T' encrease your sinnes, but make you all repent  
 That 'ere you trusted me, wee 're even here,  
 J bought to cheap, because you sold to deare.  
 Learne Conscience of Your Wives, for they I swear  
 For the most part trade in the better ware.

Heark Reader if thou never yet hadst ont  
 Ile shew the torments of a *Cambridge Dunne*.  
 He railes where 'ere he comes, and yet can say  
 But this, that *Randolph* did not keep his day.  
 What? can I keep the Day, or stop the Sunne  
 From setting, or the night from coming on.  
 Could I have kept daies I had chang'd the doome  
 Of Times and Seasons, that had never come.  
 These evill spirits haunt me every day  
 And will not let me eat, sleepe, or pray.

I am so much in their Books that 'tis known  
 I am too seldome frequent in my owne.  
 What damage given to my Doores might be  
 If Doores might Actions have of Battery!  
 And when they find their coming to no end  
 They Dunne by proxie, and their Letters send,  
 In such a stile as I could never find  
 In Tullies long or Seneca's short wind,

Good Master Randolph, Pardon me I pray  
 If I remember you forget your day.  
 I kindly dealt with you, and it would be  
 Vekind in you, not so be kind to me.  
 You know Sir, I must pay for what I owe.  
 My Creditors will be paid, therefore I crave  
 Pay me as I pay them Sir, for one Brother  
 Is bound in Conscience to pay another.  
 Besides my Landlord would not be content  
 If I should dodge with him for's quarters rent.  
 My Wife lyes in too, and she needs must pay  
 The Midwife least the foole be cast away.  
 And tis a second charge to me poore man  
 To make the new borne babe a Christian.  
 Besides the Churching a third charge will be  
 In butter'd Habberdine and Frummetie.  
 Thus hoping you will make a courteous end  
 I rest (I would thou wouldst) Your loving Friend.

A.B. M.H. T.B. H.L. LO.

L.F. M.G. P.W. Nay I know

You have the same stile all, and as for me  
 Such as your stile is shall your payment be,

Just



Just all alike, see, what a cursed spell  
 Charmes Divells up, to make my Chamber hell,  
 This some starv'd Prentice brings, one that does look  
 With a face blurr'd more then his Masters Book,  
 One that in any chink can peeping lye  
 More slender then the yard he measures by;  
 When my poore stomach barks for meat I dare  
 Scarce humor it, they make me live by aire,  
 As the *Camelions* doe; and if none pay  
 Better then I have done, even so may they.  
 When I would goe to Chappell, they betray  
 My zeale, and when I only meant to pray  
 Vnto my God, faith all I have to doe  
 Is to pray them, and glad they'l heare me too.  
 Nay should I preach, the Rascalls are so vext,  
 They'd fee a Beadle to arrest my Text;  
 And sue if such a sure might granted be,  
 My use and Doctrine to an Outry.  
 This stings, yet what my gall most works upon  
 Is that the hope of my revenge is gone.  
 For were I but to deale with such as those,  
 That knew the danger of my Verse or Prose  
 Ide steep my Muse in Vineger and Gall  
 Till the fierce scold grew sharpe and hang'd 'um all.  
 But those J am to deale with are so dull,  
 (Though got by Schollers, he that is most full  
 Of Vnderstanding can but higher come  
*Imprais, Item, and the Tettall summe.*  
 I doe not wish them *Egypt*s plagues, but even  
 As bad as they; Ile adde unto them seven.  
 I wish not Grassie-hoppers, Frogs, & Lice come downe  
 But cloudes of Mothes in every shop & Towne.  
 Then honest Divell to their inke convey

Some *Aqua fortis* that may eat away.  
 Their books. To adde more torments to their lives  
 Heaven I beseech thee send 'um handsome Wives.  
 Such as will poxe their flesh, 'till sores grow in't  
 That all their Linnen may be spent in lint.  
 And give them Children with ingenuous faces,  
 Indued with all the Ornaments and Graces  
 Of Soule and Body, that it may be known  
 To others, and themselves they'r not their own.  
 And if this vex 'um not, Ile grieve the Towne  
 With this curse, States put *Trinity-Lecture* downe.  
 But my last Imprecation this shall bee  
 May they more Debtors have, and all like me.

---

*A Character.*

*Asiico-politico-Academico.*

Thou Cozen to great Madames and allyed,  
 To all the beauties that are Ladified,  
 Thou Eagle of the Realme whose eyes can see,  
 Th'invisible plots of faine policie,  
 Thou great and unknown Learning of thy nation  
 Made not by study, but by inspiration  
 The Court, the State, the Schooles together be  
 By th'cares, and sighs, and scratch, and all for thee.  
 When I behold thee cringe in some faire Hall  
 And scrape prop oritions Mathematicall,  
 Varying thy mouth as 'twere by Magick spell  
 To circle, square, square, and triangle,  
 And take a virgin by the Ivory hand  
 Mining words to her, none can understand

But in a vision, and some verse repeat  
 So well enchanted, none the sense can get,  
 Till they have conjur'd in lines strange and many,  
 To finde what spirit it has, if it have any.  
 To see thy feet (though nature made them splay)  
 Screw in the toesto dance and force away  
 To some smooth measure, as might justly vaunt  
 Thou art turn'd Monsieur of an Elephant.  
 Thy mother sure going to see some sport,  
 Tilting, or Masque, conceav'd thee in the Court.  
 But when I view thee gravely nod, and spit  
 In a grave posture, shake the head, and sit  
 Plots to bring *Spain* to *England*, and confine  
 King *Philips Indies* unto *Middletons mine*.  
 When I read ore thy Comments sagely writ  
 On the currantoes, and with how much wit  
 Thy profound *Aphorismes* doe expound to us  
 The *Almanacks*, and *Gallobelgicus*;  
 When I conceive what newes thou wilt bring ore  
 When thou returnst with thy Embassador;  
 What slops the *switzer* wears to hide his joynts,  
 How French and how the Spaniards trusse their points  
 How ropes of onions at Saint *Omers* goe,  
 And whether *Turkes* be Christians yea or noe.  
 Then I believe one in deep points so able,  
 Was surely got under the Councell table.  
 But when I heare thee of *Celaerens* write  
 In *Ferio* and *Baralypton* fight,  
 Me thinks my then *Prophetique* soule durst tell  
 Thou must be borne at *Aristotles* Well.  
 But shall I tell thee friend how thy blest fate  
 By chance hath made thy name so fortunate.  
 The States-man thinks thou hast too much of the Court.

The Courtier thinks thy sager parts doe sort  
 Best for the State; as for the Ladies they  
 Hos'd with the Medley of thy language, say  
 Th'art a meere Scholler, and the Scholler swears  
 Thou art of any tribe rather then theirs,  
 One thinks thee this, one that, a third thinks either,  
 Thou thinkst thy selfe th'art all, and J think neither.

*On the losse of his Finger.*

How much more blest are trees then men,  
 Their boughes lopt off will grow again;  
 But if the Steele our limbs dislever,  
 The joint once lost is lost for ever.  
 But fondly J dull foole complaine,  
 Our members shall revive againe,  
 And thou poore finger that art dust  
 Before the other members, must  
 Returne as soone at heavens command,  
 And reunited be to th'hand,  
 As those that are not ashes yet;  
 Why doest thou then so ev'ous sit,  
 And malice Oakes that they to fate  
 Are tenants of a longer date?  
 Their leases doe more years include  
 But once expir'd, are nere renew'd.  
 Therefore dear finger though thou be  
 Cut from those muscles govern'd thee,  
 And had thy motion at command,  
 Yet still asin a margent stand,  
 To point my thoughts to fix upon

The hope of Resurrection;  
 And since thou canst no finger be  
 Be a deaths head to humble me,  
 Till death doth threat her sting in vaine,  
 And we in heaven shake hands againe.

---

*A Paratiticon to the truly noble Gentleman  
 Mr. Endymion Porter.*

**G**Oe bashfull Muse, thy message is to one  
 That drinks and fills thy *Helicon*.  
 Who when his quill a sportive number seeks,  
 Plants Roses in the Ladies cheeks.  
 And with a sad note from their eyes can call  
 Pearle-showres to dew those buds withall.  
 Whose layes when I by chance am blest to heare  
 My soule climbs up into mine eare,  
 And bids your sisters challenge from the *Moon*  
 The Learned, as the faire *Endymion*,  
 Sing of his faith to the bright soule thats fled,  
 And left you all poore girls struck dead  
 With just despaire of any future men  
 T'employ, or to reward a Pen.  
 A soule that staying would have wonders wrought,  
 High as himselfe, or his great thought,  
 And full of daies, and honours, (with our prayers,  
 In stead of beads summ'd up with tears.)  
 Might of her own free flight to heaven have gone;  
 Offer what's heart, his hand, his sword had done,  
 But sing not thou a tale of discontent  
 To him whose joy is to lament.  
 We ought to pay true tears upon the hearse,

And

And lay some up in faithfull verse,  
 And so cast off our black; for more then thus  
 Troubles the Saints for troubling us,  
 Say to him, Cupid being once too kind  
 Wept out his eyes and so grew blind,  
 For dead *Adonis*, grieve being paid her due,  
 He turn'd Loves wanton God, and so doe you.

---

*To a painted Mistrisse.*

**T**Here are who know what once to day it was;  
 Your eyes, your Conscience, and your morning glasse;  
 How durst you venture that adulterate part  
 Belabour'd with your fucus, and best Art  
 To the rude breath of every rash salure?  
 What did your profer whisper? expect suite?  
 You were too pliant with your eare, you wisht  
 Pomatum and Vermilion might be kiss'd,  
 That lip, that cheeke by man was never known,  
 Those favours you bestow are not your own.  
 Hence forth such kisses I'll defy, like Thee,  
 Which druggists sell to you, and you to me.

---

*Vpon an Hermaphrodite.*

**S**IR or Madam, choose you whether,  
 Nature twists you both together.  
 And makes thy soule to each confesse,  
 Both petticore and breeches dresse.  
 Thus we chastice the God of Wine,

With water that is feminine.  
 Till the cooler Nymph abate  
 His wrath and so conecorporate,  
*Adam* till his rib was lost  
 Had the sexes thus ingroft,  
 When providence our Sire did cleave,  
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*.  
 Then did man 'bout wedlock treat  
 To make his body up compleat,  
 Thus matrimony speaks but thee  
 In a grave solemnity;  
 For Man and Wife make but one right  
 Canonick Hermaphrodite,  
 Ravell thy body, and I finde  
 In every limbe a double kinde,  
 Who would not think that head a paire,  
 That breeds such factions in the haire?  
 One halfe's so churlish in the touch,  
 That rather then endure so much  
 I would my tender limbs apparrell  
 With *Regulus* his nailed barrell.  
 And the other halfe so small,  
 And so amorous with all,  
 That Cupid thinks each haire to grow,  
 A string for his invisible bow.  
 When I look babies in thine eyes,  
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.  
 And though thy beaury be high noone  
 Thy orbes contain both *Sunne* & *Moone*.  
 How many melting kisses skip,  
 Betwixt thy Male and Female lip,  
 Betwixt thy upper brush of haire,  
 And thy neither beards dispaire?

When

When thou speak'st (I would not wrong  
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue.)  
 But, in every simple sound  
 A perfect Dialogue is found.  
 Thy breasts distinguish one another,  
 This the sister, that the brother.  
 When thou joynst hands my ears struck, fancies  
 The nuptiall sound, *I Iohn take Frances.*  
 Feele but the difference, soft and rough,  
 This is a gauntlet, that a muffle.  
 Had sly Vlisses at the sack  
 Of Troy, brought thee his Pedlers pack  
 And weapon too, to know Achilles,  
 From King Nicomedes Phillis,  
 His plothad fail'd; this hand would feele  
 The needle, that, the Warlike Steele.  
 When musick doth thy pace advance  
 Thy right legge takes thy left to dance.  
 Nor is't a galliard danc'd by one  
 But a mixt dance although alone.  
 Thus every Heteroclit part  
 Changes gender, but the heart.  
 And those which modesty can meane  
 (And dare not speake) are Epicene.  
 That Gamster needs must overcome  
 That can play both Tyb and Tom.  
 Thus did natures Mintage vary,  
 Coyning thee both *Philip and Mary.*



*To his well Timbred Mistrresse.*

**S**weet, heard you not fables latest breath rehearse  
 How I left hewing blocks to hack at verse,  
 Now growne the master Log, while others be  
 But shavings, and the chips of Poetry.  
 And thus I saw Deale-bords of beauty forth,  
 To make my love a warchouse of her worth,  
 Her legs are heart of Oake, and columnes stand  
 To beare the amorous bulkes then muse command  
 That Beech be work'd for thighs unto those leggs,  
 Turn'd round and carv'd, and joynted fast with peggs,  
 Contrive her belly round, a dining roome,  
 When Love and Beauty will a feasting come.  
 Another story make from wast to chinne  
 With breasts like Pots to nest young sparrows in.  
 Then place the Garret of her head above  
 Thatcht with a yellow haire to keep in Love.  
 Thus have I finish beauties master prize  
 Were but the Glasier here to make her eyes.  
 Then gentle Muse her outworks cease to raise  
 To worke within, and wauncot her with praise.

*On sixe maids bathing themselves in a River.*

**V**Vhen bashfull day-light now was gone,  
 And Night that hides a blush came on.  
 Six pretty Nymphs to wash away  
 The sweating of a summers day,  
 In Chaur faire streams did gently swim

And naked bathe each curious limbe,  
 O who had this blest sight but seeme  
 Would think that they had *Clodia's* been.

A Scholler that a walk did take  
 (Perchance for meditation sake)  
 This better object chanc'd to find  
 Streight all things else were out of mind,  
 What fitter study in this life  
 For *Practick* or *Contemplative*.

He thought poore soule what he had seen  
*Diana* and her Nymphs had been,  
 And therefore thought in pittious feare  
*Athen's* fortunes had been neare,  
 Or that the water-Nymphs they were  
 Together met to sport them there,  
 And that to him such love they bore  
 As unto *Hilas* once before.

What could he think but that his eye  
 Six Nymphs at once did there espye  
 Rise from the waves? Or that perchance  
 Fresh-water *Sirens* came to dance  
 Vpon the streame with tongue and look  
 To tempt poore Schollers from their book?  
 He could not think they *Graces* were  
 Because their numbers doubled are,  
 Nor can he think they *Muses* be  
 Because (alas) there wanted three.

I should have rather guess that there  
 Another brood of *Helens* were,  
 The maids betray'd were in a tright  
 And blusht but twas not seen by night,  
 At last all by the bank did stand  
 And he (kind heart) lent them his hand.

Where 'twas his blisse to feele all o're  
Soft papps, smooth thighes, and some thing more.

But envious night hid from his eyes  
The place where love and pleasure lyes.

Guess lovers guess, guess you that dare  
What then might be this Schollers prayer.

That he had been a cat to spy,

Or had he now *Tiberius* eye.

Yet since his wishes were in vaine

He helpt them d'on their clothes again,

Makes promise there should none be shent,

So with them to the Tavern went.

How they all night did sport and play

Pardon my *Muse*, I dare not say,

Guess you that have a mind to know

Whether he were a foole or no.

*The wedding Morne.*

**A** Rise come forth, but never to returne  
To the same Censer, 'tis thy Virgin Vrne,  
Bury in it those thoughts which did possesse  
Thee from thy Cradle, 'till this happinesse;  
Which but to think upon will make thy cheek,  
Farer then is the morne you so much seeke  
In beauty to ourry; and be the pride  
Of all that ever had the name of bride.  
Up Maids and let your nimble fingers be  
True instruments of curiosity;  
Set not a pin amisse, nor let a pleat  
Be folded in her gowne but what's in state.

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And when her Ivory Temples you would deck  
 Forbeare your Art, for Nature gives you check,  
 There in the circuit of her radiant haire  
 See Cupid tetter'd in a golden snare,  
 Marke the triumphant Throne wherein the boy  
 Installed sits to give the Bridegroom Joy,  
 But when shees dress and that her listning eare  
 Is welcom'd by the Bridegroomes being neere,  
 Look how she stands and how her steadfast eye  
 Is fix'd on him at's first discovery  
 Both being met mark how their soules doe strive  
 To be in eithers joy contemplative,  
 Whose kisses raise betwixt them such a fire  
 That should the Phœnix see, he to expire  
 Would thin the spicy mountaine, and so take  
 Himselfe between their lips a grave to make.

*In praise of Women in Generall.*

HE is a Parricide to his mothers name,  
 And with an impious hand murders her fame,  
 That wrongs the praise of woemen, that dares write  
 Libels on Saints, or with foule inke requite  
 The milk they lent us; Better Sex command  
 To your defence my more religious hand  
 At sword, or pen; ours was the nobler birth  
 For you of man were made, man but of earth,  
 The sonne of dust; and though your sinne did breed  
 His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed:  
 Adam in's sleep a gainfull losse sustain'd  
 That for one rib a better selfe regain'd.  
 Who had he not your blest creation seen,

An Anchorite in Paradice had been.  
 Why in this work did the creation rest  
 But that eternall providence thought you best  
 Of all his six dayes labour: beasts should doe  
 Homage to man, but man should waite on you.  
 You are of comlier sight, of daintier touch,  
 A'tender flesh, a colour bright, and such  
 As *Parians* see in marble, skin more faire,  
 More glorious head, and farre more glorious haire,  
 Eyes full of grace, and quicknesse, purer roses  
 Blush in your cheeks, a mildew white composes  
 Your stately fronts, your breath more sweet then his  
 Breaths spice, and Nectar drops at every kisse.  
 Your skins are smooth, bristles on theirs doe grow  
 Like quills of Porcupins, rough wool doth flow  
 O're all their faces, you approach more neare  
 The form of Angels; they like beasts appeare:  
 If then in bodies where the soules doe dwell  
 You better us, doe then our soules excell?  
 No; we in soules equall perfection see  
 There can in them nor male nor female be.  
 Boast we of knowledge? You have more then we  
 You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree,  
 And that more Rhetorick in your tongues doth lie  
 Let him dispute against that dares deny  
 Your least commands; and not perswaded be  
 With *Sampsons* strength, and *Dauids* pietie,  
 To be your willing Captives; vertue sure  
 Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poore  
 Rough cottage-man to live in, and despise  
 To dwell in you the stately edifice.  
 Thus you are prov'd the better sex, and we  
 Must all repent that in our Pedigree

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We choose the fathers name, where should we take  
 The mothers, a more honour'd blood, 'twould make  
 Our generation sure, and certain be,  
 And I'd believe some faith in Heraldry!  
 Thus perfect Creatures if detraction rise  
 Against your sex dispute but with your eyes,  
 Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent  
 So subtile and so strong an argument  
 Will reach the Stoick his affection too,  
 And call the Cinick from his Tub to wooe.  
 Thus mustering up your beauteous troopes, goe on  
 The fairest is the valiant *Amazon*.

---

*To Mr. I. S. on his Gracious Servant.*

I Cannot fulminate or tonitruate words  
 To puzzle intellects, my ninth lasse affords  
 No Lyeophronian buskins, nor can straine  
 Gigantian lines to Gigantize thy veine.  
 Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plaies  
 Are terr' del fo-gos, or incognitæ,  
 Thy Pegafus in his admir'd careere,  
 Curvets no Capreols of nonsense here.

**W**onder not friend, that J doe entertaine  
 Such language, that both think and speak so plain.  
 Know J applaud thy smooth and even strains,  
 That will inform, and not confound our brains.  
 Thy Helicon, like a smooth streame doth flow,  
 While others with disturbed channels goe,  
 And headlong, like Niles Cataracts doe fall  
 With a huge noyse, and yet not heard at all.  
 When thy intelligence on the Cock-pit stage

Gives

Gives it a soule from the immortall rage.  
 I heare the Muses birds with full delight  
 Sing where the birds of *Mars* were wont to fight  
 Nor flatter J, thou knowit I doe abhorre it;  
 Let others praise thy Play, Ile love thee for it;  
 That he that knowes my friend shall say, he has  
 A friend as Gratefull as his Servant was.

In obitum Francisci Verulamij.

**D***um moriens tantam nostris Uerulamius Heros*  
*Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uida facit:*  
*Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,*  
*Credimus & Samium de sumpsisse senem:*  
*Scilicet hic miseris, felix nequit esse, Camænis,*  
*Nec se, quam Musas plus amat iste suas.*  
*At lustrantem animam Clotho imperiosa coëgit*  
*Ad cælum, inuitos traxit in astra pedes.*  
*Ergone Phœbeas jacuisse putabimus artes?*  
*Atque herbas Clarij nil valuisse Dei?*  
*Phœbus idem potuit, nec virtus abstulit herbis,*  
*Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere pures:*  
*At Phœdum (ut metuit ne Rex foret iste Camænis)*  
*Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.*  
*Hinc dolor est; quod cum Phœbo Verulamius Heros*  
*Major erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor,*  
*Vos tamen & tantum Manes atque Umbra, Camænz,*  
*Et penè inferni pallida turba Iovis,*  
*Si spirari adhuc, & non lussis ocellor,*  
*Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem.*

Si vos ergo aliquis de morte redemerit Orpheum,  
 Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam:  
 Discite nunc gemitus, & lamen tabile carmen,  
 Ex oculis vestris lacrima multa fluat.  
 En quam multa fuit? veras agnosco Camœnas,  
 Et lacrymas, Helicon vix satis unus erit;  
 Deucalionæis & qui non merfus in undis  
 Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.  
 Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, & qui  
 Multâ Pierias nutruit arte Deas,  
 Vidit ut hic artes nullâ radice retentas,  
 Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;  
 crescere Pégaleas docuit, velut Hæstia Quirini  
 Crevit, & exiguuo tempore Laurus erat.  
 Ergo Heliconiadas docuit cum crescere divas,  
 Diminuent huius secula nulla decus.  
 Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris astus  
 Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, tuum.  
 Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem,  
 Dissulit & nubes alter Apollo ruas.

Dissulit & tenebras, sed quas obfusca vetustas,  
 Temporis & præsci lippe senectæ tulit;  
 Arque alias methodos sacrum instauravit acumen,  
 Gnossiæque eripuit, sed sua fida dedit.  
 Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo  
 Tan claros oculos non habuisse liquet:  
 Hi velut Eos surgens de litore Phœbus,  
 Hic velut in mediâ fulget Apollo die:  
 Hi veluti Typhis tentârunt æquora primùm,  
 At vix deseruit littorâ prima ratis:  
 Pleiadas hic, Hyadasque atque omnia sydera noscens,  
 Syrtis, atque tuos, improba Sylla, canes;



Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigit a quore navem,  
 Cerrius & cursum nauisica monstrat acus:  
 Infantes illi Mulas, hic gignit a dultas;  
 Mortales illi, gignit at ipse Deas.  
 Palmam ideo reliquit Magna Instauratio libris  
 Abstulit, & cadunt squalida turba sophi  
 Et vestita novo Pallas modo prodit amictu,  
 Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviliis.  
 Sic Phoenix cineres spectat modo nata paternos,  
 Aësonis & rediit prima juvenia senis.  
 Instaurata suos & sic Verulamia miror  
 lallat, & antiquum sperat ab inde decus.

Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortali ocelli  
 Lumina, dum regni, mystica sacra canat?  
 Dum sic natura leges, arcanaque Regum,  
 Tanquam à secretis esset utrisq̃, canat:  
 Dum canat Henricum, qui Rex, idemq̃ Sacerdos,  
 Connubio stabili junxit utramq̃, Rosam.

Atqui hæc sunt nostris longè majora Camænis,  
 Non hæc infelix Granta, sed Aula sciat:  
 Sed cum Granta labris admoventiſſima verba tantis,  
 Ius habet in laudes (maximè Alumne) tuas.  
 Ius habet, ut mæstos lachrymis exstingueret ignes,  
 Posset ut è medio diripuisse rogo.  
 At nostræ tibi nulla ferant encomia Mulsæ,  
 Ipse canis, laudes & canis inde tuas.  
 Nos tamen & laudes, quæ possumus arte, canemus,  
 Si tamen ars deſit, laus erit ipse dolor.

FINIS.



THE  
MVSES  
LOOKING  
GLASSE.

By T. R.



OXFORD

Printed by L. LICHFIELD Printer  
to the Vniversity, for FRANCIS  
BOWMAN. 1640.

THE  
M.V.S.  
LOOKING  
GLASS

ФЯОЗЛО

HOWMAN 1950  
to be given to Francis  
James by Dr. Richard H. H.



THE  
MUSES LOOKING-GLASSE.  
ACTUS I. SCEN. I.

Enter

Enter a Featherman, and Mrs Flowerdew wife to a Haberdasher of small wares; the one having brought feathers to the Play-house, the other Pins and Looking-glasses; two of the sanctified fraternity of Black-Friars.

Fl. SEE Brother how the wicked throng and crowd  
To works of Vaniry! not a nook, or corner  
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthinesse,  
This den of spirituall sheeves, but it is stuff,  
Stuffed, and stuff full as is a cushion  
With the lewd Reprobate,  
Bro. Sister, were there not before Innes,  
Yes, I will say Innes, for my zeale bids me  
Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour such  
As travell'd to destruction the broad ways

A. 2

But

THE  
MVSSES  
LOOKING  
GLASS



OLYMPIA  
Printed by J. B. McINTOSH & Co.  
to the University of California  
BOWMAN, 1890



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*THE*  
**MVSES LOOKING-GLASSE.**

ACTUS I. SCEN. I.

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 To works of Vanity! not a nook, or corner

In all this house of sin, this cave of filthinesse,  
 This den of spirituall theeves, but it is stuffe,  
 Stuffed, and stuffe full as is a cushion  
 With the lewd Reprobate,

*Brd.* Sister, were there not before Innes,  
 Yes, I will lay Innes, for my zeale bids me  
 Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour such  
 As travell'd to destruction the broad ways

*A 2*

*Bui*

But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.

*Flowerd.* Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeale  
Teach, preach, huffe, puffe, and snuffe at it, yet still,

Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a Church,

A new built Church erected North and South,

It had been something worth the wondring at.

*Bird.* Good works are done.

*Flowerd.* I say now works are Good,

Good works are meerly Popish, and Apocryphall.

*Bird.* But th' bad abound, surround, yea and confound us.

No marveile now if Play-houſes increaſe,

For they are all grown ſo obſcene of late

That one begets another.

*Flowerd.* Flat fornication!

I wonder any body takes delight

To heare them prattle.

*Bird.* Nay and I have heard

That in a --- Tragedy I think they call it,

They make no more of killing one another,

Then you ſell pins.

*Flowerd.* Or you ſell feathers brother.

But are they not hang'd for it?

*Bird.* Law grows partiall,

And findes it but Chance-medly: And their Comedies

Will abuſe you, or me, or any body;

We cannot put our monies to increaſe

By lawfull Uſury, nor Break in quiet;

Nor put off our falſe wares, nor keep our wives

Finer then others, but our Ghoſts muſt walk

Upon their ſtages.

*Flowerd.* Is not this flat conjuring,

To make our Ghoſts to walk ere we be dead?

*Bird.* Thats nothing Miſtris *Flowerdew*, they will play

The

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## Looking-glasse.

The Knave, the Foole, the Divell and all for mony.  
*Flourd.* Impiety! O that men indued with reason  
Should have no more grace in them!

*Bird.* Be there not other

Vocations as thriving, and more honest?

Bailies, Promooters, Taylors, and Apparitors,

Beadles, and Martials men, the needfull instruments

Of the Republique; but to make themselves

Such Monsters? for they are monsters, th' are monsters,

Base, sinfull, shamelesse, ugly, vile deform'd

Pernitious monsters!

*Flourd.* I have heard our Vicar

Call Play-houses the Colledges of Transgression,

Wherein the seaven deadly sins are studied.

*Bird.* Why then the city will in time be made

An University of Iniquity.

We dwell by *Black Friars* Colledge, where I wonder

How that prophane nest of pernitious Birds

Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,

So many good and well disposed persons.

O Impudence!

*Flourd.* It was a zealous prayer

I heard a Brother make, concerning Play-houses.

*Bird.* For Charity what is it?

*Flourd.* That the *Globe*,

Wherein (quoth he) reigus a whole world of vice,

Had been consum'd! The *Phoenix* burn't to Ashes,

The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore: *Black Friars*

He wonders how it escap'd demolishing

I'th' time of reformation: lastly he wish'd

The *Bull* might crosse the *Thames* to the *Bear-garden*,

And there be soundly baited!

*Bird.* A good prayer.



*The Muses*

*Flow.* Indeed it something pricks my conscience,  
I come to sell 'em Pins and Looking-glasses.

*Bird.* I have their custome too for all their feathers;  
'Tis fit that we which are sincere Professors  
Should gaine by Infidels.

SCEN. 2.

*Enter Roscius a Player.*

*Mr. Roscius* we hav' brought the things you spake for,

*Ros.* Why tis well.

*Flo.* Pray Sir what serve they for?

*Ros.* We use them in our Play.

*Bird.* Are you a Player?

*Ros.* I am Sir, what of that?

*Bird.* And is it lawfull?

Good sister lets convert him. will you use  
So fond a calling?

*Flow.* And so impious?

*Bird.* So irreligious?

*Flow.* So unwarrantable?

*Bird.* Only to gain by vice?

*Flow.* To live by sin?

*Ros.* My spleen is up: And live nor you by sin?

Take away vanitie and you both may break.

What serves your lawfull trade of selling pins,

But to joint gew-gawes, and to knit together

Gorgetts, strips, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,

And many other such like toyes as these,

To make the Baby Pride a pretty Puppet?

And you sweet Featherman, whose ware though light,

Oreweighs your Conscience, what serves your Trade

But to plume folly, to give Pride her wings,

To

## Looking-Glasse.

5

To deck vain-glory? Spoiling the Peacocks taile  
T' adorne an Idiots Coxcomb; O dull ignorance!  
How ill 'tis understood what we doe mean  
For good and honest! They abuse our Scene,  
And say we live by vices indeed tis true  
As the Physicians by diseases doe,  
Only to cure them: They doe live we see  
Like Cooks by pamp'ring prodigality,  
Which are our fond accusers, On the stage  
We set an Usurer to tell this age  
How ugly looks his soule: A prodigall  
Is taught by us how far from liberall  
His folly beares him: Boldly I dare say  
There has been more by us in some one Play  
Laugh't into wit and vertue, then hath been  
By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from sin,  
And foppish humours, Hence the cause doth rise  
Men are not wonn by th' eares so well as eyes,  
First see what we present.

*Flow.* The sight is able

To un sanctify our eyes, and make 'em carnall.

*Rose.* Will you condemne without examination?

*Bird.* No Sister, let us call up all our zeale,

And try the strength of this temptation:

Satan shall see we dare despise his Engines.

*Flow.* I am content.

*Rose.* Then take your places here, I will come to you

And moralize the plot.

*Flow.* That moralizing

I doe approve, it may be for instruction.

## SCEN. 3.

*Enter a deformed fellow.**Deform.* Roscius, I heare you have a new Play to day;*Rosc.* We want not you to play *Mephestophilis*,  
A pretty naturall vizard!*Deform.* What have you there?*Rosc.* A Looking-glasse, or two.*Deform.* What things are they?Pray let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here!  
I've seen a Divell. Looking-glasses call you them?  
There is no Basiliske but a Looking-glasse.*Rosc.* Tis your own face you saw.*Deform.* My own? thou liest:

I'de not be such a Monster for the world.

*Rosc.* Look in it now with me, what seest thou now?*Deform.* An Angell and a Divell.*Rosc.* Look on thatThou callst an Angell, mark it vwell, & tell me  
Is it not like my face?*Deform.* As wwere the same.*Rosc.* Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,

'Tis not the glasse but thy deformity'

That makes this ugly shape; if they be faire

That view the Glasse, such the reflections are.

This serves the body: The soule sees her face

In Comedy, and has no other glasse.

*Deform.* Nay then farewell, for I had rather see  
Hell then a Looking-glasse or Comedy.*Exit Deform.**Rosc.* And yet me thinks if 'twere not for this Glasse,  
Wherein the forme of man beholds his grace,

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Ladies,  
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## Looking-Glasse.

7

We could not finde another way to see  
How neere our shapes approach Divinitie,  
Ladies, let they who will your glasse deride,  
And say it is an instrument of Pride:  
I will commend you for it; there you see  
If yee be faire, how truly faire yee be:  
Where finding beaureous faces, I doe know  
You'l have the greater care to keep them so.  
A heavenly vision in your beauty lyes,  
Which nature hath denied to your own eyes;  
Were it not pittie you alone should bee  
Debar'd of that others are blest to see?  
Then take your glasses, and your selves enjoy  
The benefit of your selves; it is no toy,  
Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her,  
That will preserve us good or make us better.  
A Country flut, (for such she was, though here  
Ith' City may be some as well as there:)  
Kept her hands clean, (for those being alwayes seene)  
Had told her else how flutish she had been)  
But had her face as nasty as the stall  
Of a fishmonger, or a Usurers Hall  
Daub'd o're with dirt: One might have dar'd to say  
She was a true piece of Prometheus clay,  
Not yet inform'd: And then her unkemb'd haire  
Drest up with cobwebs, made her hag-like stare,  
One day within her paile (for Country Lasses  
(Faire Ladies) have no other Looking-glasses)  
She spied her ugliness, and faine she would  
Have blusht if thorough so much dirt she could  
Asham'd, within that water, that I say  
Which shew'd her filth, she washt her filth away.

So Comedies, as Poets doe intend them,

Serve

## The Muses

Serve first to shew our faults, and then to mend them,  
Upon our stage two glasses oft there be,  
The Comick Mirrour, and the Tragœdie;  
The Comick glasse is full of merry strife,  
The low reflection of a Country life,  
Grave Tragœdie void of such homely sports  
Is the sad glasse of Cities and of Courts.  
I'll shew you both, *Thalia* come and bring  
Thy Buskin'd sister, that of Bloud doth sing.

### SCEN. 4.

*Comedy, Tragedy, Mime, Satyre.*

*Comed.* Why doe you stop? goe on.

*Trag.* I charge him stay.

My robe of state, Buskins, and Crown of gold  
Claime a priority.

*Com.* Your Crown of Gold

Is but the wreath of wealth, 'tis mine of Lawrell  
Is vertues Diadem: This grew greene and flourish'd  
When nature pittying poore mortalitie,

Hid thine within the bowels of the earth:

Men looking up to heaven found this thurs mine,

Digging to finde out hell they h'r on thine.

*Trag.* I know you 'have tongue enough.

*Com.* Besides, my Birth-right

Gives me the first possession.

*Trag.* How, your Birth-right?

*Com.* Yes sister, Birth-right, and a Crowne besides,

Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*

By his deare Priest *Phenomenoe*, she that first

Full of her God rag'd in Heroique numbers.

*Trag.* How came it then the Magistrate decreed

## Looking-glasse

9

A publique charge to furnish out my *Chorus*,  
When you were fain t' appeare in raggs and tatters,  
And at your own expences?

*Come.* My reward

Came after, my deserts went before yours.

*Trag.* Deserts? yes! what deserts, when like a gypsie

You took a poor and beggarly Pilgrimage

From village unto village; when I then

As a fit ceremony of Religion

In my full state contended at the Tombe

Of mighty *Theseus*.

*Come.* I before that time

Did chaunt out Hymnes in praise of great *Apollo*,

The shepheards Deitie, whom they reverence

Under the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance

How with them once he kept *Admetus* sheep.

And 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?

Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your Buskins

You had no ornaments, no robes of state,

No rich and glorious Scene; your first Benefactors

Who were they, but the reeling Priests of *Bacchus*,

For which a Goat gave you reward and name?

*Trag.* But sister who were yours, I pray, but such

As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets,

In honour of the fine chaste God *Priapus*?

*Come.* Let age alone, merit must plead our Title.

*Trag.* And have you then the forehead to contend?

I stalk in Princes Courts, great Kings, and Emperours

From their close cabinets, and Councell Tables

Yield me the farall matter of my Scene.

*Come.* Inferiour persons, and the lighter vanities,

(Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitfull.)

Yield subjects various enough to move

Plentiful

Plentifull laughter.

*Trag.* Laughter! a fit object  
For Poetry to ayme at.

*Come.* Yes, Laughter is my object: 'tis a property  
In man essentiall to his reason,

*Trag.* So;

But I move horror; and that frights the guilty  
From his dear sins: he that sees *Oedipus*  
Incestuous, shall behold him blind withall.

Who views *Orestes* as a Parricide,  
Shall see him lash'd with *Furies* too; Th' Ambitious  
Shall feare *Promethæus* Vultur; Daring Gluttony  
Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus*:

And every Family great in sins as Blood  
Shake at the memory of *Pelops* house,  
Who will relye on Fortunes giddy smile  
That hath seen *Priam* acted on the stage?

*Come.* You move with fear, I work as much with shame,  
A thing more powerfull in a generous brest.

Who sees an eating Parasite abus'd;  
A covetous Bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant Gull  
Cheated; a glorious Souldier knockt, and baffl'd;  
A crafty servant whipt; a niggard Churle  
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his sonne;  
A spruce fantastique Courier, a mad roarer,  
A jealous Tradesman, an over-sweening Lady,  
Or corrupt Lawyer rightly personated,

But (if he have a blush,) will blush, and shame  
As well to aft those follies as to own them.

*Trag.* The subje& of my Scene is in the persons  
Greater, as in the vices; Acheists, Tyrants,  
O're-daning Favorites, Traitors, Parasites,  
The Wolves and Cats of state, which in a language

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High

*Looking-glasse.*

11

High as the men, and lowd as are their crimes  
I thunder forth with terrour and amazement  
Unto the gattly wondring Audience.

*Satyre.* And as my Lady takes deserved place  
Of thy light Mistresse, so yield thou to me,  
*Fantastique Mime.*

*Mime.* Fond *Satyre* why to thee?

*Sat.* As the Attendant of the nobler Dame,  
And of my selfe more worthy.

*Mime.* How! more worthy?

*Sat.* As one whose whip of Steele can with a lath  
Imprint the Characters of shame so deep,  
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,  
That not eternitie shall wear it out.

When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* brow,  
Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling  
Freez'd the chill soules; while every guilty brest

Stood fearfull of dissection, as afraid

To be anatomiz'd by that skilfull hands

And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin  
By it laid open to the publique scorn.

I have untruss'd the proudest; greatest tyrants

Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, halfe dead

With expectation of the smarting jerk,

Whose wound no salve can cure: each blow doth leave

A lasting scar, that with a poyson eats

Into the marrow of their fames and lives;

Th' eternall ulcer to their memories!

What can your *Apish* fine-gesticulations

My manlike-*Monkye Mime*, vie down to this?

*Mime.* When men through sins were grown unlike  
the Gods,

apes grew to be like men; therefore I think

My



My Apish imitation, Brother Beadle,  
Does as good service to reforme bad manners  
As your proud whip, with all his ferks, and jerks.

The *Spartans* when they strove t' expresse the load  
sommesse

Of Drunkenesse to their Children, brought a slave,  
Some captive *Helor*, overcharg'd with wine  
Reeling in thus; ---- His eyes shot out with staring,  
A fire in his nose, a burning rednesse  
Blazing in either cheek, his haire upright,  
His tongue and senses faltring, and his stomach  
O'reburden'd ready to discharge her load  
In each mans face he met, This made 'em see  
And hate that sin of swine, and not of men.  
Would I expresse a complementall youth,  
That thinks himsele a spruce and expert Courter,  
Bending his supple hammes, kissing his hands,  
Honouring shoostings, scruing his writh'd face  
To severall postures of affection,  
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,  
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?  
Yet such there be that very much please themselves  
In such like Antique humours. To our own sins  
We will be Moles, even to the grossest of 'em:  
But in anothers life we can spye forth  
The least of faults, with eyes as sharp as Eagles,  
Or the *Epidaurean* serpent: Now in me,  
Where self-love casts not her *Egyptian* mists,  
They find this mis-becoming foppishnesse,  
And afterwards apply it to themselves:  
This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.  
Trag. Sister let's lay this poor contention by,  
And friendly live together, if one wombe

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Could hold us both, why should we think this room  
Too narrow to contain us? On this stage  
We'll plead a triall; and in one year contend  
Which shall doe best: that past, the then that shall  
By the most sacred and impartiall judgement  
Of our *Apollo*, best deserve the Bayes,  
Shall hold th' entire possession of the place.

*Come.* I were unworthy if I should  
Appeal from his tribunall; Be it so;  
I doubt not but his censure runs with me;  
Never may any thing that's sad and tragicall  
Dare to approach his Presence; let him be  
So happy as to think no man is wretched,  
Or that there is a thing call'd misery.

*Trag.* Such is my prayer, that he may only see,  
Nor be the subject of a Tragedy!

*Sister*, a truce till then; that vice may bleed  
Let us joyne whips together.

*Come.* 'Tis agreed.

*Mims*, let it be your office to prepare  
The Masque which we intended:

*Mime.* 'Tis my care.

**Exeunt.**

*Flowy.* How did she say? a Masse? Brother flye hence,  
Flye hence, Idolatry will overtake us.

*Rosci.* It was a Masque she spake of, a rude Dance  
Presented by the seaven deadly sins.

*Bird.* Still 'tis a Masse, sister, away, I tell you  
It is a Masse, a Masse of vile Idolatry.

*Rosci.* 'Tis but a simple Dance, brought in to shew  
The native foulness and deformity  
Of our deare sin, and what an ugly guest

He entertains, admits him to his breast!

### Song and Dance.

*Say, in a Dance how shall we goe,  
 That never could a measure know!  
 How shall we sing to please the scene  
 That never yet could keep a mean?  
 Disorder is the Masque we bring,  
 And discords are the Tunes we sing.  
 No sound in our harsh eares can find a place  
 But highest Trebles, or the lowest Base.*

*Flowerd. See Brother, if mens hearts and Consciences  
 Had not been fear'd, and cawterized, how could they  
 Affect these filthy harbingers of hell!  
 These Proctors of Belzebub, Lucifers Hinch-boyes!  
 Rose, I pray ye stirre your selves within a while.*

*Exeunt.*

*Roscius Solus.*

*And here, unlesse your favourable mildnesse  
 With hope of mercy doe encourage us,  
 Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture  
 Neither what's past, nor that which is to come  
 Upon his Country, 'tis so weak, and impotent  
 It cannot stand a triall, nor dares hope  
 The benefit of his Clergy; But if rigour  
 Sit Iudge, must of necessity be condemn'd  
 To Vulcan or the Spunge: All he can plead  
 Is a desire of Pardon, for he brings you*

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No plot at all, but a miter *Olla Podrida*,  
 A medly of ill plac'd, and worse pen'd humours.  
 His desire was in single Scenes to shew  
 How Comedy presents each single vice  
 Ridiculous, whose number as their Character  
 He borrows from the man to whom he owes  
 All the poore skill he has, great *Aristotle*.  
 Now if you can endure to heare the rest,  
 You are welcome; if you cannot, doe but tell  
 Your meaning by some signe, and all farewell.  
 If you will stay resolve to pardon first;  
 Our Author will deserve it by offending.  
 Yet if he misse a Pardon, as in Iustice  
 You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,  
 Still he hath this left for a comfort to him,  
 That he picks forth a subject of his Rime  
 May loose perchance his credit not his time.

Finiſ Actus 1.

Exit.

## ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

Roscius. Bird. Flowden.

Rosce. **R** Ecieve your plates. The first that we present  
 are the Extreames of a vertue necessary in our  
 Conversation, call'd Comitas or Courtesy, which, as all  
 other vertues, hath her deviations from the Mean. The  
 one Colax, that to seeme over Courteous falls into a ser-  
 vile flattery; the other, (as fooles fall into the contraries  
 which they shunne) is Discolus, who having to be a slavish  
 Parasite growes into peevishnesse and impertinent dis-  
 fast.

Flow. I thought you raught two vices for one vertue?

B

Rosce.

*Ros.* So does Philosophy, but the Actors enter.

*Colax.* *Dyscolus.*

*Colax.* How farre they sinne against humanity  
That use you thus! Believe me 'tis a Symptom  
Of Barbarisme, and rudenesse so to vex  
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

*Dysco.* Why dost thou vex me then?

*Colax.* I? Heaven defend!

My breeding has been better; J vex you!  
You that I know so vertuous, just, and wise,  
So pious and religious, so admir'd,  
So lov'd of all?

*Dysc.* Wilt thou not leave me then  
Eternall Torture? could your cruelty find  
No back but mine that you thought broad enough  
To beare the load of all these Epithites?

Pious? Religious? he takes me for a toole.

Vertuous? and Iust? Sir, did I ever cheat you,  
Cozen, or gull you; that you call me just

And vertuous? I am grown the common scoff  
Of all the world; the scoff of all the world!

*Colax.* The world is grown too vile then.

*Dysc.* So art thou.

Heaven! I am turn'd ridiculous!

*Colax.* Your ridiculous?

But 'tis as impious Age; There was a time,  
(And pittie 'tis so good a time had wings  
To fly away,) when reverence was payd  
To a gray head; 'twas held a sacriledge  
Not expiable to deny respect

To one, Sir, of your years and Gravity.

*Dysc.* My years and gravity! Why how old am I?  
I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank

As I shou  
Well Col  
Poore du  
He take  
So crazy  
I see wit  
With ch  
But you  
Thank n  
colax. I  
I see you  
And a qu  
Thorous  
Dysc. I  
A very f  
The lch  
About t  
Colax.  
Dysc. I  
Grown  
Sue we  
Speak  
Colax. I  
Pardon  
Of an  
To call  
Dysc.  
Foole?  
As tha  
Colax.  
You a  
Dysc.  
Dost f

As I should smell oth' grave: O times and manners!  
Well Colax, well; goe on: you may abuse me,  
Poore dust, and ashes, worms mear, yeares and gravity:  
He takes me for a Carcasse! what see you  
So crazy in me? I have halfe my Teeth:  
I see with spectacles, doe I riot? and can walk too  
With th' benefit of my staffe; mark if I cannot! ---  
But you sit at your pleasure with years and gravity  
Thank me decrepit.

Colax. How? Decrepit sir!

I see young roses bud within your cheeks;  
And a quick active blood run free and fresh  
Thorough your veins.

Dysco. I am turn'd boy again!

A very stripling schoole-boy! have I not  
The itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy  
About the wrists and hams?

Colax. Still Dyscolus?---

Dysc. Dyscolus! and why Dyscolus? when were we  
Grown so familiar? Dyscolus! by my name  
Sure we are Pylades and Orestes! are we not?  
Speak good Pylades.

Colax. Nay worthy Sir

Pardon my error, 'twas without intent  
Of an offence. Ile find some other name  
To call you by---

Dysc. What doe you mean to call me?

Foole? Ass? or Knave? my name is not so bad  
As that J am asham'd on't.

Colax. Still you take all worse then it was meant,  
You are too Iealous.

Dysc. Iealous? I ha' not cause for't, my wives honest,  
Dost see my horns? Dost? if thou dost,

Write Cuckold in my forehead; doe, write Cuckold  
 With *Aqua-forti*; doe. Jealous! I am jealous,  
 Free of the Company! wife I am jealous.  
*Colax* I meane suspicious.

*Dyse*. How! suspicious?

For what? for Treason, Felony, or Murder?

Carry me to the Iustice: bind me over

For a suspicious person: hang me too

For a suspicious person! O, O, O

Some courteous plague ceaze me, and free my soule

From this immortall Torment! every thing

I meet with, is vexation, and this, this

Is the vexation of vexations,

The Hell of Hells, and Divell of all Divells.

*Flow*. For pity sake fret not the good old Gentleman.

*Dise*. O! have I not yet torments great enough,

But you must adde to my affliction?

Eternall silence ceaze you!

*Colax*. Sir we strive

To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

*Dise*. I must be pleas'd! a very babe, an infant!

I must be pleas'd! give me some pa'pe, or plummer:

Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,

To still me, doe! be pleas'd? wouldst have me get

A Parasite to be flatter'd?

*Col*. How? a Parasite?

A cogging, flatt'ring, slavish Parasite?

Things I abhorre and hate, 'Tis not the belly

Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers

Soules below reason will not stoope so low,

As to give up their Liberty; only flatterers

Move by anothers wheel. They have no passions

Free to themselves. All their affections,

Qualities

Qualities, humors, appetites, desires,  
Nay wishes, vows, and prayers, discourse and thoughts  
Are but anothers Bondman. Let me rugg  
At the Turks Gallies; be eternally  
Damn'd to a Quarry: In this state my mind  
Is free: A flatterer has nor soule nor body;  
What shall J say? --- No I applaud your temper,  
That in a generous bravensie take distast  
At such whose servile nature strives to please you.  
Tis royall in you Sir.

Dysc. Ha! Whats that?

Colax. A feather stuck upon your cloak.

Dysc. A feather?

And what have you to doe with my feathers?

Why should you hinder me from telling th' world

I doe not lye on flock-beds?

Colax. Pray be pleas'd.

J brusht it off for meer respect I bare to you.

Dysc. Respect! a fine respect, Sir, is it not,

To make the world believe I nourish vermin?

O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch worms

Without tongues to torment us, let 'um have

What teeth they will. I meet not here an object

But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not

A man, I could not then be so ridiculous:

My eares are overgrown, I am an Ass;

It is my eares they gaze at. What strange Harry

Centaure, or Gorgon am I turn'd into?

What Circe wrought my Metamorphosis?

If I be beast, she might have made me Lyon,

Or something not ridiculous? O Acton,

If I doe branch like thee, it is my fortune!

Why look they on me else? There is within



A glasse they say, that has strange qualities in it;  
That shall resolve me. I will in to see  
Whether or no I man or Monster be. *Exit*

## SCEN. II

To them *Deilus, Aphobus*.

*Bird.* Who be these? They look like presumption and  
Despaire.

*Rose.* And such they are. That is *Aphobus*, one the  
out of an impious confidence feares nothing. The other  
*Deilus*, that from an Atheisticall distrust, shakes at the  
motion of a reed. These are the extremes of Fortitude, the  
betwixt an even course betwixt overmuch daring, and  
overmuch fearing.

*Flow.* Why staves this reprobate *Colax*?

*Rose.* Any vice

Yields work for Flattery.

*Flow.* A good Doctrine, mark it.

*Deilus.* Is it possible? did you not feare it, say you?  
To me the meer relation is an ague.

Good *Aphobus* no more such terrible stories,  
I would not for a world lye alone to night:  
I shall have such strange dreams!

*Apho.* What can there be

That I should feare? The Gods? If they be good,  
Tis sin to feare them; if not good, no Gods;  
And then let them feare me. Or are they Divells  
That must affright me?

*Deilus.* Divells! where good *Aphobus*?

I thought there was some conjuring abroad,  
Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;

Now

Now it is heré again! O still, still, still.

*Apbo.* Whats the matter?

*Deilus.* Still it followes me!

The thing in black, behind; soon as the Sun

Bur shines, it haunts me? Gentle Spirit leave me!

Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*? what an ugly looks it has!

With eyes, as big as Lawcers, nostrils wider

Then Barbers basons!

*Apbo.* Tis nothing *Deilus*

But your weak Phancy, that from every object

Drawes aguments of fear. This terrible black thing—

*Deil.* Where is it *Aphobus*?

*Apbo.* — Js but your shadow *Deilus*.

*Deil.* And should not we fear shadowes?

*Apbo.* No! why should we?

*Deil.* Who knowe but they come learing after us

To steale away the substance? Watch him *Aphobus*.

*Apbo.* I nothing feare,

*Colax.* I doe commend your valour,

That fixes your great soule fast as a Center,

Not to be mov'd vvith dangers; let slight cock-boats

Be shaken vvith a vvave, vvile you stand firme

Like an undaunted rock, vvhole constant hardnesse

Rebeats the fury of the raging Sea,

Dashing it into froth. Base feare doth argue

A low degenerate soule.

*Deil.* Now I feare every thing.

*Colax.* Tis your discretion, Every thing has danger,

And therefore every thing is to be fear'd,

I doe applaud this vvisdome: Tis a symptome

Of vvary providence. His too confident rashnesse

Argues a stupid ignorance in the soule,

A blind and senselesse judgement; give me feare

To man the fort, 'tis such a circumstance  
And wary sentinell ---

*Flowerd.* Now shame take thee for  
A Luke-warm formalist,

*Colax.* --- But daring valour  
Uncapable of danger sleeps securely,  
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies,

*Deil.* What are they landed?

*Apbo.* Who?

*Deil.* The enemies

That *Colax* talks of.

*Apbo.* If they be I care not.

Though they be Gyanits all, and arm'd with Thunder,

*Deil.* Why doe you not feare Thunder?

*Apbo.* Thunder? no!

No more then squibs and crackers.

*Deil.* Squibs and crackers?

I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers!

The meer Epitomes of the Gun-powder Treason,  
*Faux* in a lesser volume.

*Apbo.* Let fooles gaze

At bearded starres, it is all one to me

As if they had been stav'd ---- thus, thus would I

Out beard a Meteour, for I might as well

Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.

*Deil.* Is there a Comet say you? Nay I saw it,

It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends

Some certain imminent danger to th' inhabitants

Twixt those two places; I'll goe get a lodging

Out of its influence.

*Colax.* Will that serve? --- I feare

It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdome.

*Deil.* I'll to some other Country.

*Colax*

Colax. There's danger to crosse the Seas.

Deil. Is there no way, good Colax,  
To crosse the Sea by Land? O the scituation!  
The horrible scituation of an Island!

Colax. you sir are farre above such frivolous thoughts,  
You feare not death.

Apbo. Not I.

Col. Not sudden death.

Apbo. No more then sudden sleeps: Sir I dare dye.

Deil. I dare not: Death to me is terrible:  
I will not dye.

Apbo. How can you Sir prevent it?

Deil. Why I will kill my selfe.

Col. A valiant course;

And the right way to prevent death indeed.

Your spirit is true Roman! ---- But yours greater

That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it,

Should Heaven fall ----

Apbo. Why then we should have Larks.

Deil. I shall never eat Larks again while I breath.

Col. Or should the earth yawn like a sepulcher,

And with an open throat swallow you quick?

Apbo. T' would save me the expences of a grave.

Deil. I' had rather trouble my Exequutors by the halfe,

Apbo. Canons to me are pot guns.

Deil. Pot-guns to me

Are Canons; the report will strike me dead.

Apbo. A rapier's but a bodkin.

Deil. And a bodkin,

It is a most dangerous weapon; since I read

Of Iulius Cæsars death, I durst not venture

Into a Taylors shop for feare of Bodkins.

Arbo. O that valiant Gyants would again

Rebell

Rebell against the Gods, and besiege Heaven,  
So I might be their leader.

*Col.* Had *Enceladus*

Been halfe so valiant, *Iove* had been his prisoner.

*Apho.* Why should we think there be such things as  
dangers?

*Scylla, Charybdis, Python* are but fables.

*Medeas* Bull, and Dragon very tales,

Sea-Monsters, serpents, all Poeticall figments.

Nay Hell it selfe, and *Acheron* meer inventions.

Or were they true, as they are false, should I be

So timorous as to feare these Bug-beare Harpyes,

*Medusas, Centaurs, Gorgons?*

*Deil.* O good *Aphobus*,

Leave conjuring, or take me into th' circle.

What shall I doe good *Colax?*

*Col.* Sir walk in,

There is, they say, a Looking-glasse, a strange one

Of admirable vertues, that will render you

Free from enchantments.

*Deil.* How! a Looking-glasse?

Dost think I can endure it? why there lyes

A man within't in ambush to entrap me.

I did but lift my hand up, and he presently

Catcht at it.

*Colax.* 'Twas the shadow Sir of your selfe.

Trust me a meer reflection.

*Deil.* I will trust thee.

*Exit.*

*Apho.* What Glasse is that?

*Colax.* A trick to fright the Idiot

Out of his wits, a Glasse so full of dread

Rending unto the eye such horrid spectacles

As would amaze even you, Sir I doe think

Your

Your optick nerves would shrink in the beholding:  
This if your eye endure, I will confesse you  
The Prince of Eagles.

Apbo. Look to it eyes, if ye refuse this sight,  
My nayles shall damne you to eternall night. *Exit.*

Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,  
'Tis gold gives flattery all her Eloquence.

SCEN. 3.

Acolastus. Anaisthetus.

Rosci. *Temperance is the mediocrity of injoyning pleasures, when they are present, and a moderate desire of them being absent; And these are the extreames of that vertue.*  
Acolastus a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd desire seeks after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawfull. The other Anaisthetus a meer Anchorite that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.

Acolast. O now for an eternity of eating!  
Foole was he that wish'd but a cranes short neck;  
Give me one, nature, long as is a Cable,  
Or sounding line, and all the way a palate  
To tast my meate the longer. I would have  
My senses feast together; Nature envied us  
In giving single pleasures; let me have  
My eares, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once  
Injoy their happinesse; lay me in a bed  
Made of a summers cloud, to my embraces  
Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fifteen,  
Fresh, plump, and active; shee that *Mars* enjoy'd  
Is grown too stale: And then at the same instant

My

My Touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight  
 With Pictures of *Diana*, and her Nymphs,  
 Naked, and bathing, drawn by some *Apelles*;  
 By them some of our fairest Virgins stand;  
 That I may see whether 'tis Art or nature  
 Which heightens most my blood and appetite,  
 Nor cease I here. Give me the seven Orbes  
 To charm my cares with their celestially lutes,  
 To which the Angels that doe move those spheres  
 Shall sing some amorous dittie; nor yet here  
 Fixe I my bounds; The sunne himselfe shall fire  
 The Phoenix nest to make me a perfume,  
 While I doe ear the Bird, and eternally  
 Quaffe of eternall Nectar. These single, are  
 But torments, but together, O together!  
 Each is a Paradise. Having got such objects  
 To please the senses, give me senses too  
 Fit to receive those objects: Give me therefore  
 An Eagles eye, a blood-hounds curious smell,  
 A staggs quick hearing, let my feeling be  
 As subtile as the spiders, and my tast  
 Sharp as a Squirrels. Then I'll read the Alcoran,  
 And what delights that promises in future  
 I'll practise in the present.  
*Bird.* Heathenish Glutton!  
*Flow.* Base belly God, licentious Libertine!  
*Anai.* And I doe think there is no pleasure at all  
 But in contemning pleasures; Happy *Niohe*  
 And blessed *Daphne*, and all such as are  
 Turn'd stocks and stones: would I were *Lawrell* too,  
 Or marble, I, or any thing insensible.  
 It is a toyle for me to eat or drink,  
 Only for natures satisfaction;

Would

Would I could live without it. To my care  
Musique is but a mandrake. To my smell  
Nardents of rye, and wormwood; And I taste  
Nectar with as much loathing, and distast  
As gall, or aloes, or my Doctors pouon.  
My eye can meet no object but I hate it.

*Acila.* Come Brother Stoique be not so melancholy.

*Anai.* Be not so foolish Brother *Epicure*.

*Acila.* Come wee'l goe and see a Comedy, that will raise  
Thy heavy spirits up.

*Anai.* A Comedy?

Sure I delight much in those toys; I can  
With as much patience heare the Mariners  
Chide in a storme.

*Acila.* Then lets goe drink a while.

*Anai.* 'Tis too much labour; Happy *Tantalus*  
That never drinks.

*Acila.* A little Venerie  
Shall recreate thy soule.

*Ana.* Yes like an itch,  
For 'tis no better, I could wish an heire;  
But that I cannot take the pains to get one.

*Acila.* Why marry, if your conscience be so tender,  
As not doe it otherwise; Then 'tis lawfull.

*Ana.* True Matrimony's nothing else indeed  
But fornication licens'd, lawfull Adultery.  
O heavens! how all my senses are wide flouces  
To let in discontent and miserie!

How happy are the moles that have no eyes!

How blest the Adders that they have no eares!

They never see, nor hear ought that afflicts them.

But happier they that have no sense at all;

That neither see, nor hear, taste, smell, nor feel.

*Ani*



Any thing to torment them: soules were given  
 To torture bodies, man has reason too  
 To adde unto the heap of his distractions.  
 I can see nothing without sense, & motion,  
 But I doe with my selfe transform'd into it,  
*Colax.* Sir J commend this temperance; your arm'd soule  
 Is able to contemne these petty baits,  
 These slight temptations, which we title pleasures;  
 That are indeed but names, Heaven it selfe knows  
 No such like thing, the starres nor ear, nor drink,  
 Nor lye with one another; and you imitate  
 Those glorious bodies, by which noble abstinence  
 You gain the names of moderate, chaste, and sober;  
 While this effeminate gets the infamous termes  
 Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer;  
 Pleasures, that are not mans, as man is man,  
 But as his nature sympathies with beasts.  
 You shall be the third *Casto*. This grave look  
 And rigid eye-brow will become a Censor.  
 But I will fit you with an object Sir,  
 My noble *Anaisibetus*, that will please you.  
 It is a Looking-glasse, wherein at once  
 You may see all the dismall groves and caves,  
 The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts,  
 With what in Hell it selfe can dismall be.  
*Anais.* That is indeed a Prospect fit for me. *Exe.*  
*Acol.* He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently  
 He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.  
 I have another humour, I cannot see  
 A fat voluptuous sow with full delight  
 Wallow in dirt, but I doe with my selfe  
 Transform'd into that blessed Epicure.  
Or when I view the hot salacious sparrow

Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,  
I with my selfe that little bird of Love,  
Colax. It shewes you a man of a soft moving clay,  
Not made of flint; Nature has been bountifull  
To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards  
At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest  
That will observe a diet at a feast.  
When nature thought the earth alone too little  
To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the ayre  
With winged creatures, not contented yet  
Shee made the water fruitfull to delight us.  
Nay I believe the other Element too  
Doth nurse some curious dainty for mans food;  
If we would use the skill to catch the Salamander:  
Did shee doe this to have us eat with temperance?  
Or when she gave so many different Odors  
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,  
She cry'd not --- stop your noses: would shee give us  
So sweet a quire of wing'd Musicians  
To have us deafe? or when she plac'd us here,  
Here in a Paradise, where such pleasing prospects,  
So many ravishing colours entice the eye,  
Was it to have us wink? when she bestow'd  
So powerfull faces, such commanding beauties  
On many glorious Nymphs, was it to say  
Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy  
All pleasures, and at full, were to make nature  
Guilty of that she ner'e was guilty of,  
A vanity in her works.  
Acot. A learned Lecture!  
Tis fit such grave and solid arguments  
Have their reward --- here --- halfe of my estate  
I'll vent a pleasure never tasted yet,

That

That I may be the first shall make it stale,  
*Col.* Within Sir is a Glasse, that by reflexion  
 Doth shew the image of all sorts of pleasures  
 That ever yet were acted, more variety  
 Then *Aretines* pictures.

*Acco.* He see the lewelly,  
 For though to doe most moves my appetite,  
 I love to see, as well as act delight. *Exit.*

*Bird.* These are the things indeed the stage doth teach,  
 Dear heart, what a foule sink of sins run here!

*Flow.* In sooth it is the common shore of lewdnesse.

## SCEN. 4.

*Aforus. Anelcutherus.*

*Rosc.* These are Anelcutherus an illiberall Niggard  
*Vsurer, that will sell heaven to purchase Earth. That his*  
*sonne Aforus, a profuse Prodigall, that will sell earth to*  
*buy Hell. The extremes of Liberality which prescribes*  
*a mediocrity to the Getting and Spending of Riches.*

*Anelcu.* Come boy, goe with me to the Scriveners, goe.

*Afor.* I was in hope you would have said a Bawdy  
 house.

*Anel.* Thence to th' exchange.

*Afor.* No, to the Tavern Father.

*Anel.* Be a good husband boy, follow my counsell,

*Afor.* Your counsell? No dad, take you mine,

And be a good fellow --- shall we goe and roare?

S'lid Father I shall never live to spend

That you have got already --- Poxe of Attorneys,  
 Merchants, and Scriveners, I would hear you talk  
 Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders,

*Anel.*

*Anel.* Prodigall child!

Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.

*Afor.* Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it.

To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchoves!

*Anel.* *Afor.* my deare sonne, talk not to me

Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.

No, feed on Widdowes, have each meale an Orphan

Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire

With all his lands melted into a mortgage.

The Gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties,

Such fasting, thriving diet.

*Afor.* Trust me Sir,

I am asham'd la--- to call you Father,

Ne're trust me now I'm come to be a Gentleman

One of your havings, and thus cark and care?

Come, I will send for a whole Coach or two

Of *Bank-side* Ladies, and we will be Joviall!

Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?

Well doe your pleasure, keep me short of monies,

When you are dead, as dye I hope you must,

Ile make a shift to spend one halfe at least

Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe

Ere you are fully laid into your grave.

Were not you better help away with some of it?

But you will starve your selfe, that when y're rotten,

One-- Have at all of mine may set it flying.

And I will have your bones cut into Dice,

And make you guilty of the spending of it.

Or I will get a very handsome bowle

Made of your skull, to drink't away in health.

*Anel.* That's not the way to thrive! No, sit and brood

On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd

Into maturity.

*Afor.* Marry I will brood upon it,  
 And hatch it into chicken, capons, hens,  
 Larks, thrushes, quails, wood-cocks, snipes & pheasants,  
 The best that can be got for love or money.  
 There is no life to drinking!

*Anel.* O yes, yes,  
 Exaction, usury, and oppression.  
 Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar.  
 And wilt thou, wastful lad; spend in a supper  
 - What I with sweat and labour, care and industry  
 Have been an age a scraping up together?  
 No, no *Aforus*, trust gray-head experience;  
 As I have been an Oxe, a painfull Oxe,  
 A diligent, toyling, and laborious Oxe  
 To plow up Gold for thee; so I would have thee--  
*Afor.* Be a fine silly Ass to keep it.

*Anel.* Be a good watchfull Dragon to preserve it.  
*Colax.* Sir, I over-heard your wise instructions,  
 And wonder at the gravity of your counsell.  
 This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown  
 Acquainted with the world; he has not felt  
 The weight of need, that want is vermin's clog;  
 Of what necessity, respect and value  
 Wealth is; how base and how contemptible  
 Poverty makes us. Liberality  
 In some circumstances may be allow'd;  
 As when it ha's no end but honesty,  
 With a respect of person, quantiry,  
 Quality, time, and place; but this profuse,  
 Vaine, injudicious spending speaks him Idiot:  
 And yet the best of liberality  
 Is to be liberall to our selves; and thus  
 Your wisdom is most liberall, and knowes

How fond a thing it is for discreet men  
To purchase with the losse of their estate  
The name of one poore vertue liberalitie,  
And that too only from the mouth of beggers!  
One of your judgement would not, I am sure,  
Buy all the vertues at so deare a rate.

Nor are you Sir, I dare presume, so fond  
As for to weigh your gaines by the strict scale  
Of equity, and justice, names invented  
To keep us beggers: I would counsell now  
Your son to tread no steps but yours, for they  
Will certainly direct him the broad way  
That leads unto the place where Plenty dwells;  
And she shall give him honour.

Intel. Your tongue is pow'rfull:

I pray read this Lecture to my son; I goe  
To finde my Scriv'ner, who is gon I heare  
To a strange Glasse wherein all things appear.

Exit.

Intel. To see if it can shew him his lost cares.

Now to your Lecture.

Col. And to such a one

As you will be a willing Pupill to.

Think you I meant all that I told your Father?

No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Huncks.

I love a man like you that can make much

Of his blest Genius: Miracle of Charity!

Thar open hand becomes thee; Let thy Father

Scrape like the Dunghill cock the dirt and mire,

To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken

Of the white Hen to weare. It is a wonder

How such a generous branch as you, could spring

From that old root of damned avarice!

For every widdowes house the father swallows,

The Sonne should spew a Taverne. How are we  
Richer then others? not in having much,  
But in bestowing;

And that shines glorious in you, The choffs crownes  
Imprison'd in his rusty chest me thinks  
J heare groan out, and long ull they be thine,  
In hope to see the light again. Thou canst not  
Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th' chin,  
And yet nor dare to sup it, nor canst suffer  
The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips,  
But thou wilt tast the fruit. 'Tis generous this.

*A/ot.* Gramercy, thou shalt be Doctor o'th' Chaire,  
Here---'tis too litle, but 'tis all my store,  
I'll in to pump my Dad, and fetch thee more. *Exit.*

*Colax.* How like you now my art? is't not a subtile one?

*Flow.* Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate!

Thou man of sin, and shame, that sowest cushions  
Unto the elbowes of iniquity.

*Colax.* J doe commend this zeale; you cannot be  
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodnesse.

There is a generall frost hath ceas'd devotion,  
And without such like ardent flames as these

There is no hope to thaw it. The word, Puritane,  
That J doe glorifie, and esteem rev'rend,  
As the most sanctified, pure, and holy Sect

Of all Professours, is by the prophane  
Us'd for a name of infamie, a by-word, a slander.

That J sooth Vice J doe but flatter them,  
As we give children plums to learn their praers,  
T' entice them to the truth, and by faire meanes  
Work out their reformation.

*Bird.* 'Tis well done,  
J hope heele become a brother, and make

A Separ  
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A Separatist !

*Flow.* You shall have the devotions  
Of all the Elders. But this foppishnesse  
Is wearisome, J could at our Saint *Antlins*,  
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.

*Rosc.* Goe in with me to recreate your spirits,  
(As Musique theirs) with some refreshing song,  
Whose patience our rude Scene hath held too long.

*Finis Actus 2.*

*Exeunt*

ACTUS 3. SCEN. 1.

*Rostius, Bird, Flowerdew.*

*Bird.* J will no more of this abomination.

*Rosc.* The end crownes every action, stay till that.  
Just Judges will not be prejudicate.

*Flow.* Pray Sir continue still the morallizing.

*Rosc.* The next we present are the extreames of Magnifi-  
cence, who teaches a Decorum in great expences, as Libera-  
lity in the lesser: One is Bananusus, our of a meere ostentati-  
on vaine gloriously expensive; the other Microprepes, one  
in glorious works extremely base and penurious.

*Bananus. Microprepes.*

*Ban.* Being borne not for our selves but for our friends,  
Our country and our glory; it is fit  
We doe expresse the Majestie of our soules  
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

*Micro.* The world is full of vanity, and fond fooles  
Promise themselves a name from building Churches,  
Of any thing that tends to the Re-publique,  
'Tis the Re-private that J study for.

*Banan.* First therefore for the fame of my Re-publique,



I'll imitate a brave Egyptian King,  
 And plant such store of onions, and of garlike,  
 As shall maintain so many thousand workmen,  
 To th' building of a Pyramid at Saint Albons,  
 Upon whose top I'll set a hand of brasie,  
 With a scrowle in't to shew the way to London,  
 For th' benefit of Travellers.

*Colax.* Excellent!

'Tis charity to direct the wandring Pilgrim.

*Micro.* I am Church-warden, and we are this yeare  
 To build our steeple up, now to save charges  
 I'll get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels  
 To make a peale shall serve as well as Bow.

*Colax.* 'Tis wisely cast,  
 And like a carefull steward of the Church,  
 Of which the Steeple is no part, at least  
 No necessary.

*Bird.* Verily 'tis true.

They are but wicked Synagogues where those instru-  
 ments

Of Superstition and Idolatry ring  
 Warning to sinne, and chime all in to th' Divell.

*Banav.* And 'cause there be such swarmes of Heresi-  
 sing:

I'll have an Artift frame two wondrous weathercocks  
 Of Gold, to set on *Pauls*, and *Grantam* Steeple,  
 To shew to all the Kingdome what fashion next  
 The Wind of Humour hither meanes to blow.

*Micro.* A Wicker Chaire will fit them for a Pulpit.

*Colax.* It is the Doctrine sir that you respect.

*Flow.* Insooth J'have heard as wholesome instructions  
 From a zealous wicker chaire, as e're I did

From

From the carv'd Idoll of wainscot.

*Ben.* Next, J intend to found an Hospitall  
For the decay'd Professors of the Suburbs,  
With a Colledge of Physitians too at *Chelisy*,  
Only to study the cure of the French Pox;  
That so the sinners may acknowledge me  
Their only benefactor, and repent.

*Colax.* You have a care Sir of your countrie's health.

*Micro.* Then J will sell the lead to thatch the Chancell,

*Ben.* J have a rare device to set Dutch windmills  
Upon *New-market* Heath, and *Salisbury* Plaine,  
To draine the Fens.

*Colax.* The Fens Sir are not there.

*Ben.* But who knowes but they may be?

*Col.* Very right:

You aime at the prevention of a danger.

*Micro.* A Porters frock shall serve me for a surplice.

*Flaw.* Indeed a Frock is not so Ceremonious.

*Ben.* But the great work in which J mean to glory,  
Is in the raising a Cathedrall Church:

It shall be at *Hoggr-Norton*, with a paire  
Of stately Organs; more then pity 'twere  
The Pigs should loose their skill for want of practice;

*Bird.* Organs! fye on them for *Babylonian* Bag-pipes!

*Micro.* Then for the painting, J bethink my selfe

That J have seen in Mother Red-caps Hall

In painted cloath the story of the Prodigall.

*Col.* And that will be for very good use and morall.

Sir, you are wise; what serve *Egyptian* Pyramids,

*Ephesian* Temples, *Babylonian* Towers,

*Carian* Colosses, *Traians* water-works,

*Demetrius* Amphitheaters, the vaine cost

Of ignorance and prodigalitie?

Rome flourish'd when her Capitoll was thatch'd,  
 And all her Gods dwelt but in Cottages;  
 Since *Parian* marble and *Corymbian* brasse  
 Enter'd her gawdy Temples, soone she fell  
 To superstition, and from thence to ruine,  
 You see that in our Churches glorious Statues,  
 Rich Copes, and other ornaments of state  
 Draw wandering eyes from their devotion,  
 Unto a wanton gazing, and that other  
 Rich edifices, and such gorgeous royes  
 Doe more proclaime our countries wealth then safety,  
 And serve but like so many gilded baits  
 T'entice a forreigne Foe to our invasion.  
 Goe in, there is a Glasse will shew you Sir,  
 What sweet simplicity our Grandfathers us'd,  
 How in the age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit Mims.

*Banau.* O I have thought on't, J will straight way build  
 A Free-schoole here in *London*, a free-schoole  
 For th' education of young Gentlemen  
 To studie how to drink, and take Tobacco,  
 To swear, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrel:  
 T'will be the great *Gymnasium* of the Realme,  
 The *Frontisterium* of great Britany;  
 And for their better study J will furnish them  
 With a large Library of Drapers books.  
*Col.* 'Twill put down *Bodlies*, and the *Parlous*.  
 Royall *Banau* how many Spheares fly you  
 Above the earthly dull *Microscopes*?  
 J hope to live to see you build a Stewes  
 Shall out-brave *Venice*; to repaire old *Tiburne*  
 And make it Cedar. This magnificent course  
 Doth purchase you an immortality.

In them you build your Honour to remaine  
Th'example and the wonder of posterity.  
While other hide-bound Charles doe grunch themselves  
The charges of a Tombe.

*Ban.* But Ile have one

In which Ile lye embalm'd with *Myrrhe* and *Cassia*,  
And richer unguents then th' *Egyptian* Kings.  
And all that this my precious Tombe may furnish  
The Land with Maramie.

*Colax.* Yonder is a Glasse

Will shew you plots and models of all monuments  
Form'd the' old way, you may invent a new,  
'Twill make for your more glory.

*Ban.* *Colax* true.

*Rosc.* These are the extremes of magnanimity. *Caunus*,  
a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks  
no honour above him; the other *Micropsychus*, a base and  
low spirited fellow, that undervaluing his own qualities,  
dares not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his me-  
rits are capable of.

## SCEN. 2.

*Caunus. Micropsychus.*

*Caun.* I wonder that I heare no newes from Court.

*Colax.* All haile unto the honourable *Caunus*.

*Caun.* The honourable *Caunus*? Tis decreed  
I am a Privy Councillour; our new honours  
Cannot so alter us as that we can

Forget our Friends; walk with us our familiar.

*Mic.* It puzzles me to think what worth I have,  
That they should put so great an honour on me.

*Col.*

*Colax*, Sir, I doe know, and see, and so doe all  
That have not wilfull blindnesse, what rare skill  
Of wisdome, Policy, judgement, and the rest  
Of the state vertues sit within this brest,  
As if it were their Parliament, but as yet  
I am not Sir, the happy Messenger  
That tels you, you are cal'd unto the Helm;  
Or that the Rudder of great Britany  
Is put into your hands, that you may steere  
Our floating *Delos* till she be arriv'd  
At the blest Port of happinesse, & surnam'd  
The *Fortunate Isle* from you that are the fortunate.

*Car.* 'Tis strange that J the best experienc'd  
The skilfullst and the rarest of all Carpenters,  
Should not be yet a Privy Councillour!  
Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunk *Opium*  
And sleeps; but when it wakes it cannot chuse  
But meet the glorious beames of my deserts  
Bright as the rising Sunne, and say to *England*,  
*England* behold thy light!

*Micro.* Make me a Constable!  
Make me that am the simplest of my neighbours  
So great a Magistrate! so powerfull an Officer!  
I blush at my unworthinesse: a Constable!  
The very Prince o' th' parish! you are one Sir  
Of an ability to discharge it better,  
Let me resigne to you.

*Car.* How? I a Constable?  
What might I be in your opinion Sir?

*Micro.* A Carpenter of worship.

*Car.* Very well,  
And yet you would make me a Constable.  
I'll evidently demonstrate that of all men

You

Your Carpenters are best States-men; of all Carpenters  
 J being the best, am best of Statesmen too:  
 Imagine Sir, the Common-wealth a Logge,  
 Or a rude block of wood, your Statesman comes,  
 (For by that word J mean a Carpenter)  
 And with the saw of Policie divides it  
 Into so many boards or severall orders,  
 Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other  
 Inferiour boards call'd Vulgar, fit for nothing  
 But to make stiles, or planks to be trod over,  
 Or trampled on: This adds unto the Log  
 Call'd Commonwealth at least some small perfection;  
 But afterwards he plaines them, and so makes  
 The Common-wealth, that was before a board,  
 A pretty Wainscoat; some he carves with Titles  
 Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman, Some stand plaine,  
 And serve us more for use then Ornament,  
 We call them Yeomen; (Boards now out of fashion.)  
 And lest the disproportion break the frame,  
 He with the pegs of amity and concord,  
 As with the glew-pot of good Government  
 Joynes 'em together, makes an absolute edifice  
 Of the Re-publique: State-skill'd *Machiavell*  
 Was certainly a Carpenter; yet you think  
 A Constable a Gyant-Dignity.

*Micro.* Pray Heaven that *learn* like I doe not melt  
 The waxen plumes of my ambition!  
 Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sunne  
 I fall not headlong down with *Phaeton*,  
 I have aspir'd so high; make me a Constable  
 That have not yet attain'd to the *Greek* tongue!  
 Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,  
 His Majesties peace: I am not fit to keep

His Majesties Hoggs, much lesse his Peace the best  
 Of all his jewels: How dare J presume  
 To charge a man in the Kings name! I faint  
 Under the burthen of so great a place,  
 Whose weight might presse down *Atlas*: Magistrates  
 Are only Sumpter-horses. Nay they threaten me  
 To make me warden of the Church,  
 Am J a Patriot? or have J abilitie  
 To present Knights-Reculant, Clergy reeblers,  
 Or Gentlemen Fornicators?

*Col.* You have worth  
 Richly enameld with a modesty,  
 And though your lofty merit might sit crown'd  
 On *Caucasus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountaines,  
 You choose the humbler valley, and had rather  
 Grow a safe shrub below, then dare the windes,  
 And be a Cedar: Sir you know there is not  
 Halfe so much honour in the Pilots place  
 As danger in the storme. Poore windy Titles  
 Of Dignirie, and offices that puffe up  
 The bubble pride till it swell big, and burst,  
 What are they but brave nothings? Toies call'd Ho-  
 nours

Make them on whom they are bestow'd no better  
 Then glorious slaves, the servants of the Vulgar:  
 Men sweate at Helme, as much as at the Oare.  
 There is a Glasse within shall shew you Sir  
 The vanitie of these Silk-wormes, that doe think  
 They toile not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread.  
*Micro.* I'll see it. Honour is a babies rattle,  
 And let blind *Fortune* where she will, bestow her;  
 Lay me on earth, and J shall fall no lower.  
*Col.* Colax, what newes?

Exit.

Col.

Col. The Persian Emperour  
Is desperately sick.

Cau. Heaven take his soule!

When J am the Grand *Sophie*, (as tis likely  
J may be) *Colax* thou art made for ever.

Col. The Turke they say prepares again for *Poland*.

Cau. And J no *Bashaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!

Col. The State of *Venice* too is in distraction.

Cau. And can that State be so supinely negligent,  
As not to know whom they may choose their Duke?

Col. Our Merchants doe report th' inhabitants there  
Are now in consultation for the setting

The Crown upon a more deserving head

Then his that beares it.

Cau. Then my fortunes rise

On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.

*Colax* be bold, thou seest the *Prestier Iohn*.

Well *England*, of all Countries in the world

Most blind to thy own good. Other Nations

Wooe me to take the bridle in my hands

With gifts and presents; had J liv'd in *Rome*,

Who durst with *Cauus* stand a candidate?

J might have choice of *Ædile*, *Consul*, *Tribune*,

Or the perpetuall *Dictators* place.

J could discharge 'em all: J know my merits

Are large, and boundlesse: A *Cæsar* might be hew'd

Out of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman

But undertook it.

*Colax*. 'Tis a worthy confidence.

Let Birds of night and shame, with their Owles eyes

Not dare to gaze upon the Sunne of Honour;

They are no Presidents for Eagles: Bats

Like dull *Microscopichus*, things of earth, and lead,



May love a private safety; men in whom  
*Prometheus* has spent much of his stolne fire,  
 Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour  
 Hedg'd in with thousand dangers! Whats a man  
 Without desert? and what's desert to him  
 That does not know he has it? Is he rich  
 That holds within his house some buried chests  
 Of Gold, or Pearle, & knows not where to look them?  
 What was the Load-stone, till the use was found,  
 But a fowle dotard on a fowler Mistresse?  
 I praise your *Argus* eyes, that not alone  
 Shooe their beames forwards, but reflect and turne  
 Back on themselves, and finde an object there  
 More worthy their intentive contemplation.  
 You are at home no stranger, but are grown  
 Acquainted with your vertues, and can tell  
 What use the Pearle is of, which Dunghill cocks  
 Scrape into dirt againe. This searching judgement  
 Was not intended to work wood, but men.  
 Honour attends you, I shall live to see  
 A Diadem crown that head. There is within  
 A Glasse that will acquaint you with all places  
 Of Dignity, Authority and Renown,  
 The State, and carriage of them: Choose the best,  
 Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.  
*Org.* I goe, that want no worth to merit honour;  
 'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me,  
*Fortune*, thou arbitresse of humane things  
 Thy credit is at stake; if I but rise,  
 The Worlds opinion will conceive th' hast eyes.

Exit.

SCEN.

SCEN. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Rols. These are the extreames of meeknesse. Orgylus an  
angry quarrelsome man, mov'd with the least shadow, or ap-  
pearance of iniury. The order is defect, Aorgus, a fellow  
so patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not ca-  
pable of the grossest abuse.

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a fury  
That carries Steele about him. Daggs, and Pistolls !  
To bite his thumbe at me ?

Aor. Why should not any man  
Bite his own thumb ?

Org. At me ? weare J a sword  
To see men bite their thumbs ! -- Rapiers and Daggers --  
He is the sonne of a Whore.

Aor. That hurts not you.  
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence  
Thave mov'd this anger - he may bite his own  
And eat it too.

Org. Muskets, and Canons ! -- eat it ?  
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,  
He shall eat something else too that rides here ;  
He try his Estudge stomach.

Aor. Sir, be patient.

Org. You lye in your throat, And J will not.

Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madnesse ?  
Pray be milder .

Org. Your Mother was a Whore, & J will not put it up.

Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you ?

Org. Your Father was hang'd, and J will be reveng'd.

Aor,

*Aor.* When reason doth in equall ballance poize  
The nature of two injuries, yours to me  
Lyes heavy, when that other would not turne  
An even scale; and yet it moves not me;  
My anger is not up.

*Org.* But J will raise it;  
You are a foole!

*Aor.* I know it, and shall J  
Be angry for a truth?

*Org.* You are besides  
An arrant knave!

*Aor.* So are my betters Sir.

*Org.* J cannot move him-- O my spleen!-- it rises,  
For very anger J could eat my knuckles.

*Aor.* You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.

*Org.* You are a horned beast, a very Cuckold!

*Aor.* 'Tis my wives fault, not mine, J have no reason  
Then to be angry for anothers sin.

*Org.* And J did graft your hornes, you might have come  
And found us glewyd together like two Goats,  
And stood switnesse to your transformation.

*Aor.* Why if J had, J am so far from anger  
J would have e'ne falne down upon my knees,  
And desir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.

*Org.* Your children are all Bastards, not one of them,  
Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.

*Aor.* Why then J am the more beholding to them  
That they will call me father; it was lust  
Perchance, that did beget them, but J am sure  
'Tis charity to keep the Infants.

*Org.* Nor yet stir'd  
'Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now

Be angry, to expresse his scorn of me.

'Tis above patience this, insufferable!

Proclaim me coward, if I put up this!

Doward you will be angry, will you not?

Ans. To see how strange a couric fond wrath doth goe;

You will be angry 'cause I am not so.

Org. I can endure no longer, if your spleen

Lye in your breech, thus I will kick it up---

Ans. Alpha. Beta. Gamma. Delta. Epsilon. Zeta. Eta. Theta.

Iota. Kappa. Lambda. Mu. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Pi. Rho.

Sigma. Tau. Upsilon. Phi. Chi. Psi. Omega.

Org. How? what contempt is this?

Ans. An antidote

Against the poyson, Anger: 'twas prescrib'd

A Roman Emperour, that on every injury

Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done

His anger too was over. This good rule

I learn'd from him, and practise.

Org. Not yet angry?

Still will you vex me? I will practise too. (Kicks again)

Ans. Aleph. Beth. Gimel.

Org. What new Alphabet

Is this?

Ans. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I use

A second remedy.

Org. O my Torment! still?

Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?

Ans. For ought I feel your toes have more occasion

For to be angry with my buttocks.

Org. Well,

I'll try your Physick for the third assault;

And exercise the patience of your nose.

Ans. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T.

V. W. X. Y. Z.

*Org.* Are you not angry now?

*Aor.* Now fir? why now?

Now have you done.

*Org.* O 'tis a meer plot this,

To jeer my tameness: will no sense of wrong

Waken the Lethargy of a cowards soule?

Will not this rowle her from her dead sleep? nor this?

*Aor.* Why should I fir be angry? if I suffer

An injury, it is no guilt of mine;

No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong;

Nothing but peace approaches innocence.

*Org.* A bitterness or'eflows me, my eyes flame,

My blood boyles in me, all my faculties

Of soule and body move in a disorder,

His patience hath so tortur'd me: Sirrah villain

I will dissect thee with my rapiers point;

Rip up each vein, and sinew of my storque,

Anatomize him, searching every entraille,

To see if nature, when she made this asle,

This suffering asle, did not forget to give him

Some gall.

*Cola.* Put it up good *Orgylus*,

Let him not glory in so brave a death,

As by your hand; it stands not with your honour

To stain your rapier in a cowards blood.

The *Lesbian* Lions in their noble rage

Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorne;

But trouble not the painted butterflye;

Ants crawl securely by him.

*Orgy.* 'Tis intollerable!

Would thou wert worth the killing,

*Cola.* A good wish,

Savouring

Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour:  
 Think not of such a baffel'd asse as this,  
 More stone, then man: *Medusa's* head has turn'd him.  
 There is in ants a choler, every flye  
 Carries a spleen: poore worms being trampled on  
 Turn tayle, as bidding battayle to the feet  
 Of their oppressors. A dead palsy sure  
 Hath struck a desperate numnesse through his soule,  
 Till it be grown insensible: Meer stupidity  
 Hath ceaz'd him: Your more manly soule I find  
 Escapable of wrong, and like a flint  
 Throwes forth a fire into the strikers eyes.  
 You heare about you valours whetstone, anger;  
 Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it  
 Cut with a spirit: you conceive fond patience  
 Is an injustice to our selves, the suffering  
 One injury invites a second, that  
 Calls on a third, till wrongs doe multiply  
 And reputation bleeds: How bravely anger  
 Becomes that martiall Brow! A glasse within  
 Will shew you fir when your great spleen doth rise  
 How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.  
*Org.* Learn anger fir against you meet me next;  
 Never was man like me with patience vert. *Exit,*  
*Org.* I am so farre from anger in my selfe,  
 That 'tis my grieve I can make others so,  
*Colax.* It proves a sweetnesse in your disposition,  
 A gentle winning carriage--deare *Orgus.*  
 O give me leave to open wide my breast,  
 And let forare a friend unto my soule;  
 Enter, and take possession; such a man  
 As has no gall, no bitternesse, no exceptions;

D

Whom

Whom nature meant a Dove, will keep alive  
 The flame of amity, where all discourse  
 Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken.  
 He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors;  
 But he's a better, takes no notice of them.  
 How like a beast with rude and savage rage  
 Breath'd the distemper'd soule of *Orgylus*?  
 The pronenesse of this passion is the Nurse  
 That fosters all confusion, ruines states,  
 Depopulates Cities, layes great Kingdomes wast;  
 'Tis that affection of the mind that wants  
 The strongest bridle, give it reins it runs  
 A desperate course, and drags down reason with it,  
 It is the whirlwind of the soule, the storm  
 And tempest of the mind, that raises up  
 The billowes of disturbed passions  
 To shipwrack Iudgement. O-- a soule like yours  
 Constant in patience! Let the North wind meet,  
 The South at sea, and *Zephyrus* breath opposite  
 To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty sonnes  
 Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow  
 The Ocean, and dispeople all the woods;  
 Yet here could be a calme, it is not danger  
 Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury  
 Call blood into it. There's a Glasse within  
 Will let you see your selfe, and tell you now  
 How sweet a tamenesse dwells upon your brow.  
*Aor. Colax*, I must believe, and therefore goe;  
 Who is distrustfull will be angry too.

SCEN. 4.

Alazon. Eiron.

*Rols. The next are the extreames of Truth, Alazon one that arrogates that to himselfe which is not his; and Eiron one that out of an itch to be thought modest dissembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

Alaz. I hear you're wondrous valiant.

Eir. I! alas

Who told you I was valiant?

Alaz. The world speaks it.

Eir. She is deceiv'd; but does she speak truly?

Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age;

But she calls you *Achilles*.

Eir. I *Achilles*!

No, I am no *Achilles*; I confesse

I am no coward:—That the world should think

That I am an *Achilles*; yet the world may

Call me what she please.

Alaz. Next to my valour,

(Which but for yours could never hope a second)

Yours is reported.

Eir. I may have my shares;

But the last valour shew'd in *Christendome*

Was in *Lepanto*?

Alazon. He might be thought so fir; by them that knew

But I have found him a poore baffel'd snaker

Sir I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward

On every post i'th' City.

Eiron. Who?

D 3

Alaz.



*Alaz. Lepanto,*

The valour sir that you so much renown,  
*Eir. Lepanto* was no man sir, but the place  
 Made famous by the so much mention'd battaile  
 Betwixt the Turks and Christians.

*Alaz. Cry you mercy!*

Then the *Lepanto* that I meant it seems

Was but *Lepanto's* name sake. I can

Find that you are well skill'd in history.

*Eir.* Not a whit; A novice; I! I could perchance  
 Discourse from *Adam* downward; but what's that  
 To History? All that I know is only

Th' originall, continuance, height, and alteration  
 Of every Common wealth. I have read nothing

But *Plutarch, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius,*

*Appian, Dion, Iunius, Paternulus,*

With *Florus, Iustine, Salust,* and some few

More of the Latine: For the modern, I

Have all without book *Gallo-Belgicus,*

*Philip De-Comine, Machiavele, Guicciardine,*

The Turkish and Egyptian Histories,

With those of *Spaine, France,* and the Netherlands.

For *England; Polydore Virgil, Cambden, Speed,*

And a matter of forty more; nothing

Alas to one that's read in Histories.

In the Greek I have a smack or so, as

*Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides,* and

*Stowes* Chronicle.

*Alaz.* Believe me sir, and that

*Stowes* Chronicle is very good Greek; you lide

Think who writ it! Doe you not see him? are

You blind? I am the man.

*Eir.* Then I must number

You

You with my best Authors in my Library.  
 Alas, Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture 'em  
 With other names, to shunne th' opinion  
 Of arrogance; so the sub'le Cardinall  
 Calls one book *Bellarmino*, 'nother *Tostatus*,  
 Yet one mans labour both. You talk of numbring;  
 You cannot choose but heare how lowd fame speaks  
 Of my experience in *Arithmetique*:  
 He sayes you too grow neare perfection,  
 Sir. Farre from it I some in-sight, but no more,  
 I count the *Starres*, can give the *Totall summe*,  
 How many *sands* there be i' th' *sea*, but these  
 Are trifles to the expert, that have studied  
*Per herb-mans* president. Sir, I have no skill  
 In any thing, if I have any, 'tis  
 In languages, but yet in sooth I speak  
 Only my mother *Tongue*; I have not gain'd  
 The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriack*, or *Arabick*;  
 Nor know the *Greek* with all her *Dialects*.  
*Stalliger* and *Tom Coriarte* both excell me,  
 I have no skill in *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*,  
*Turkish*, or *Egyptian*, *China*, *Persian* *Tongues*.  
 Indeed the *Latine* I was whipt into;  
 But *Rusian*, *Sclavonian*, and *Dalmatian*  
 With *Saxon*, *Danish*, and *Albanian* *Speech*,  
 That of the *Cossackes*, and *Hungarian* too,  
 With *Biscays*, and the prime of languages,  
*Dutch*, *Welsh*, and *Irish* are too hard for me  
 To be familiar in; and yet some think  
 (But thought is free) that I doe speak all these  
 As I were born in each. But they may erre  
 That think so; 'Tis not every Iudgement fits  
 In the infallible chaire. To confesse truth

All Europe, Asia, and Africa too,  
But in America, and the new-found world  
I very much feare there be some languages  
That would goe neerto puzzle me.  
Alaz. Very likely.

You have a pretty pittance in the Tongues  
But Eiron, I am now more generall;  
I can speak all alike, there is no stranger  
Of so remore a nation heares me talk  
But confidently calls me Country-man.  
The witty world giving my worth her due  
Surnames me the Confusion: I but want  
An Oratour like you to speak my praise.

Eir. Am I an Oratour Alazon? no,  
Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say  
Demosthenes was not so eloquent;  
But friends will flatter, and I am not bound  
To belcive all Hyperboles: something fit  
Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,  
Especially Alazon in your presence.

Alaz. Your modesty Eiron speaks, but much in this  
Colax. I need not flatter these, they le do't themselves,  
And crosse the Proverb that was wont to say  
One Mule doth scrub another, here each Ass  
Hath learn'd to claw himselfe.

Alaz. I doe surpass  
All Oratours. How like you my Oeasions?  
Those against Carillur; I account them best,  
Except my Philippicks; all acknowledge me  
Above the three great Oratours of Rome.

Eir. What three Alazon?  
Ala. Marcus, Tullius,  
And Cicero, the best of all the three.

Er. Why those three names are all the selfe-same man.

Ala. Then all is one. Were those three names three men,

I should excell them all. And then for Poetry!

Er. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*.

Ala. A lasse 'twas writtith nonage of my Mules.

You understand th' Italian?

Er. A little fir,

I have read *Tasso*.

Ala. And *Torquato* too?

Er. They're still the same.

Ala. I find you very skilfull:

Eron, I erre only to sound your judgement.

You are a Poet too?

Er. The world may think so,

But 'tis deceav'd, and I am sorry for't.

But I will tell you fir some excellent verses

Made by a friend of mine; I have not read

A better Epigram of a Neoterique.

Ala. Pray doe my eyes the favour fir to let me  
read 'um.

Er. *Strange sights there late was seen, that did affright*

*The Multitudes; the Moone was seene by night,*

*And Sun appear'd by day:--- is it not good?*

Ala. Excellent good! proceed.

Er. *Without remorse*

*Each Starre and planet kept their wonted course,*

*What here could fright them? (mark the answer now)*

*O fir, be not that;*

*The Vulgar know not why they feare, nor what.*

*But in their humours too inconstant be,*

*Nothing seemes strange to them but constancy.*

*Has not my friend approv'd himselfe a Poet?*

Ala.

*Alaz.* The Verses fir are excellent, but your friend Approves himselfe a thiefe.

*Eir.* Why good *Alazon*?

*Alaz.* A Plagiary I mean, the verses fir Were stolne.

*Eir.* From whom?

*Alaz.* From me, believ' I made 'um.

*Eir.* They are alasie unworthy fir your owning. Such Trifles as my muse had stumbled on This morning.

*Alaz.* Nay, they may be yours: I told you That you come neare me fir. Yours they may be. Good wits may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*, Your friend must steale them if he have them.

*Col.* What pretty Gulls are these? He take 'um off.

*Alaz.* You are learned.

*Alaz.* I know that.

*Col.* And vertuous.

*Alaz.* Tis confes'd.

*Col.* A good Historian.

*Alaz.* Who dares deny it?

*Col.* A rare Arithmetician.

*Alaz.* I have heard it often.

*Col.* I commend your care

That know your vertues: why should modesty  
Stop good mens mouthes from their own praise? our  
neighbours

Are envious, and will rather blast our memories  
With infamy, then immortalize our names:  
When Fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,  
We must be our own trumpets; carefull men  
Will have an Inventory of their goods,  
And why not of their vertues? should you say

You

You were not wise, it were a sinne to truth,  
 Let *Eiron* modestly tell bashfull lies,  
 To cloake and masque his parts; he's a foole for't.  
 Twas heavenly counsell bid us *know our selves*.  
 You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiams.  
 Ring out a Panegyrique to your selfe;  
 And your selfe write the learned Commentary  
 Of your own actions.  
*Alc.* So I have.  
*Co.* Where is it?  
*Alc.* Tis stolne.  
*Co.* I know the thiefe, they call him *Cesar*.  
 Goe in good sir, there is within a Glasse  
 That will present you with the Felons face, *Exit Alc.*  
*Eiron.* You heare the newes?  
*Eir.* Not I, what is it?  
*Co.* That you are held the only man of Art.  
*Eir.* Is't currant *Colax*?  
*Co.* Currant as the ayre,  
 Every man breaths it for a certainty.  
*Eir.* This is the first time I heard on't in truth.  
 Can it be certain? so much charity left  
 In mens opinion?  
*Co.* You call it charity  
 Which is their duty: Vertue sir, like yours  
 Commands mens praises. Emptinesse and folly,  
 Such as *Alazon* is, use their own Tongues,  
 While reall worth hears her own praise, nor speaks it.  
 Other mens mouthes become your trumpeters,  
 And winged fame proclaimes you lowdly forth  
 From East to West, till either pole admire you.  
 Selfe-praise is bragging, and begets the envy  
 Of them that heare it, while each man therein

Seeing

Seems undervalued: You are wisely silent  
 In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sinne  
 For others to be so: The fish would loose  
 Their being mute, ere such a modest worth  
 Should want a speaker: yet sir I would have you  
 Know your own vertues, be acquainted with them,  
 Eir. Why good sir bring me but acquainted with them,  
 Col. There is a glasse within shewes you your selfe  
 By a reflection; goe and speak 'em there.  
 Eir. I should be glad to see 'em any where. *Exit. Eir.*  
 Rose. Retire your selves again, for these are lights  
 Made to revive not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes

Finis Actus 3.

## ACTUS 4, SCENA I.

Flowerdew, Bird, Rose.

Bird. My indignation boyleth like a pot,  
 An over heated pot, still, still it boyleth;  
 It boyleth and it bubbleth with disdain.

Flow. My Spirit within me too fumeth, I say  
 Fumeth, and steemeth up, and runneth oze  
 With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.

Rose. The Actors beg your silence — The next scene  
 whose extreames we would present, wants a name both in  
 the Greek and Latine.

Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian vertue.

Rose. But they describe it such a modesty as directs us to  
 the pursuit, and refusall of the meaneer boours; and so an-  
 swers to Maganimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But  
 here, that humour of the persons, being already foretold,

and no Pride now so much practis'd, or countenanc'd as  
that of apparrell, let me present you Philotimia, an o-  
vercurious Lady, too neat in her attire, and for Aphiloti-  
mus, Luparus a nasty sordid sloven.

Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia. Luparus. Colax.

Phil. What mole dress't me to day? O patience!  
Who would be troubled with these mop-eyd Cham-  
bermaids?

Ther's a whole haire on this side more then t'other,  
I am no Lady else! come on you sloven.

Was ever Christian Madam so tormented

Tow'd a swine as I am? make you ready.

Lapa. I would the Taylor had been hang'd for me

That first invented cloathes -- O nature, nature!

More cruell unto man then all thy creatures!

Calves come into the world with doublets on;

And Oxen have no breeches to put off.

The Lamb is born with her Freez-coat about her;

Hogs goe to bed in rest, and are not troubled

With pulling on their hose and shoes i' th' morning,

With garting, girdling, trussing, buttoning,

And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

Phi. To see her negligence! she hath made this check

By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten

The naturall rednesse of my nose, she knows not

What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!

If she has not set me in the self-same teeth

That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew.

Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,

Or that my mouth stands as the Vulgar does?

What? are you snoring these yeale rise you sluggard,

And make you ready?

Lapa.



*Lupa.* Rise, and make you ready?

Two works of that, your happy birds make one;

They when they rise are ready. Blessed birds!

They, fortunate creatures! sleep in their own clothes,

And rise with all their feather-beds about them.

Would nakedness were come again in fashion;

I had some hope then when the breasts went bare

Their bodies too would have come to't in time.

*Phi.* Bestrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.

You'l goe and wash--you are a pretty husband!

*Lupa.* Our Sow ne're washes, yet she has a face

Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is,

If you durst weare your own

*Co.* Madam *superbia*,

You're studying the Ladies Library,

The Looking-glasse; 'tis well! so great a beauty

Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns

The Peacocks taile with starres; 'tis she attires

The Bird of Paradise in all her plumes;

She decks the fields with various flowres, 'tis she

Spangled the Heavens with all those glorious lights;

She spotted th'Ermin's skin; and arm'd the fish

In silver male; But man she sent forth naked

Not that he should remain so, but that he

Indued with reason should adorn himselfe

With every one of these. The silk-worm is

Only mans spinster, else we might suspect

That she esteem'd the painted Butterfly

Above her master-peece. You are the Image

Of that bright Goddess; therefore weare the Jewels

Of all the East; let the red sea be ransack'd

To make you glitter, look on *Luparus*

Your husband there, and see how in a sloven

All the best characters of Divinity,  
 Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried.  
*Philo.* I see it to my griefe, pray counsell him.  
*Ca.* This vanity, in your nice Ladies humors  
 Of being so curious in her toyes, and dresles,  
 Makes me suspicious of her honesty.  
 These Cobweb-lawnes catch spiders fir, believe it;  
 You know that clothes doe not commend the man,  
 But 'tis the livings though this age preferre  
 A cloake of Plush, before a brain of art,  
 You understand what misery 'tis to have  
 Noworth but that we owe the draper for;  
 No doubt you spend the time your Lady looses  
 In tricking up her body, to cloth the soule.  
*Lap.* To cloth the soule? must the soule too be cloth'd?  
 I protest sir, I had rather have no soule  
 Then be tormented with the clothing of it.

*Rosc.* To these enter the extreames of modesty, a weere  
 kinswoman of the vertues, Anaiskyntia or Impudence, a  
 bard, and Kataplectus an over-bashfull Schollar: where  
 our Author hopes the woemen will pardon him, if of foure  
 and twenty vices he presents but two (Pride and Impu-  
 dence) of their sexe.

SCEN, 2.

*Anaiskyntia. Kataplectus.*

*Philo.* Here comes *Anaiskyntia* too; -- O fates!  
*Asolastus*, and *Asorus* have sent for me,  
 And my breath not perfum'd yet! *Kat.* O sweet mother,  
 Are the Gentlemen there already?  
*Anais.* Come away,

Are

Are you not ashamed to be so bashfull? well  
If I had thought of this in time, I would  
As soon have seen you fairly hang'd as sent you  
To th' University.

*Phil.* What gentleman is that?

*Anais.* A shamefast Scholar Madam: looke upon her,  
Speak to her, or you loose your exhibitions;

--- Youle speak I hope, weare not away your buttions.

*Kata.* What should I say?

*Anais.* Why tell her you are glad  
To see her Ladiship in health, nay our wish it.

*Katap.* -- *Gaudes te bene valere.*

*Phil.* A pretty Proficient!

What standing is he of i' th' University?

*Anais.* He dares not answer to that question Madam.

*Philo.* How long have you bin in the Academy?

*Katap.* *Profecto Do--Domina sum Bac--Bac--Baccha-*  
*laureus Artium.*

*Phil.* What pittie 'tis he is not impudent!

*Anais.* Nay all my cost I see is spent in vaine;

I having as your Ladiship knowes full well,

Good practise in the Suburbs; and by reason

That our Mortality there, is very subject

To an infection of the French Disease,

I brought my Nephew up i' th' University,

Hoping he might (having attain'd some knowledge)

Save me the charge of keeping a Physician;

But all in vaine; he is so bashfull Madam,

He dares not look upon a womans water.

*Colax.* Sweet Gentleman proceed in Bashfulness,

'Tis vertues best preserver --

*Kata.* *Recte dicis, sic inquit Aristoteles.*

*Sol.* That being gone,

## Looking-glasse.

The rest soon follow, and a swarm of vice  
Enter the soule; no colour but a blush  
Becomes a young mans cheek: pure shamefastnesse  
Is porter to the lips, and eares, that nothing  
Might enter, or come out of man, but what  
Is good, and modest: Nature strives to hide  
The parts of shame, let her, the best of guides,

*Katap. Natura dux optima.*

*Colax.* Teach us to doe so too in our discourse.

*Katap. Gratias tibi ago.*

*Phil.* Inure him to speak bawdy.

*Anais.* A very good way; *Kataplectus* here's a Lady,  
Would heart you speak obscenely:

*Katap. Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportuit.*

*Anais.* Off goes your Velvet cap! did I maintain you  
To have you disobedient? you'l be perswaded?

*Katap. Liberis operam dare.*

*Anais.* What's that in English?

*Katap.* To doe an endeavour for children.

*Anais.* Some more of this, it may be something one  
day.

*Katap. Communis est omnium animalium conjunctio  
appetitus procreandi causa.*

*Phil.* Construe me that.

*Katap.* All creatures have a naturall desire, or appetite to  
be joynd together in the lawfull bonds of Matrimony,  
that they may have sons and daughters.

*Anais.* Your Landresse has bestow'd her time but ill,

Why could not this have been in proper terms?

If you should catechize my head, and say,

What is your name, would it not say, a head?

So would my skin confesse it selfe a skin,

Nor any part about me be ashamed

Of his own name, although I care not  
 All over. Come good Nephew, let not me  
 Have any member of my body nicknam'd.  
*Col.* Our Stoique, the graveſt of Philoſophers,  
 Is juſt of your opinion, and thus argues;  
 Is any thing obſcene, the filthineſſe  
 Is either ground'd in the things themſelves,  
 Or in the words that ſignify thoſe things;  
 Not in the things, that would make nature guilty,  
 Who creates nothing filthy, and unclean,  
 But chaſt, and honeſt; if not in the things,  
 How in the words, the ſhadows of thoſe things?  
 To manure ground, is a chaſt honeſt terme;  
 Another word that ſignifies the ſame,  
 Unlawfull: every man endures to heare,  
 He got a child; ſpeak plainer, and he bluſhes,  
 Yet means the ſame. The Stoique thus diſputes,  
 That would have men to breath as freely down'ward,  
 As they doe upward.

*Anaiſ.* I commend him Madam,  
 Unto your Ladyſhips ſervice, he may mend  
 With counſell; let him be your Gentleman-uſher;  
 Madam, you may in time bring down his legs  
 To the juſt ſize, now overgrown with playing  
 Too much at foot-ball.

*Philo.* So he will prove a Stoique;  
 I long to have a Stoique ſtut before me:  
 Here, kiſſe my hand. Come what is that in Latin?  
*Katap. Deoſculor manum.*

*Philo.* My lips; — nay ſir you muſt if I command you,  
*Katap. Oſculor te, vel oſculor ate.*

*Philo.* His breath ſmells ſtrong.

*Anaiſ.* 'Tis but of Logick Madam.

*Looking-glasse.*

*Phil.* He will come to it one day--you shall goe with  
me

To see an exquisite glasse to dresse me by.

Nay goe! you must goe first; you are too mannerly.

It is the office of your place, so--on--

*Exeunt.*

*Colax.* Slow *Luparus* rise, or you'l be metamorphos'd;

*Althea's* fate is imminent.

*Cap.* Where's my wife?

*Colax.* Shee's gone with a young Snip, and an old bawd.

*Cap.* Then I am cuckolded; If I be, my comfort is

She has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me

With pulling off, yet Madam Il'e prevent you, *Exit.*

*Rosc.* The next are the extreames of justice.

SCENE 3.

*Enter Justice Nimis, Justice Nihil.*

*Plus and Minus their Clerks.*

*Nim. Plus!*

*Plus.* What sayes your worship?

*Nim.* Have my tenants

That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,

By copy-hold from me, their Lord in chiefe,

Paid their rent charge?

*Plus.* They have, and 't please your worship;

The Receiver generall gave 'em my acquaintance.

*Plus.* Sir I resigne my Pen, and ink-horn to you;

I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.

I have not made a *Mistress* since I serv'd you.

Were I a reverend Justice as you are,

I would not sit a Cipher on the Bench,

E 2

But

But doe as Justice *Nimis* does, and be  
 The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.  
*Nihil.* But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam*  
 Instead of your *Totums*. People shall not wish  
 To see my spurres fil'd off, it does me good  
 To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench,  
 Where I so sweetly dream of being pittifull,  
 I wake the better for it.

*Nim.* The yearly value  
 Of my faire manour of *Clerken-well*, is pounds  
 So many.-besides New-years capons, the Lordship  
 Of *Turnball* so- which with my *Pisk* batch grange  
 And *Shoreditch* farm, and other premisses  
 Adjoyning,- very good, a pretty maintenance  
 To keep a Iustice of Peace, and *Coram* too;  
 Besides the fines I take of young beginners,  
 With harriots of all such as dye, *quatenus* whores,  
 And ruin'd bawds, with all Amercements due  
 To such as hunt in Purly; this is something,  
 With mine own Gamereserv'd.

*Plus.* Besides a pretty pittance too for me,  
 That am your worships Bayly.

*Parum.* Will't please your worship sit, to heare the Ca-  
 talogue

Of such offenders, as are brought before you?  
*Nihil.* It does not please me Sir, to heare of any  
 That doe offend, I would the world were innocent!  
 Yet to expresse my mercy you may read them.

*Par.* First here is one accus'd for Cutting a purse.

*Nihil.* Accus'd? is that enough? if it be guilt  
 To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?

Discharge him *Parum.*

*Parum.* Here's another brought

*Looking-glasse.*

67

For the same fact, ta'ne in the very Action.

*Nihil.* Alas it was for need, bid him take warning,  
And so discharge him too; Tis the first time.

*Nimis.* Plus, say, what hopes of gain brings this dayes  
finne?

*Plus.* *Anasthynia* Sir was at doore  
Brought by the Constable.

*Nimis.* Set the Constable by the heels.  
Shees at certain with us.

*Plus.* Then there's *Intemperance* the bawd.

*Nim.* A tenant too.

*Plus.* With the young Lady, *Madam Incontinence.*

*Nim.* Search o're my Doomes-day, book, is not she

*Plus*

One of my last compounders?

*Plus.* I remember it.

Then there is jumping *Iude*, *Heroique Doll*,  
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worship's finner.

*Nim.* All Subsidy woemen, goe free 'em all.

*Parum.* Sir, here's a known offender: one that has

Been stockt, and whipt innumerable times,

Has suffer'd Bridewell often; not a Jayle

Bu-hee's familiar with, burnt in the hand,

Forehead, and shoulder, both his eares cut off,

With his nose shrt, what shall I doe with him?

*Nihil.* So often punish'd? nay, if no correction

Will serve his turn; on let him run his course.

*Plus.* Here's *Mistresse Frailty* too, the waiting-woman.

*Nim.* For what offence?

*Plus.* A sinne of weaknesse too.

*Nim.* Let her be strongly whipt.

*Plus.* An't please your worship

She has a noble man's letter.



*Nim.* Tell her, *Plus*, she must  
Have the Kings Picture too.

*Plus.* Besides

Sh' has promis'd me I should examine her  
Above i'th' garret.

*Nim.* What's all that to me?

*Plus.* And she entreats your worship to accept.

*Nim.* Nay, if she can intreat in English, *Plus*,  
Say she is injur'd.

*Par.* Sir here's *Snip* the Taylor  
Charg'd with a riot.

*Nihil, Parum*, let him goe,  
He is our Neighbour.

*Parum*, Then there is a stranger for quarrelling,

*Nihil.* A stranger! O 'tis pity

To hurt a stranger, we may be all strangers,

And would be glad to find some mercy, *Parum*,

*Plus*, Sir here's a Gentlewoman of *S. Ioanes* is  
Charg'd with dishonesty.

*Nim.* With dishonesty?

Severity will amend her, and yet *Plus*

Aske her a question, if she will be honest?

*Plus.* And here's a coblers wife brought for a scold.

*Nim.* Tell her of cooking-stooles, tell her there be

Oyster quanes, with Orange woemen,

Carts, and coaches store, to make a noyse;

Yet if she can speak English,

We may suppose her silent.

*Par.* Heres a Batchelour

And a Citizens wife for fix Adultery,

What will you doe with them?

*Nib.* A Citizens wife!

Perchance her husband is grown impotent,

And

Looking-Glasse.

And who can blame her then?

*Per.* Yet I hope you'l bind o're the Bachelour.

*Nib.* No: enquire

First if he have no wife, for if the Bachelour

Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty;

And Iustice counts it veniall.

*Plus.* Heres one *Adicus*,

And *Sopbron*, that doe mutually accuse

Each other of flat felony!

*Nim.* Of the two which is the richer?

*Plus.* *Adicus* is the richer.

*Nim.* Then *Sopbron* is the thiefe.

*Plus.* Here is with all,

*Panourgus* come with one calld *Prodotes*,

Lay treason Sir to one anothers charge;

*Panourgus* is the richer.

*Nim.* Hees the Traytour then.

*Plus.* How Sir? the richer?

*Nim.* Thou art ignorant *Plus*;

We must doe some injustice for our credit,

Not all for gain.

*Plus.* *Eutrapeles* complains Sir,

*Bomolochus* has abus'd him.

*Nim.* Send *Eutrapeles* to th' Jayle.

*Plus.* It is *Eutrapeles* that complains Sir.

*Nim.* Tell him we are plea'd to think 'twas he of-

fended.

*Will* must be law: w'er't not for *Summun Ius*,

How could the land subsist?

*Colax.* I, or the Iustices

Maintaine themselves--goe on-- The Land wants such

As dare with rigor execute her Lawes:

Her seltred members must be lanc'd and renced;

He's a bad Surgeon, that for pittie spares  
 The part corrupted, 'till the Gangrene spread  
 And all the body perish; he that's mercifull  
 Unto the bad, is cruell to the good.  
 The Pillory must cure the eares disease;  
 The stocks the foots offences; let the back  
 Beare her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth  
 By the Phlebotomy of a whipping post:  
 And yet the secret, and purse-punishment  
 Is held the wiser course; because at once  
 It helps the vertuous and corrects the vicious,  
 Let not the sword of Iustice sleep and rust  
 Within her Velvet sheath; preserve her edge,  
 And keep it sharp with cutting, Use must whet her.  
 Tame mercy is the brest that suckles vice,  
 Till *Hydra* like she multiply her heads.  
 Tread you on sin, squeeze out the Serpents brains,  
 All you can find--for some have lurking holes  
 Where they lye hid. But there's within a glasse  
 Will shew you every close offenders face.

*Nim.* Come *Plus* let's goe in to find out these conceale-  
 ments;

We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus--

I mean to be a *Baron of Summum Ius*. *Exit. Ni. Plus,*

*Parum.* You are the strangest man, you will acknow-  
 ledge

None for offenders, here's one apprehended  
 For murder.

*Nihil.* How!

*Par.* He kill'd a man last night.

*Nib.* How cam't to passe.

*Par.* Upon a falling out.

*Nib.* They shall be friends, I'll reconcile 'em *Parum.*

*Par.*

*Par.* One of them is dead,

*Nib.* Is he not buried yet?

*Par.* No Sir.

*Nib.* Why then I say they shall shake hands.

*Col.* As you have done

With Clemency, most Reverend Iustice *Nihil*;

A gentle mildnesse thrones it selfe within you.

Your Worship would have justice use her ballance

More then her sword; nor can you endure to dye

The robe she weares, deep scarlet, in the blood

Of poore offenders: How many men hath rigour

By her too hasty, and severe proceedings

Prevented from amendment, that perchance

Might have turn'd honest and have prov'd good Chri-

stians?

Should *Iove* not spare his thunder, but as often

Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,

Earth would want men, and he himselfe want arms,

And yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too.

You imitate the Gods! and he sins lesse

Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amisse.

I would not have justice too falcon-eyed;

Sometimes a wilfull blindnesse much becomes her;

As when upon the bench she sleeps, and winks

At the transgressions of Mortality;

In which most mercifull posture I have seen

Your pittifull Worship snorting out pardons

To the despairing sinner: there's within

A Mirrour fir like you! goe see your face

How like *Astrea* 'tis in her own Glasse.

*Par.* And Fle petition Iustice *Nim*'s Clerke

To admit me for his under officer.

SCEN.

## SCEN. 4.

*Agroicus.*

Rosc. *This is Agroicus, a rustique clownish fellow, whose discourse is all Country; An extreame of urbanity, whereby you may observe there is a vertue in jesting.*

Agro. They talke of witty discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deale of prittle prattle, would make a Cat piss to heare 'em. Cannot they be content with their Grandams English? They thinke they talke learnedly, when I had rather heare our brindled cur howle, or Sow grunt. They must be breaking of jests with a murrain, when I had as live heare 'em breake wind Sir reverence. My zonne *Dick* is a pretty bookish Scholar of his age, God bless him; he can write and read, and makes bonds, and bills, and hobligations, God save all. But by'r Lady, if I wotted it would make him such a Jackawce, as to have more wit then his vore-vathers, he should have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keep a Tally. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em.-- Boets, a new name for Beggars I think, since the statute against Gypsies. I would not have my zonne *Dick* one of those Boets for the best Pig in my sty by the mackins: Boets? Heav'n shield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hur, ger, ho, it is better I trow then bring a Boet. Boets? I had rather see him remitted to the Iayle, and have his twelve God-vathers, good men and true contemne him to the Gallowes, and there see him vairely persecuted. There is *Bomolochus* one of the Boets, now a

bot

boys take all the red-nose tribe of 'em for *Agroitus*! he does so abuse his betters! well, 'twas a good world, when I first held the plow!

*Col.* They can'd not then so much for speaking well,  
As to mean honest; and in you still lives  
The good simplicity of the former times:  
When to doe well was Rhetorique, not to talke.  
The tongue disease of Court spreads her infections  
Through the whole Kingdome; flattery, that was wont  
To be confin'd within the virge, is now  
Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts  
Are born between our lips: The heart is made  
A stranger to the tongue; as if it us'd  
A language that she never understood.  
What is it to be witty in these dayes,  
But to be bawdy, or prophane; at least  
Abusive? Wit is growne a petulant waspe,  
And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why;  
Spues vinegar, and gall on all she meets  
Without distinction. - buyes laughter with the losse  
Of reputation, father, kinsman, friends;  
Hunts Ord'naries only to deliver  
The idle Timpanies of a windy brain;  
That beates and throbs above the paine of child-bed,  
Till every care she meets be made a midwife  
To her light Bastard issue; show many times  
*Bomolochus* sides, and shoulders ake, and groan!  
He's so witty---here he comes---away---  
*Agro.* His wit is dangerous and I dare not stay. *Exit.*

SCEN

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Till every care she meets be made a midwife

To her light Bastard issue; how many times

*Bomolochus* sides, and shoulders ake, and groan!

He's so witty---here he comes---away---

*Agro.* His wit is dangerous and I dare not stay. *Exit.*

SCEN



## SCEN. 5.

*Bomolochus.*

*Rosc.* This is the other extreame of *Urbanity*; *Bomolochus* a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dreggs of scandal, and a lampe of most vile and loathsome scurrility.

*Bird.* I, this is he we lookt for all the while! Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne, Here lies her heathenish dominion, In this most impious cell of corruption; For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer *Limbo*, Where the black Divell and his damme Scurrility Doe rule the roost, fowle Princes of the aire! Scurrility! that is he that throweth scandals, Soweth, and throweth scandals, as 'twere durt Even in the Face of holinesse, and devotion. His presence is contagious, like a dragon He belches poyson forth, poyson of the pit, Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poyson; I will not stay, but fly as farre as zeal Can hurry me--the roose will fall and brain me, If I endure to heare his blasphemies, His gracelesse blasphemies.

*Rosc.* He shall vent none here; But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him.

*Flaw.* Stay brother, I doe find the spirit grow strong.

*Col.* Haile sacred wit!-- Earth breeds not Baies enough To crown thy spacious merit.

*Bomo.* Oh---Oh---Oh---

*Col.* *Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,*

Or whatsoever other wit did give  
Old *Comedies* the rains, and let her loose  
To stigmatize what brow she pleas'd with slander  
Of people, Prince, Nobility-- All must yeild  
To this triumphant brain.

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh---

Col. They say you'l loose a friend before a jest;  
Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you.  
That is the true *Minerva* of this brain,  
But is of greater valew then a world  
Of friends, were every payre of men we meet  
A *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh---

Col. Some say you will abuse your Father too,  
Rather then loose the opinion of your wit;  
Who would not that has such a wit as yours?  
'Twere better twenty Parents were expos'd  
To scorn and laughter, then the simplest thought  
Or least conceit of yours, should dye abortive,  
Or perish a brain-Embrio.

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh---

Col. How's this? that tongue grow'n silent that Syrens  
Stood still to admire?

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh---

Col. Twere better that the spheares should loose their  
harmony,

And all the Choristers of the wood grow hoarse;  
What Wolfe hath spied you first?

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh---

Col. Sure *Hermes* envying that there was on earth  
An eloquence more then his, has struck you dumb!  
Malitious diery!

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh---

Col.

*Cola.* Goe in sir there's a Glasse that will restore  
That tongue, whose sweetnesse Angels might adore.

*Bomo.* Oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--

*Exit.*

*Rose.* Thus Sir you see how we have put a gagge  
In the licentious mouth of base scurrility;  
He shall not *this*-like purge upward here,  
T' infect the place with pestilentiall breath;  
We'll keep him tongue-tide; you, and all J promise

By *Phœbus* and his daughters, whose chaste zones  
Were never yet by impure hands untied;  
Our language shall flow chaste, nothing sounds here  
That can give just offence to a strict eare.

*Bird.* This gagge hath wrought my good opinion of  
you.

*Flow.* I begin to think 'em lawfull recreation.

*Colax.* Now there's none left here, whereon to practise,  
I'll flatter my deare selfe--O that my skill  
Had but a body, that I might embrace it,

Kisse it, and hugge it, and beget a brood,

Another brood of pretty skills upon it!

Were I divided I would hate all beauties,

And grow enamour'd with my other halfe!

Self-love, *Narcissus*, had not been a fault,

Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,

Had but a braine like mine: I can guild vice,

And praise it into Alchymie, till it goe

For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone.

I can perswade a road into an oxe,

Till swell'd too bigge with my *Hyperboles*

She burst asunder, and 'tis vertues name

Lends me a maske to scandalize her selfe.

Vice, if it be no more, can nothing doe:

*Thy*

re.  
Ext.

That art is great makes vertue guilty too.  
 I have such strange varieties of colours,  
 Such shift of shapes, blew *Proteus* sure begot me  
 On a Camelion, and I change to quick  
 That I suspect my mother did conceive me,  
 As they say Mares doe, on some wind or other.  
 I'le peep to see how many fooles I made  
 With a report of a miraculous Glasse.  
 --Heaven blesse me, I am ruin'd! O my brain  
 Witty to my undoing! I have jested  
 My selfe to an eternall misery.  
 I lie lean hunger with her meager face  
 Ride poast to overtake me, I doe prophesy  
 A Lent immortall; *Phæbus* I could curse  
 Thee and thy brittle gifts; *Pandora's* box  
 Compar'd with this might be esteem'd a blessing,  
 The Glasse which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,  
 Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth,  
 The two extremes of every Vertue there  
 Beholding how they either did exceed,  
 Or want of just proportion, joynd together,  
 And are reduc'd into a perfect Meane.  
 As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Physician  
 Does take too different poysons, one thats cold,  
 The other in the same degree of heat,  
 And blends them both to make an Antidote;  
 Or as the Lutanist takes Flats and Sharps,  
 And out of those so dissonant notes, does strike  
 A ravishing Harmony. Now there is no vice  
 Tis a hard world for *Colax*: What shift now?  
*Dyscolus* doth expect me-- since this age  
 Is grown too wise to entertain a Parasite,  
 Ile to the Glasse, and there turn vertuous too,

Salt Y.

Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.  
*Bird.* There is good use indeed-la to be made  
 From their Conversion,  
*Flow.* Very good insooth-la  
 And edifying.

*Rose.* Give your eyes some respite,  
 You know already what our Vices be,  
 In the next Act you shall our Vertues see.

Exeunt

## ACTUS 5. SCEN. I.

*Roscus. Flouderew. Bird.*

*Flow.* Now verily I find the devout Bee  
 May suck the hony of good Doctrine thence,  
 And bears it to the hive of her pure family,  
 Whence the prophane and irreligious Spider  
 Gathers her impious Venome! I have pick'd  
 Out of the Garden of this Play a good  
 And wholesome salad of instruction!  
 What doe you next present?

*Rose.* The severall Vertues.

*Bird.* I hope there be no *Cardinall* Vertues therel

*Rose.* There be not.

*Bird.* Then I'll stay; I hate a Verrue  
 That will be made a *Cardinall*: *Cardinall* vertues,  
 Next to *Pope*-vertues, are most impious;  
 And *Bishop*-vertues are unwarrantable;  
 I will allow of none but *Deacon*-vertues,  
 Or *Elder*-vertues.

*Rose.* These are *Morall*-vertues.

*Bird.* Are they *Lay*-vertues?

*Rose.* Yes!

Bird

*Bird.* Then they are lawfull,  
Vertues in Orders are unsanctified.

*Rose.* We doe present them royall, as they are  
In all their state, in a full dance.

*Bird.* What dance?

Nowanton Jig I hope, no dance is lawfull

But *Prankum Prankum!*

*Flow.* Will Vertues dance?

I have a Vertue in a Morrice-dance,

Onle, absurd, Maypole. — Maid-marrian vertue!

*Rose.* Dancing is lawfull, &c.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Mediocritie.*

*Flow.* Who's this?

*Rose.* It is the Mother of the Vertues.

*Flow.* Mother of Pearle I think, she is so gawdy?

*Rose.* It is the golden Mediocritie.

*Flow.* She looketh like the Idoll of *Cheap-side*.

*Mediocritie.*

*Med.* I am that even course that must be kept  
To shunne two dangerous gulfes; the middle traile

'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, the small *Isthmus*

That suffers not th' *Egean* tide to meet

The violent rage of the *Ionian* wave.

I am a bridge o're an Imperuious sea;

Free, and safe passage to the wary step:

But he whose wantonnesse, or folly dares

Decline to either side, falls desperate

Into a certain ruine, — Dwell with me,

Whose mansion is not plac'd so neere the Sunne,

As to complaine of 's neighbourhood, and be scorcht

With his directer beames: nor so remote

From his bright rayes as to be situate

F

Under

Under the Icy Pole of the cold Beare;  
But in a temperate zones 'tis J am she,  
I am the golden Mediocritie:  
The labour of whole wombe are all the vertues,  
And every passion too commendable:  
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were  
All but one birth; no difference to distinguishing them  
But a respect they beare to severall objects;  
Else had their names be none as are their features.  
So when eleven faire Virgins of a bloud  
All Sisters, and alike grown ripe of yeares,  
Match into severall houses, from each family,  
Each takes a name distinct, & all are different:  
They are not of complexion red or pale,  
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,  
As if both roses were confounded there.  
Their stature neither Dwarfes nor Gyants,  
But in a comely well dispos'd proportion;  
And all so like their Mother, that indeed  
They are all mine, and J am each of them.  
When in the midst of dangers J stand up  
A wary confidence betwixt feare and daring,  
Not so ungodly bold, as not to be  
Fearful of heaven's just anger when she speaks  
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard  
Of my Religion, shake to see my Country  
Threatned with fire and sword, by a stark coward  
To any thing may blast my reputation:  
But I can scorne the worst of poverty,  
Sicknesse, Captivity, Banishment, Grim death,  
If she dare meet me in the bed of honour,  
Where, with my countries cause upon my sword  
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold

With

*Looking-glasse.*

81

With civill blood, or customeary danger;  
Nor the fooles whetstone, in experiences;  
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,  
And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude!  
Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleasures,  
And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths just steward,  
And call me *Liberality*; with one hand  
I'll gather riches home, and with the other  
Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe  
The persons quantity, quality, time & place:  
And if in great expences I be set  
Chiefe Arbitresse, I can in glorious works,  
As raising Temples, Statues, Alcars, Shrines,  
Vestures, and ornaments to Religion, be  
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.  
And to my country the like mean observe,  
In building Ships, and Bulwarks, Castles, wals,  
Conduits, Theaters, and what else may serve her  
For use or or ornament: and at home be royall  
In Buildings, Gardens, costly furniture,  
In entertainments free and hospitable,  
With a respect to my estate, and meanes,  
And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence*;  
As *Magnanimity*, when I wisely aime  
At greatest honours, if I may deserv e'm,  
Nor for ambition, but for my countries good,  
And in that vertue all the rest doe dwell.  
In lesser dignities I want a name;  
And when I am not over patient,  
To put up such grosse wrongs as call me coward,  
But can be angry, yet in that observe  
What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom,  
Look that it be not suddaine, nor too thrifty



Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater  
 Then the offence, know my time when, where  
 I must be angry, and how long remain so;  
 Then, then you may surname me *Mansuetude*.  
 When in my carriage and discourse I keep  
 The meane that neither flatters nor offends,  
 I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court  
 Gives name, and should doe being *Courtesy*.  
 Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance  
 I am the Vertue Time calls daughter, *Truth*.  
 Give me my sword and ballance rightly swayd,  
 And *Iustice* is the Title I deserve.  
 When on this stage I come with innocent wit,  
 And jests that have more of the salt then gall,  
 That move the laughter and delight of all,  
 Without the griefe of one; free, chaste conceits,  
 Not scurrile, base, obscene, illiberall,  
 Or contumelious slanders, I am then  
 The vertue they have term'd *Urbanity*.  
 To whom if your least countenance may appeare,  
 She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.  
 My daughters now are come --

*The Song.*

## SCEN. 1.

*The Masque; wherein all the Vertues dance together.*

*Medioc.* You have seen all my daughters, Gentlemen,  
 Chuse you wives hence; you that are Batchelours  
 Can find no better; And the married too  
 May wed'em, yet not wrong their former wives.  
 Two may have the same wife; and the same man  
 May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamie;

He that weds most is chasteſt; Theſe are all  
The daughters of my wombe; J have five more,  
The happy iſſue of my Intellect,  
And thence ſynnam'd the intellectuall Vertues.  
They now attend not on their Mothers traine,  
We hope they Act in each ſpectators braine.  
I have a Neece beſides, a beauteous one  
My daughters deare companion--lovely Friendſhip  
A royall Nymph; her we preſent not too,  
It is a vertue we expect from you.

*Exit cum Choro cantantium.*

SCEN. 3.

*Bird.* O Siſter what a glorious traine they be!  
*Flow.* They ſeem to me the Family of Love,  
But is there ſuch a Glaſſe, good *Rofcius*?  
*Rofc.* There is! ſent hither by the great Apollo,  
Who in the worlds bright eye and every day  
Set in his Car of light, ſurvaies the earth  
From Eaſt to Weſt: who finding every place  
Fruitfull in nothing but fantaſtique follies,  
And moſt ridiculous humours, as he is  
The God of Phyſick, thought it appertain'd  
To him to finde a cure to purge the earth  
Of ignorance and ſin, two grand diſeaſes,  
And now growvn Epidemicall: many Receipts  
He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*  
In every Garden-- But none pleas'd like this.  
He takes out water from the *Muſes* Spring,  
And ſends it to the North, there to be freez'd  
Into a Chriſtall-- That being done, he makes,  
A Mirrour with it, and inſtills this vertue;  
That it ſhould by reflection ſhev each man,

All his deformities both of soule and body,  
And cure 'em both---

*Flow.* Good Brother lets goe see it!

Saints may want something of perfection.

*Rose.* The Glasse is but of one daies continuance,

For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,

His Kingdome would grow empty, (for 'tis sin  
That peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em

Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing

As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)

They, as they must obey, gave it a thread

No longer then the Beasts of Hyppanis

That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut,

But *Phabus* to requite the black Gods envy,

Will when the Glasse is broke transfuse her vertue

To live in Comedie--- If you mean to see it

Make hast---

*Flow.* We will goe possit to reformation. *Exeunt*

*Rose.* Nor is the Glasse of so short life I feare

As this poore labour- -our distrustfull Author

Thinks the same Sun that rose upon her cradle

Will hardly set before her funerall;

Your gracious and kind acceptance may

Keep her alive from death, or when shee's dead

Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

#### SCENE 4

*Enter Flower dew and Bird.*

*Flow.* This ignorance even makes Religion sin,

Sets zeale upon the rack, and stretches her

Beyond her length--- Most blessed Looking-glasse!

that didst instruct my blinded eyes to day,  
might have gone to hell the Narrow way!  
And Hereafter I will visit Comedies,  
and see them oft, they are good exercises!  
He teach devotion now a milder temper,  
Nor that it shall loose any of her heat  
Or Purity, but henceforth shall be such  
as shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

Exeunt.

F 4

Epilogus.



Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater  
 Then the offence, know my time when, where  
 I must be angry, and how long remain so;  
 Then, then you may surname me *Manfuetude*.  
 When in my carriage and discourse I keep  
 The meane that neither flatters nor offends,  
 I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court  
 Gives name, and should doe being-- *Courtesy*.  
 Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance  
 I am the Vertue Time calls daughter, *Truth*.  
 Give me my sword and ballance rightly sway'd,  
 And *Iustice* is the Title I deserve.  
 When on this stage I come with innocent wit,  
 And jests that have more of the salt then gall,  
 That move the laughter and delight of all,  
 Without the griefe of on; free, chaste conceits,  
 Not scurrile, base, obscene, illiberall,  
 Or contumelious slanders, I am then  
 The vertue they have term'd, *Verbanity*.  
 To whom if your least countenance may appeare,  
 She vovves to make her constant dwelling here.  
 My daughters now are come --

*The Song.*

## SCEN. 2.

*The Masque, wherein all the Vertues dance together.*

*Medioc.* You have seen all my daughters, Gentlemen,  
 Chuse you wives hence, you that are Bachelours  
 Can find no better; And the married too  
 May wed'em, yet not wrong their former wives.  
 Two may have the same wife, and the same man  
 May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamie:

He that weds most is chafest; These are all  
The daughters of my wombe; J have five more,  
The happy issue of my Intellect,  
And thence synnam'd the intellectuall Vertues.  
They now attend not on their Mothers traine,  
We hope they Act in each spectators braine.  
I have a Neece besides, a beauteous one  
My daughters deare companion--lovely Friendship  
A royall Nymph; her we present not too,  
It is a vertue we expect from you.

*Exit cum Choro cantantium.*

SCEN. 3.

*Bird.* O Sister what a glorious traine they be!  
*Flou.* They seem to me the Family of Love,  
But is there such a Glasse, good *Roscius*?  
*Rosc.* There is! sent hither by the great Apollo,  
Who in the worlds bright eye and every day  
Sits in his Car of light, survaies the earth  
From East to West: who finding every place  
Fruitfull in nothing but fantastique follies,  
And most ridiculous humours, as he is  
The God of Physick, thought it appertain'd  
To him to finde a cure to purge the earth  
Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,  
And now grovvn Epidemicall: many Receipts  
He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*  
In every Garden-- But none pleas'd like this.  
He takes out water from the *Muses* Spring,  
And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd  
Into a Christall-- That being done, he makes  
A Mirrour with it: and instills this vertue,  
That it should by reflection shew each man,

All his deformities both of soule and body,  
And cure'em both---

*Flow.* Good Brother lets goe see it!

Saints may want something of perfection.

*Rose.* The Glasse is but of one daies continuance,

For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,

His Kingdome would grow empty, (for 'tis sin

That peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em

Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing

As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)

They, as they must obey, gave it a thread

No longer then the Beasts of *Hyppanis*

That in one day is spun, draw'n out, and cur,

But *Phabus* to requite the black Gods envy,

Will when the Glasse is broke transfuse her vertue

To live in *Comœdie* --- If you mean to see it

Make hast---

*Flow.* We will goe post to reformation.

*Exit*

*Rose.* Nor is the Glasse of so short life I feare

As this poore labour- -our distrustfull Author

Thinks the same Sun that rose upon her cradle

Will hardly set before her funerall;

Your gracious and kind acceptance may

Keep her alive from death, or when shee's dead

Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

#### SCENE 4.

*Enter Flowerdew and Bird.*

*Flow.* This ignorance even makes Religion sin,

Sets zeale upon the rack, and stretches her

Beyond her length --- Most blessed Looking glasse!

that didst instruct my blinded eyes to day,  
might have gone to hell the Narrow way!  
Henceafter I will visit Comedies,  
and see them oft, they are good exercises !--  
to teach devotion now a milder temper,  
For that it shall loose any of her heat  
Or Purity, but henceforth shall be such  
as shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

Exeunt.

F 4

Epilogus.



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And cure'em both---

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 De Purity, but henceforth shall be such  
 as shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

Exempt.

**Epilogus.**

**F 4**



## EPILOGUS.

Roscus solus.

**Y**' Have seen The Muses Looking-Glasse, Ladies faire  
And Gentle youths; and others too who ere  
Have fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meant  
Your selves unto your selves still to present.  
A souldier shall himselfe in Hector see,  
Grave Councellours, Nestor, view themselves in thee.  
When Lucrece Part shall on our Stage appeare,  
Every chaste Ladie sees her shadow there.  
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glasses  
Will show both fooles, and knaves, and all their faces;  
To vex and cure them: But we need not feare,  
We doe not doubt but each one now that's here,  
That has a faire soule and a Beauteous face,  
Will visit oft the Muses Looking-Glasse.

---

FINIS.

---

AMYNTAS:  
OR THE  
IMPOSSIBLE DOWRY.

A PASTORALL ACTED  
before the KING & QUEENE  
At WHITE-HALL.

By T. R.

*Pastorem, Tityre, pingues  
Pastere oportet oves, diductum dicere Carmen.*



OXFORD

Printed by L. LICHFIELD Printer  
to the Vniversity, for FRANCIS  
BOWMAN. 1640.

AMYNTAS

OR THE

IMPOSSIBLE POWRY.

AS IT IS ALL ACTED

Before the KING'S ROYALTY

AND THE COMMONS

BY T. R.



OXFORD

Printed by J. LEITCHFIELD Printer  
to the University, at FRANCIS  
BOWMAN. 1640.

*Dramatis Personæ*

*Pilumnus.* The high Priest of *Ceres*: Father to *Damon* and *Prania*.

*Medorus.* Father to *Laurinda*.

*Claius.* A wild Sylvan, father to *Amyntas* and *Amaryllis*.

*Corymbus.* An under Priest.

*Damon.* } Two Rivalls in *Laurinda's* Love.

*Alexus.* }

*Amyntas.* A mad Shepheard.

*Laurinda.* A wavering Nymph.

*Prania.* A sad Nymph, enamored on *Amyntas*.

*Amaryllis.* A distrest sheapheardesse, in love with *Damon*.

*Thestylis.* An old Nymph, sister to *Claius*.

*Iocastus.* A fantastique shepheard and a fairy Knight.

*Bronius.* His man, a blunt Clown.

*Mopsus.* A foolish Augure enamored on *Thestylis*.

*Dorylas.* A knavish boy.

*Echo.*

Chorus of { Priests,  
Shepheards,  
Nymphs.

*Quorum fit mentio.*

*Philebus.* }

*Lalage.* }

*Mycon.* }

The Scene Sicilie, in the  
holy vale.

The time an Astrologickall day from  
Noone to Noone.

Prologus





Stanzas: Twelve  
The first of seven stanzas

and seven  
First to last

A whole system, taken to the end  
the whole

Answer: The  
Two Rivers in the last of the

A and the other  
A whole system

A whole system, taken to the end  
A whole system, taken to the end

Answer: The  
An old system, taken to the end

A whole system, taken to the end  
His man, a whole system

A whole system, taken to the end  
A whole system, taken to the end

Answer: The  
A whole system, taken to the end

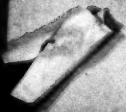
A whole system, taken to the end  
The same system, taken to the end

A whole system, taken to the end  
The same system, taken to the end

A whole system, taken to the end  
The same system, taken to the end

A whole system, taken to the end  
The same system, taken to the end

A whole system, taken to the end  
The same system, taken to the end





# PROLOGVS.

*Nymph. shepherd.*

*Nymph.*

**I** Le speak the Prologue.

*Shep.* Then you doe me wrong.

*Nymph.* Why, dare your Sexe compare  
with ours for tongue?

*Shep.* A Female Prologue!

*Nym.* Yes, as well as Male.

*Shep.* That's a new trick;

*Nym.* And t'other is as stale.

*Shep.* Men are more eloquent then women made.

*Nym.* But women are more powerfull to perswade.

*Shep.* It seemes so; for J dare no more contend.

*Nymph.* Then best give ore the strife, and make an end.

*Shep.* I will not yeeld.

*Nym.* Shall we divide it then?

*Shep.* You to the women speak,

*Nym.* You to the Men.

*Shep.* Gentlemen, look not from us Rurall swaines

For polish'd speech, high lines, or Courtyl straines:

Expect not we should bring a labour'd Scene,

Or complements; we ken not what they meane.

*Nym.* And Ladies, we poore Country Girles doe come

With such behaviour as we learn'd at home.

How shall we talk to Nymphs so trim and gay,

That nere saw Lady yet but at a May?

*Shep.*



She. His Muse is very bashfull, should you throw  
A Snake into her Cradle J doe know  
She is no Hercules to our live your Ire,  
Nym. One Hissle would make the fearefull foole expre,  
Without a sting.  
Shep. Gentlemen doe but you  
Like this, no matter what the women doe.  
Nym. It was a sawcy Swaine thus to conclude!  
Ladies, the Gentlemen are not so rude,  
If they were ever school'd by powerfull love,  
As to dislike the things you shall approve.  
If you but like him 'twill be greater praise  
Then if each Muse of Nine had fetch'd him Bries.



# AMYNTAS.

## ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

*Laurinda. Dorylas.*

*Dr.* **I**s news *Laurinda* that will ravish you?

*Laur.* How, ravish me? if't be such desperat newes

J pray conceale it.

*Dor.* So J will.

*Laur.* Nay *Dorylas*,

Pray tell it though.

*Dor.* Tis desperate newes, J dare not.

*Laur.* But preethee doe.

*Dor.* J must conceale it.

*Laur.* Doe not.

*Dor.* Mistrresse, you have prevail'd: J will relate it.

*Laur.* No matter though whether you doe or no.

*Dor.* No? then J will not tell you.

*Laur.* Yet J care not

Much if J heare it.

*Dor.* And J care not much

Whether J tell's or no.

*Laur.*

*Laur.* What is it?

*Dor.* Nothing

*Laur.* Sweet *Dorylas* let me know,

*Dor.* What pretty weather-cocks

These women are? I serve a Mistress here

Fit to have made a Planet, sheele waxe and wane

Twice in a minute.

*Laur.* But good *Dorylas*

Your newes,

*Dor.* Why excellent newes!

*Laur.* But what?

*Dor.* Rare newes!

Newes fit, ---

*Laur.* For what?

*Dor.* To be conceal'd: why Mistress

The Rivals, those on whom this powerfull face

Doth play the Tyrant.---

*Laur.* *Dorylas*, what of them?

*Dor.* Now, now she wanes: O for a dainty Husband

To make her a full Moone! The amorous couple,

Your brace of sweet hearts *Damon* and *Alexis*

Desire your audience,

*Laur.* Is this all your newes?

You may conceale it.

*Dor.* Now you have heard it told

I may conceale it! well I thank thee Nature

Thou didst create me man, for I want wit

Enough to make up woman: but good Mistress

What doe you think of *Damon*?

*Laur.* As a Man

Worthy the best of Nymphs.

*Dor.* What of *Alexis*?

*Laur.* As one that may deserve the fairest Virgin

*In Sicily.*  
*Dr.* What Virgin?  
*Lau.* *Proserpine,*  
 Were she yet *Ceres* daughter.  
*Dr.* And what *Damon*?  
*Lau.* He? *Ceres* selfe, were she not yet a Mother.  
*Dr.* *Ceres, Ceres!* There is no Labyrinth but a woman!  
*Lau.* *Laminda,* gentle Mistresse tell me which  
 Of these you love?  
*Lau.* Why *Damon* best of any.  
*Dr.* Why so, that swell and plain,  
*Lau.* Except *Alexis*—  
*Dr.* Why then you love *Alexis* best?  
*Lau.* Of any.  
*Dr.* I am glad on't.  
*Lau.* But my *Damon*—  
*Dr.* Be this true  
 And Ile be sworn *Cupid* is turn'd a jugler;  
*Proser.* You love *Alexis* best but *Damon*,  
 And *Damon* but *Alexis!* Love you *Damon*?  
*Lau.* I doe.  
*Dr.* And not *Alexis*?  
*Lau.* And *Alexis*.  
*Dr.* She would ha' both I think.  
*Lau.* Not I by *Ceres*.  
*Dr.* Then you love neither?  
*Lau.* Yes, I doe love either.  
*Dr.* Either, and yet not both, both best, yet neither?  
 Why doe you torture those with equall Racks,  
 That both vow service to you? If your love  
 Have prefer'd *Damon*, tell *Alexis* of it;  
 Or if *Alexis*, let poore *Damon* know it,  
 That he which is refus'd, smothering his flame,

May make another choice, new doubtfull hope  
Kindles desire in both.

*Las.* Ah *Dorilas*,

Thy yeares are yet uncapable of love!  
Thou hast not learn'd the mysteries of *Cupid*!  
Dost thou not see through all *Sicilia*,  
From gentlest sheapheards to the meanest swains,  
What inauspicious torches *Hymen* lights  
At every wedding? what unfortunate hands  
Link in the wedding ring? Nothing but teares  
Iarres, discontents, suspicions, Iealousies,  
These many yeares meet in the bridall sheets.  
Or if all these be missing, yet a Barrennesse,  
A curse as cruell, or Abortive births  
Are all the blessings crown the Geniall bed:  
Till the successe prove happier, and I find  
A blessed change, ile temper my affection,  
Conceale my flames, dissemble all my fires,  
And spend those yeares I owe to Love and Beauty  
Only in choosing on whose love to fixe  
My love and beauty.

*Dor.* Rare Feminine wisdom!

Will you admit 'em?

*Las.* Yes, goe call them hither.

Yet doe not, now I thinke on't: yet you may too.

And yet come back again.

*Dor.* Nay I will goe.

*Las.* Why *Dorilas*,

*Dor.* What newes?

*Las.* Come back I say.

*Dor.* Yes, to be sent again.

*Las.* You'll stay I hope.

*Dor.* Not I by *Ceres*.

*Amyntas.*

*Lau. Dorylus.*

No good Mistresse,  
Excuse me, for I at length have learn'd to know  
You call me back only to bid me goe, *Exit.*  
*Lau.* 'Tis no great matter sirrah:--when they come  
I beare my selfe so equall unto both,  
As both shall think I love him best, this way  
I keep both fires alive, that when I please  
I may take which I please,-- But who comes here?

SCEN. 2.

*Laurinda. Thestylis.*

*O* Thestylis y<sup>e</sup> are welcome!

*Thest.* If *Laurinda*,

My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely  
As to disturbe your private Meditations,  
I beg your pardon.

*Lau.* How now *Thestylis*?

Grown Orator of late? has learned *Mopsus*  
That Rhetorique unto you, that you come  
To see me with *Exordiums*?

*Thest.* No *Laurinda*;

But if there be a charme call'd Rhetorique,  
An art, that woods and Forrests cannot skill;  
That with perswasive magique could command  
A plotty in your soule, I would my tongue  
Had learn'd that powerfull art!

*Lau.* Why *Thestylis*,

Thou know'st the breasts I suck'd were neither wolves  
Nor Tygers, and I have a heart of waxe,  
Soft and soone melting; try this amorous heart, 'tis not

Of flint or marble.

*The.* If it were, *Laurinda*,  
The teares of her, whose orator I come  
Have power to soften it. Beauteous *Amaryllis*,  
She that in this unfortunate age of love,  
This haplesse time of *Cupids* Tyranny  
Plac'd her affection on a scornfull sheapheard,  
One that disdains her love.

*Lau.* Disdains her love!

I tell thee *Thestylis* in my poore judgement,  
(And woemen if no envy blind their eyes,  
Best judge of womens beauties) *Amaryllis*  
May make a bride worthy the proudest Sheapheard  
In all *Sicilia*: but wherein can I  
Pitty this injur'd Nymph?

*The.* Thus she desires you,  
As you desire to thrive in him you love;  
As you doe love him whom you most desire,  
Not to love *Damon*: *Damon* alas repaies  
Her love with skorn; 'Tis a request she saies  
She knows you cannot grant, but if you doe not  
She will not live to ask again.

*Lau.* Poore Nymph!

My *Amaryllis* knowes my fidelity  
How often have we sported on the lawns,  
And danc'd a roundelay to *Iocastus* pipe?  
If I can doe her service *Thestylis*,  
Be sure I will: Good wench, I dare not stay  
Least I displease my Father; who in this age  
Of haplesse lovers watches me as close  
As did the Dragon the *Hesperian* fruit.

Farewell.

*Exit Lau.*

*Thest.* Farewell *Laurinda*: Thus poore foole

*Amyntus.*

I toyle for others like the painfull Bee,  
From every flower cull hony drops of love  
To bring to others hives: *Cupid* does this  
Cause I am *Claius* sister. Other Nymphs  
Have their variety of loves, for every gown,  
Nay every petticoate; I have only one,  
The poore foole *Mopsus*! yet no matter wench  
Fooles never were in more request then now;  
He make much of him, for that woman lyes  
In weary sheets, whose Husband is too wise.

SCEN. 3.

*Thestylis. Mopsus. Iocastus.*

*Mop. Iocastus*, I love *Thestylis* abominably,  
The mouth of my affection waters at her.  
*Io*. Be wary *Mopsus*, learn of me to scorn  
The mortals; choose a better match: goe love  
Some Fairy Lady! Princely *Oberon*  
Shall stand thy friend: and beauteous *Mab* his Queen  
Give thee a Maid of Honour.

*Mop*. How *Iocastus*?

Marry a puppet? Wed a mote itt? Sunne?  
Goe look a wife in nutshells? wooe a gnat  
That's nothing but a voice? No no, *Iocastus*,  
I must have flesh and blood, and will have *Thestylis*.  
A fig for Fairies!

*The*. --- 'Tis my sweet-heart *Mopsus*,  
And his wife brother: O the twins of folly!  
These doe I entertain only to season  
The poore *Amyntus* madnesse.

*Mop*. Sacred red and white,





How fares thy reverend beauty?

*Thest.* Very ill

Since you were absent, *Mop/sa*: where have you  
Been all this live-long houre?

*Mop.* I have been

Discourfing with the birds.

*Thest.* Why, can birds fpeak?

*Io.* In Fairy land they can: I have heard 'em chirp  
Very good Greek and Latin.

*Mop.* And our Birds

Talk better farre then they: a new-laid egge

Of *Sicily* fhall out-talk the bravest Parrot

In *Oberons Utopia*.

*Thest.* But what languages

Doe they fpeak, fervants?

*Mop.* Severall languages,

As *Cawation*, *Chirpation*, *Hootation*.

*Whiffleation*, *Crowation*, *Cackleation*,

*Shreekation*, *Hiffation*.

*Thest.* And Fooleation?

*Mop.* No, that's our language, we our felves fpeak that,  
That are the learned Augurs.

*Thest.* What fucceffe

Does your Art promife?

*Mop.* Very good.

*Thest.* What Birds

Met you then firft?

*Mop.* A Wood-cock and a Goose.

*Thest.* Well met.

*Mop.* I told 'em fo.

*Thest.* And what might this portend?

*Mop.* Why thus-- and firft the Wood-cock-- Wood  
and Cock.

*Amyntas.*

Both very good signes. For first the wood doth signify  
The fire of our love shall never goe out,  
Because it has more fuell: wood doth signify  
More fuell.

*Thest.* What the Cock?

*Mop.* Better then t'other:

That I shall crow o're those that are my rivals,  
And roost my selfe with thee.

*Thest.* But now the Goose?

*Mop.* I, I, the Goose, that likes me best of all,  
Th'ast heard our gray-beard sheapherds talk of Rome,  
And what the Geese did there: The Goose doth signify  
That I shall keep thy *Capitol*.

*Thest.* Good Gander!

*Is.* ----- It cannot choose but strangely please his  
highnesse!

*Thest.* What are you studying of *locusts*, ha?

*Is.* A rare devise, a Masque to entertain  
His Grace of *Fairy* with.

*Thest.* A Masque? what i't?

*Is.* An anti-Masque of fleas, which I have taught  
To dance Currantes on a spiders thread.

*Mop.* An Anti-masque of fleas? brother me thinks  
A masque of Birds were better, that could dance  
The morrice in the ayre, Wrens and Robbin-redbreasts,  
Linnets, and *Turtles*.

*Is.* So! and why not rather  
Your Geese and Wood-cocks? Mortall hold thy tongue,  
Thou dost not know the mystery.

*Thest.* Tis true

He tells you *Mop*, leave your Augury,  
Follow his counsell, and be wise.

*Mop.* Be wise?



J skorn the motion! follow his counsell and be wise  
That's a fine trick i' faith! is this an age  
For to be wise in?

*The.* Then you mean I see,

T' expound the Oracle,

*Mop.* I doe mean to be

Th' interpreter.

*Io.* -- And then a jig of Pismires

Is excellent.

*Mop.* What to interpret Oracles?

A foole must be th' interpreter.

*The.* Then no doubt

But you will have honour.

*Mop.* Nay I hope

I am as faire for't as another man.

If I should now grow wise against my will,

And catch this wisdom!

*The.* Never feare it *Mopsus*.

*Mop.* Twere dangerous ventring. Now I think on't too

Pray Heaven this ayre be wholesome! is there not

An antidore against it? what doe you think

Of garlick every morning?

*The.* Fye upon't,

'Twill spoyle our kissing! and besides I tell you

Garlicks a dangerous dish, eating of garlick

May breed the sicknesse, for as I remember

'Tis the Philosophers diet.

*Mop.* Certainly

I am infected, now the fit's upon me!

'Tis some thing like an ague, sure I caught it

Wich talking with a Schollar next my heart.

*The.* How sad a life live J,

Betwixt their folly and *Amynas* madnesse!

For *Mopſus* Ile preſcribe you ſuch a diet  
As ſhall ſecure you.

*Mop.* Excellent ſhe Doctor!  
Your women are the beſt Phyſicians,  
And have the better praſtice.

*The.* Firſt my *Mopſus*,  
Take heed of faſting, for your hungry meales  
Nurſe wiſdome.

*Mop.* True! O what a ſtomack have I  
To be her patient!

*The.* Beſides, take ſpeciall care  
You weare not thred-bare clothes: 'twill breed at leaſt  
Suspicion you are wiſe,

*Io.* I marry will it.

*The.* And walk not much alone; or if you walk  
With company, be ſure you walk with fooles,  
None of the wiſe.

*Mop.* No, on, I warrant you,  
Ile walk with no body but my brother here,  
Or you, or mad *Amyntas*.

*The.* By all means  
Take heed of Travell, your beyond-ſea viſit  
Is to be feared.

*Mop.* If ere I travell hang me.

*Io.* Not to the Fairy land?

*The.* Thither he may.

But above all things weare no beards, long beards  
Are ſignes the brains are full, becauſe the excrements  
Come out ſo plentifully.

*Io.* Rather empty;  
Becauſe they have ſent ſo much out, as if  
Their brains were ſunk into their beards: King *Oloron*  
Has ne're a beard, yet for his viſit I am ſure

He

He might have been a Gyant. Who comes here?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. All haile unto the fam'd interpreter  
Of fowles and Oracles!

Mop. Thanks good Dorylas.

Dor. How fares the winged cattell? are the wood-cocks,  
The jayes, the dayves, the cuckoes, and the owles  
In health?

Mop. I thank the gracious starres they are!

Dor. Like health unto the president of the jigs,

I hope King Oberon and his royall Mas

Are well.

Io. They are, I never saw their Graces

Eat such a meale before.

Dor. E'ne much good do't em!

Io. They're rid a hanging.

Do. Hare, or Deere my Lord?

Io. Neither, a brace of snailes of the first head.

Theß. But Dorylas, ther's a mighty quarrell here,  
And you are chosen umpire.

Dor. About what?

Theß. The exposition of the Oracle;  
Which of these two you think the venter foole.

Dor. It is a difficult cause, first let me pose'em.

You Mopsu, cause you are a learned Augur.

How many are the seven liberall Sciences?

Mop. Why much about a dozen.

Dor. You Locastus,

When Oberon shav'd himselfe, who was his Barber?

Io. I knew him well, a little dapper youth,

They call him *Periwinkle*.

Dor. Theßiti,

A weighty cause and asks a longer time.

The Wee'l in the while to comfort sad *Amyntas.*

*Exeunt The. Mop. Ro.*

SCEN. 4.

*Dorylas. Laurinda.*

*Lau.* I wonder much that *Dorylas* stays so long,

Fain would I heare whether they'l come or no.

*Da.* Ha? would you so?

*Lau.* I see in your own messager

You can goe fast enough.

*Der.* Indeed forsooth,

I loyter'd by the way.

*Lau.* What will they come?

*Der.* Which of them?

*Lau.* *Damon.*

*Der.* No.

*Lau.* *Alexis* will?

*Der.* Nor he.

*Lau.* How, neither? am I then neglected?

*Der.* *Damon* will come.

*Lau.* And not *Alexis* too?

*Der.* Only *Alexis* comes.

*Lau.* Let him not come.

I wonder who sent for him, unlesse both,

Ile speak with none.

*Der.* Why both will visit you.

*Lau.* Both? one had been too many. Was e're *Nymph*

Solvet'd as J? you sawcy rascall you,

How doe you strive to crosse me?

*Der.* And sweet *Millisse,*

Still I will crosse you, 'tis the only way

Truly to please you.

SCEN

SCEN. 5.

*Enter Medorus.*

*Medo.* So, you'll all please her,  
I wonder who'll please me? you all for her  
Can run on errands, carry love-sick letters,  
And amorous Eglogues from her howling suiters,  
To her, and back again, be *Cupid's* Heralds,  
And point out meetings for her.

*Dor.* Truly Sir,  
Not I, pray aske my Mistress: Doe I call  
Your sweet hearts speak--speak, nay speak if you can  
Doe I?

*Lau.* Why no.

*Dor.* Nay say your worst I care not,  
Did I goe ever?

*Lau.* Never.

*Dor.* La you now!  
We were devising nothing but a snare  
To catch the Pole-cat,

*Med.* Sirrah get you in;  
Take heed I doe not find your haunts.

*Dor.* What haunts?

*Med.* You'll in?

*Dor.* I know no haunts I have but to the Dairy,  
To skimme the milk-bowles like a Lickorish Fairy.

*Exit Dor.*

*Me.* He that's a womans keeper, should have eyes  
A hundred more then *Argus*, and his eares  
Double the number: Now the newes, what letters?  
What posy, ring or bracelet wooes to day?

What  
Come  
Your li  
Some  
Lau, I  
Least I  
Me. In  
Cupid  
The v  
Lau. V  
North  
I have  
Suppo  
Me. S  
Till I  
Hath  
Lau. V  
Me. H  
Lau.  
Lau.  
Is all  
The  
Me.  
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Lau.  
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Lau  
Me  
As

What Grove to night is conscious of your whispers?

Come tell me for I feare your trusty squire,

Your little closet blabbes into your eare

Some secret, let me know it.

*Lau.* Then you feare,

Least I should be in love.

*Me.* Indeed I doe,

*Cupid's* a dangerous boy, and often wounds

The wanton roving eye.

*Lau.* Were I in love,

Northat I am (for yet by *Dian's* bow

I have not made my choice,) and yet suppose,

Suppose I say I were in love, What then?

*Me.* So I would have thee, but not yet my *Girl*.

Till loves prove happier, till the wretched *Claius*

Hath satisfied the Gods.

*Lau.* Why *Claius*, Father?

*Me.* Hast thou not heard it?

*Lau.* Never. *Me.* Tis impossible.

*Lau.* How should I see? you know that my discourse

Is all with walls and pictures, I nere meet

The Virgins on the downs,

*Me.* Why I will tell thee,

Thou knowest *Pilumnus*?

*Lau.* The high Priest of *Ceres*?

*Me.* Yes: This *Pilumnus* had a sonne *Philebus*,

Who was, while yet he was, the only joy

The staffe and comfort of his fathers age,

And might have still been so, had not fond love

Undone him.

*Lau.* How did love undoe *Philebus*?

*Me.* Why thus; one *Lalage*, a beauteous Nymph

As ever eye admired, *Alphesius* daughter,

Was



Was by her father promis'd him in marriage.

*Las.* Why hitherto his love had good successe.

*Me.* But only promis'd: for the sheapheard *Claius*,  
(A name accursed in *Sicilian* fields!)

Being rich, obtain'd the beauteous *Lalage*

From sweet *Philabus*: he sad heart being rob'd,

Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty

Which gave him life and motion; seeing *Claius*

Injoy those lips, whose cherries were the food

That nurs'd his soule, spent all his time in sorrow,

In melancholy sighes and discontents;

Look'd like a witherd tree o' regrown with mosse,

His eyes were ever dropping Iceacles.

Disdain and sorrow made *Pilumnus* rage,

And in this rage, he makes his moan to *Ceres*,

(*Ceres* most sacred of *Sicilian* powers;)

And in those moanes he prosecutes revenge,

And that revenge to fall on *Lalage*.

*Las.* Would *Ceres* heare his prayers?

*Me.* Silly maid!

His passions were not causelesse; and with what justice

Could she deny *Pilumnus*? how oft hath he sprinkled,

The finest flowre of wheat, and sweetest myrrhe

Vpon her Altars? *Lalage* rev'd the time

Shee flowred brave *Philabus*. Now she was great

With two sweet twins, the faire chaste *Amaryllis*,

And mad *Amyntas*, (an unlucky payre!)

These she brought forth, but never liv'd to see them:

*Lucina* caus'd her sorrowes stop her breath;

Leaving this matchlesse payre of beauteous infants,

In whom till now she lives.

*Las.* After her death,

Now far'd the sorrowfull *Philabus*?

Mr. Wor  
Then ev  
Whose lo  
He pin'd  
To see  
That sh  
He cast  
Under v  
And par  
Was qui  
Here en  
Las. Un  
Tis p  
Should  
Both L  
How co  
Med. P  
Thoug  
And no  
Suffic  
His go

Shall  
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Will I  
Are so  
Their  
Of sad  
Awak  
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And

Mr. Worle

Then ever She being dead whose life was his,  
Whose looks did hold his eyes from shutting up,  
He pin'd away in sorrowes, grieve it was  
To see she was not his, but greater faire  
That she was not at all. Her Equies being past,  
He casts him down upon that turfe of earth,  
Under whose rooffe his *Lalage* was hous'd,  
And parlied with her ashes, till his own lamp  
Was quite extinguisht with a fatall damp.  
Here ended th' noble sheapheard,  
Lam. Unhappy lover!

'Tis pity but the Virgins once a yeare,  
Should wash his tomb with maiden teares! but now  
Both *Lalage* being dead, and her *Philebus*,  
How comes it other loves should prove unfortunate?  
Med. *Pilumnus* having lost this hopefull Sonne,  
Though he had two more children, faire *Prasia*,  
And noble *Damon*; yet the death of *Lalage*  
Suffic'd not his revenge, but he anew implores  
His goddesse wrath 'gainst *Claius*. -- Doth *Ceres* prize  
me thus?

Shall *Claius* tread upon the flowry Plain,  
And walk upon the ashes of my boy?  
Will I be *Archy-flamen* where the Gods  
Are so remiss? let wolves approach their shrines;  
Their howlings are as powerfull as the Prayers  
Of sad *Pilumnus*! -- Such disgusts at last  
Awaken'd *Ceres* with hollow murmuring noise  
Her *Omphe* like a thunder 'gins to roare.  
(The *Omphe* if it menace speaks at large  
In copious language, but perplexed terms.)  
And laid this curse on all *Trinacria*.

Civilian

Sicilian swains, ill luck shall long betide  
 To every bridegroom, and to every bride:  
 No sacrifice, no vow shall still mine ire,  
 Till *Claius* blood both quench and kindle fire.  
 The wise shall misconceive me, and the wit  
 Scorn'd, and neglected shall my meaning be.

*Lau.* Angry and Intricate! Alas for love!  
 What then became of *Claius*?

*Me.* Why the *Omphale*  
 Having denounc'd against him, & he knowing  
 The hate of old *Pilumnus* fled away:

I think he's say'd to the *Antipodes*,  
 No tidings can be brought what ground receives him,  
 Unless *Corymbus* make a happy voyage;  
*Corymbus* that will search both East and Occident  
 And when he finds him, spill his captive blood,  
 Which *Ceres* grant he may! Tender *Laurinda*  
 Now dost thou see the reason of my care,  
 And why my watchfull eyes so close observe  
 Thy steps and actions.

*Lau.* And I promise, father,  
 To temper my affections, 'till the Goddesse  
 Doe mitigate her anger.

*Me.* Doe so then:

For now you see with what unfortunate choice  
*Pilumnus* daughter, delicate *Francia* loves  
 The mad *Amyntas*: for the angry Goddesse,  
 Though she repaid the wrong done to *Philabus*,  
 Yet not approving the revengefull mind  
 Of great *Pilumnus*, scourg'd him with his own asking,  
 By threatening an unhappy marriage  
 To his *Francia*, unless he that wooes her  
 Pay an impossible Downy; for as others

Give Portions with their daughters, *Ceres* Priests  
 To receive for theirs. The words are these,  
*That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have*  
*Amyntas, is the Dowry that I crave.*

*Rest hopelesse in thy love, or else divine*  
*To give Urania this, and she is thine.*

Which while the poore *Amyntas* would Interpret,  
 He lost his wits. Take heed of love, *Laurinda*,  
 You see th' unhappinesse of it in others;  
 Let not experience in thy selfe instruct thee.  
 Beware my Girle: so, come and follow me. *Exit.*

Now, I'll make a Garland for my kid and follow you.  
 What a sad tale was here! how full of sorrow!  
 Happy that heart that never felt the shaft  
 Of angry *Cupid*!

## SCEN. 6.

*Damon, Alexia.*

*Damon and Alexia?*

Their presence quickly puts these cogitations  
 Out of my minde: Poore soules, I faine would pity them,  
 And yet I cannot, for to pitie one  
 Were not to pity t'other, and to pity  
 Both were to pity neither. Mine old temper  
 To all the shift I have; some dew of comfort  
 To either of them. How now bold intruders,  
 How dare you venter on my privacy?  
 If you must needs have this walk, be it so?  
 He seek another: What? you'll let me goe;  
 O, Cruell *Laurinda* (if a word so foule  
 Can have so faire a dwelling.) seale not up  
 Thy eares, but let a pity enter there

H

And

And find a passage to thy heart,

*Alex. Laurinda,*

(The name which but to speak J would not wish  
For life or breath.) Let not thy powerfull beauty  
Torment us longer: Tell us which of us  
You value most,

*Da.* And t'other, for old friendship  
Strangling his bitter Corrosive in his heart,  
Hath promis'd to desist from further suit.

*Alex.* Or if he cannot so, as sure he cannot,  
Yet he will rather chuse to die then live  
Once to oppose your liking.

*Lau.* Since you are  
Growne so importunate, and will not be answer'd  
With modest silence; Know I wish you well.

*Alex.* How, me *Laurinda*?

*Laur.* Why J wish, *Alexis*  
I were thy wife.

*Da.* Then most unhappy me!

*Alex.* That word doth relish immortalitie.

*Lau.* And J doe wish thou wer't my husband, *Damon*.

*Alex.* Still more perplexed: what doe you think J am?

*Lau.* My head, *Alexis*.

*Da.* And what J?

*Lau.* My heart.

*Da.* Which hand am J?

*Lau.* *Damon*, my right.

*Alex.* Which J?

*Lau.* My left, *Alexis*.

*Alex.* Thus you scorne my love.

*Lau.* Not J, *Alexis*; th'art my only hope.

*Da.* Then J am all despaire, no hope for me.

*Lau.* Why so my *Damon*? thou art my desire.

*Alexis*

*Alexis* is my flame; *Damon* my fire.  
*Alexis* doth deserve my nuptiall Bed,  
 And *Damon's* worthy of my Maidenhead!

*Exit Lau.*

*Alex*, *Damon*, desist thy suit or loose thy life,  
 Thou heard'st *Laurinda* wish she were my wife.

*Da*. Thy wife, *Alexis*? But how can it be  
 Without a Husband? and *J* must be he.

*Alex*. *J* am her head: that word doth seem t' impart  
 Shee meanes my marriage.

*Da*. How without her heart?

For that am *J*: besides you heard her say

*J* was the right hand you the left, away,

Desist *Alexis*, mine's the upper hand.

*Alex*. But, *Damon*, *J* next to her heart doe stand:

*J* am her hope, in that yon plainly see

The end of her intents doth aime at me.

*Da*. But *J* am her desire, in that 'tis showne

Her only wish is to make me her own.

*Alex*. *J* am her flame.

*Da*. 'Tis true, but *J* her fire.

*Alex*. The flame's the hotter, therefore her desire

Most aimes at me.

*Da*. Yet when the flame is spent,

The fire continues; Therefore me she meant.

*Alex*. She promis'd now I should enjoy her Bed.

*Da*. *Alexis* doe, so *J* her Maiden-head.

*Alex*. *J* see she still conceales it, and with speeches

Perplext and doubtfull masks her secret thoughts.

*Da*. Let's have another meeting, since her words

Delude us thus, wee'll have a pregnant signe

To shew her mind.

*Alex*, *J* goe that way a hunting,

H 3

And

And find a passage to thy heart,

*Alex. Laurinda,*

(The name which but to speak J would not wish  
For life or breath.) Let not thy powerfull beauty  
Torment us longer; Tell us which of us  
You value most.

*Da. And e'other, for old friendship*

Strangling his bitter C

Hath promis'd to defist

*Alex. Or if he cannot*

Yet he will rather chuse

Once to oppose your lib

*Lau. Since you are*

Grown so importunate

With modest silence; K

*Alex. How, me Laur*

*Laur. Why J wish, Al*

I were thy wife.

*Da. Then most unh*

*Alex. That word doe*

*Lau. And J doe wish*

*Alex. Still more peple*

*Lau. My head, Alexia.*

*Da. And what J?*

*Lau. My heart.*

*Da. Which hand am J?*

*Lau. Dams, my right.*

*Alex. Which J?*

*Lau. My left, Alexia.*

*Alex. Thus you scorne my love.*

*Lau. Not J, Alexia; th'art my only hope.*

*Da. Then J am all despaire, no hope for me.*

*Lau. Why so my Dams? thou art my desire.*

IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

*Alexia*

Alexis is my flame; Damon my fire.  
 Alexis doth deserve my nuptiall Bed,  
 And Damon's worthy of my Maidenhead!

*Exit Lau.*

Alex, Damon, desist thy suit or loose thy life,  
 Thou heard'st Laurinda with she were my wife.

Thy wife, Alexis? But how can it be  
 her hand? and J must be he.

word doth seem t' impart

rt?

heard her say

he left away,

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o her heart doe stand;

plainly see

h aime at me.

that 'tis showne

ne her own,

er, therefore her desire

times at me.

Da. Yet when the flame is spent,

The fire continues; Therefore me she meant,

Alex. She promis'd now I should enjoy her Bed.

Da. Alexis doe, so J her Maiden-head.

Alex. J see she still conceales it, and with speeches

Perplext and doubtfull masks her secret thoughts.

Da. Let's have another meeting, since her words

Delude us thus, wee'll have a pregnant signe

To shew her mind.

Alex, J goe this way a hunting,

H a

And

WAR

ATION



And will call for her.

*Da.* I'll the while retire

Into the Temple, if I linger here

I am afraid of meeting *Amaryllis*

Who with unwelcome love sollicitates me.

*Alex.* And would she might prevaile!

*Da.* Till then farewell.

*Alex.* All happinesse to *Damon* be

Except *Laurinda*.

*Da.* All but her to thee.

*Alex.* Thus we in love and courtesie contend.

*Da.* The name of *Rivall* should not loose the Friend.

*Finis actus 1.*

*Exeunt.*

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

*Pilumnus, Vrania.*

*Vra.* **F**ather perswade me not! The power of heaven  
Can never force me from *Amintas* love;

'Tis rooted here so deep within my heart

That he which pulls it out, pulls out at once,

That and my soule together.

*Pil.* Fond *Vrania*!

Can ignorant love make thee affect the seed,

The hatefull seed of cursed *Lalage*?

Did I for this beget thee?

*Vra.* Father, you know

Divinitie is powerfull, *Cupida* will

Must not be question'd; When love meanes to sport

(I have heard your selfe relate it) he can make

The Wolfe and Lamb kisse friendly; force the Lyon

T' forget his Majestie, and in amorous dalliance

Sport with the frisking Kid. When *Venus* rides,

*She'll*

She'llinke the ravenous Kite, and milder Swan  
To the same chariot, and will yoke together  
The necks of Doves and Eagles; when as she  
Commands, all things loose their Antipathie,  
Even contrarieties; can I alone  
Resist her will? I cannot, my *Amyntas*  
Shall witness that!

*Pil.* I blame thee not so much  
For loving him, while yet he was *Amyntas*,  
But being mad and having lost himselfe,  
Why shouldst not thou loose thy affection too?

*Fra.* I love him now the rather, he hath lost  
Himselfe for me, & should he loose me too?  
It were a sinne he should!

*Pil.* What canst thou love  
In his distemper'd wildnesse?

*Fra.* Only that,  
His wildnesse; 'tis the comfort I have left  
To make my teares keep time to his distractions;  
To think as wildly as he talkes; to marry  
Our griefes together, since our selves we cannot.  
The Oracle doth aske so strange a Dowry,  
That now his company is the only blisse  
My love can aime at: but I stay too long  
Me in to comfort him.

*Pil.* Doe not *Fransia*.

*Fra.* Doe not?

I must and will; nature commands me no,  
But Love more powerfull saies it shall be so. *Exit.*

*Pil.* The Gods did well to make their Destinies  
Of women, that their wills might stand for law  
Fixt and unchang'd; who's this? *Corymbus*? he,

H 3

SCEN.

## SCEN. 1.

*Pilumnus. Corymbus.**Pil. Corymbus--welcome!**Cor. Sacred Pilumnus-- hayle !**And fruitfull Sicilie J kisse thy dust, --**Pil. What newes Corymbus? Is our Countries Mischiefe  
Fetter'd in chaines?**Cor. Thrice the sun hath past**Through the the twelve Inns of heave, since my diligence**Has been imploy'd in quest of him, whose death**Must give poore lovers life, the hatefull Claius;**Yet could J ne're heare of him:-- The meane while**How fare the poore Sicilians? Does awfull Ceres**Still bend her angry brow? Find the sad Lovers**No rest, no quiet yet?**Pil. Corymbus none!**The Goddesse has not yet deign'd to accept**One sacrifice, no favourable Echo**Resounded from her Ompha; All her answers**Are full, and doubtfull,**Cor. The true signe, Pilumnus,**Her wrath is not appeas'd,**Pil. Appeas'd say you?**Rather againe incens'd so far, Corymbus,**As that my selfe am plagu'd; My poore Vrania**Dotes on Amyntas.**Cor. First shall our hives swarme in the venomous yew,**And Goats shall browse upon our myrtle wands!**-- One of your blood, Pilumnus, (is it possible)**Love Lelage and Claius brood?**Pil.*

*Pil.* The chaine of fate  
Will have it so! And he lov'd her as much.

*Cor.* That makes it something better.

*Pil.* Ah, thou know'st not

What sting this waspish fortune pricks me with!

I seeing their loves so constant, so inflexible,

Chid with dame *Ceres* if she us'd me thus,

My words were inconsiderate, & the heavens

Punish'd my rough expostulations;

Being *Archi-flamen* of *Trinacria*

I did demand a Dowry of that shepheard

That asks my daughtere---Set the price said *J*,

Thou Goddess, that dost cause such hatefull loves;

If that *Amyntas* be thy darling swaine,

Aske thou, and set a Dowry for *Vrania*:

With that the Altar groan'd, my haire grew stiffe,

*Amyntas* look'd agait; *Vrania* quiver'd,

And the *Omphs* answer'd

*Cor.* With an *Echo*?

*Pil.* No.

*Cor.* Then *J* presage some ill!

*Pil.* This dark demand,

That which thou hast not, may'st not, can'st not have,

*Amyntas*, is the dowry that I crave:

Rest hopelesse in thy love, or else divine

To give *Urania* this and she is thine.

And so he did, but the perplexed sense

Troubled his braines so far, he lost his wits;

Yet still he loves, and she,-- my grieve *Corymbus*

Will not permit me to relate the rest.

I'll in into the Temple, and expresse

What's yet behind in teares.

*Exit.*

*Cor.* Sad sad *Pilumnus*!

H 4

And

And most distress'd *sicilians*! Other nations  
 Are happy in their loves, you only are unfortunate!  
 In all my travells ne'r a spring but had  
 Her paire of lovers, singing to thar musique  
 The gentle bubbling of her waters made.  
 Never a walk unstor'd with amorous couples  
 Twind with so close imbraces, as if both  
 Meant to grow one together! every shade  
 Sheltred some happy loves, thar courting dazies  
 Scor'd up the summes on one anothers lips,  
 That met so oft and close, as if they had  
 Changd soules at every kisse. The married sort  
 As sweet and 'kind as they: at every evening  
 The loving husband and full-breasted wife  
 Walkt on the Downes so friendly, as if thar  
 Had been their wedding day. The boies of five  
 And girles of foure, e're thar their lisp'ng tongues  
 Had learn'd to prattle plaine, would prate of love,  
 Court one another, and in wanton dalliance  
 Returne such innocent kisses, you'd have thought  
 You had seen Turtles billing.

## SCEN. 3.

*Mopsus. Corymbus.*

*Mop.* What ayre is that? *The voice of Turtles billing!*  
*Of Turtles!* a good Omen! she is chaff--  
 And *bissing, billing*, O delicious *billing*!  
 That word presages kissing--

*Ce.* Who is this?

*Mopsus*, my learned Augur?

*Mop.* Stand aside,

The

--The other side; I will not talk to thee  
Unless I have the winde.

*Co.* Why, whats the matter *Mopfus*?

*Mop.* Th'art infected.

*Co.* What with the Plague?

*Mop.* Worse then the Plague, the Wisdome?  
You have been in travell, and thar's dangerous  
Forgering Wisdome.

*Co.* Then ne're feare it, *Mopfus*,

For J come home a foole just as I went.

*Mop.* By *Ceres*?

*Co.* Yes.

*Mop.* By *Geres* welcome then,

*Co.* But *Mopfus*, why doe you walk here alone?

Thar's --- dangerous too.

*Mop.* I: but I come to meet

The Citizens of the aires you have heard my skill

In Augury?

*Co.* Why J have heard your name

Not mention'd any where in all my travells.

*Mop.* How? not mention'd?

*Co.* Yare too hasty *Mopfus*,

Not---without admiration.

*Mop.* I know that.

*Co.* How should you know it?

*Mop.* Why some birds or other,

Fly from all countries hither, and they tell me.

*Co.* But how dare you converse with birds that travell?

*Mop.* With an antidote J may: but my *Corymbus*

What strange birds have you seen beyond leas?

*Co.* Brave ones:

Ladies with fans and feathers! dainty Fowles!

There were brave taking augury.

*Mop.*

*Mop.* But, *Corymbus*,

Are those fine Lady-birds such pretty things?

*Cor.* As tame as sparrowes, and as sweet as Nightingals.

*Mop.* Is the Cocklady-bird, or the Henlady-bird  
The better?

*Cor.* All are hens.

*Mop.* O admirable!

Would you had brought me one! but whats the Fan?

*Cor.* A fan's a---wing of one side.

*Mop.* Delicate!

And what's their Feather?

*Cor.* Like the cople crown

The Lap-wing has.

*Mop.* The Lap wing? then they'l---ly.

*Co.* With men they will.

*Mop.* Delicious Lady-birds!

But have they such brave traines, such curious tails  
As our birds have?

*Co.* Like Peacocks, there's the head  
Of all their pride.

*Mop.* Nay, 'tis the taile, *Corymbus*,  
Surely these things you call the Lady-birds  
Are the true birds of Paradise!

*Enter Corymbus's carriages.*

*Cor.* Very right---

*Mop/sus*, I cannot stay, I must attend  
My carriage to the Temple: gentle *Mop/sus*  
Farewell.

*Exit.*

*Mop.* Farewell *Corymbus*! By my troth  
I never long'd for any thing in my life  
So much as Lady-birds, dainry Lady-birds!  
I would fetch one of them; but I dare not travell  
For feare J catch the wisdome. O sweet Lady-birds!

With

With cople  
And tails

Amy

Amyntas

It is the r

The hor

---Come

And spur

*Mop.* O

Amyntas

Fetch hi

*Vra.* Sve

Amyntas

A golde

I'll rob

*Mop.* F

Amyntas

Prepare

Amyntas

Amyntas

In the f

*Mop.* I

Amyntas

Row n

Chain

*Vra.* V

My de

Amyntas

Amyntas

With copple crowns, and wings but on one side!  
And tails like Peacocks! curious Lady-birds!

SCEN. 4.

*Amyntas, Urania, Amaryllis, manet Mopsus.*

*Amyntas.* That which I have not, may not, cannot have! --  
It is the moone! *Urania*, thou shalt weare  
The horned Goddess at thy beauteous eare.

---Come hither *Pegasus*, J will mount thy back,  
And spur thee to her orbe.

*Mop.* Oh good *Amyntas*!

*Amyntas.* --Why, art thou founderd *Pegasus*? *Amaryllis*,  
Fetch him a peck of provender.

*Fra.* Sweet *Amyntas*!

*Amyntas.* What saies my *Cytherea*? wouldst thou eat  
A golden Apple? if thou wilt, by *Venus*  
I'll rob th' *Hesperian Orchard*.

*Mop.* Ha ha he!

*Amyntas.* Ha? dost thou laugh old *Charon*? Sirrah sculler,  
Prepare thy boat!

*Ama.* For what? deare brother speak!

*Amyntas.* Art thou my sister *Helen*? were we hatch'd  
In the same eg-shell? -- Is your cock-boat ready?

*Mop.* It is, an't please your worship?

*Amyntas.* Very well  
Row me to hell! --- no faster? J will have thee  
Chain'd unto *Pluto's Gallies*.

*Fra.* Why to hell,  
My deare *Amyntas*?

*Amyntas.* Why? to borrow money!

*Ama.* Borrow there?

*Amyntas!*



*Amyntas*. I there! they say there be more Usurers there  
Then all the world besides--- see how the winds  
Rise! Puffe-- puffe *Boreas*! what a cloud comes yonder!  
Take heed of that wave *Charon*! ha? give me  
The Oars!--so so: the boat is overthrown,  
Now *Charon*s drown'd: but I will swim to shore--  
*Vra*. O *Ceres*, now behold him! can thy eyes  
Look on so sad an object, and not melt  
Them and thy heart to pity?

*Ama*. How this grieve  
Racks my tormented soule! but the neglect  
Of *Damon* more afflicts me: the whole Senate  
Of heaven decrees my ruine.

*Vra*. And mine too.  
Come *Amaryllis* lets weep both together,  
Conrending in our sorrowes!

*Ama*. Would to *Ceres*  
That J were dead!

*Vra*. And I had nere been born!

*Ama*. Then had not J been wretched!

*Vra*. Then *Amyntas*

Might have been happy.

*Mop*. Nay if you begin

Once to talk wisely, 'Tis above high time,

That I were gone: farewell *Bellerophon*!

I must goe seek my *Thestylis*; shee's not here. *Exit*

*Amy*. My armes are weary. --now J sink J sink!

Farewell *Vronis*!--

*Ama*. Alas what stragge distractions,

Tosse his distemperd braine!

*Vra*. Yet still his love to me

Lives constant.

*Amy*.

*Am.* *Stryx* I thank thee! That curld wave  
Hath toss'd me on the shore -- come *Syphis*,  
Rowle thy stone a while; me thinks this labour  
Doth look like Love! does it not so, *Tysiphone*?

*Am.* Mine is that restless toyle.

*Am.* I'th so, *Erynnis*?

You are an idle huswife, goe and spin  
At poore *Ixions* wheele!

*Vra.* *Amyntas.*

*Am.* Ha?

Am I known here?

*Vra.* *Amyntas*, deere *Amyntas*---

*Am.* Who calls *Amyntas*? beauteous *Proserpine*!

'Tis she, --- Faire Emperesse of th' *Elysian* shades,

Ceres bright daughter intercede for me,

To thy incens'd mother: prithe bid her

Leave talking riddles, wilt thou?

*Vra.* How shall J

Apply my selfe to his wild passions?

*Am.* Seeme to be

What he conceaves you.

*Am.* Queen of darknesse,

Thou supreme Lady of eternall night,

Grant my petitions: wilt thou beg of *Ceres*

That J may have *Urania*?

*Vra.* 'Tis my prayer,

And shall be ever, I will promise thee

She shall have none but him.

*Am.* Thanks *Proserpine*!

*Vra.* Come sweet *Amyntas*, rest thy troubled head

Here in my lap: -- Now here J hold ar once

My sorrow and my comfort: Nay lye still.

*Am.* I will, but *Proserpine*---

*Vra.*

*Vra.* Nay, good *Amyntas*.--

*Amyntas.* Should *Pluto* chance to spy me, would not he  
Be jealous of me?

*Vra.* No,

*Amyntas.* *Tysiphone*,

Tell not *Vrania* of it, least she feare

I am in love with *Proserpine*: doe not Fury!

*Ama.* I will not.

*Vra.* Pray lye still!

*Amyntas.* You *Proserpine*,

There is in *Sicilie* the fairest Virgin

That ever blest the land, that ever breath'd,

Sweeter then *Zephyrus*: didst thou never hear

Of one *Vrania*?

*Vra.* Yes.

*Amyntas.* This poore *Vrania*

Loves an unfortunate shepheard, one that's mad, *Ty-*  
*siphone*,

Canst thou believe it? Elegant *Vrania*

(I cannot speak it without teares) still loves

*Amyntas*, the distracted mad *Amyntas*.

I't not a constant Nymph? -- But I will goe

And carry all *Elysium* on my back,

And that shall be her joynture.

*Vra.* Good *Amyntas*,

Rest here a while.--

*Amyntas.* Why weep you *Proserpine*?

*Vra.* Because *Vrania* weeps to see *Amyntas*

So restless and unquiet.

*Amyntas.* Does she so?

Then will I lie as calme as doth the Sea,

When all the windes are lockt in *Eolus* jayle:

I will not move a haire, nor let a herve

Or Pulse to beat, least I disturb her! Hush, —  
She sleeps!

*Vra.* And so doe you.

*Amy.* You talk too loud,  
You'll waken my *Vrania*.

*Vra.* If *Amyntas*,

Her deere *Amyntas* would but take his rest,  
*Vrania* could not want it.

*Amy.* Not so loud!

*Ama.* What a sad paire are we?

*Vra.* How miserable!

He that I love is not! —

*Ama.* And he that I

Doe love, loves not; or, if he love, not me.

*Vra.* I have undone *Amyntas*!

*Ama.* And my *Damon*

Has undone me.

*Vra.* My kindnesse ruin'd him.

*Ama.* But his unkindnesse, me; unhappy me!

*Vra.* More wretched I, for *Damon* has his reason,  
And he may love.

*Ama.* But does not: thy *Amyntas*  
Returns thee mutuall love.

*Vra.* True *Amaryllis*,

But he has lost his reason; mine has love,  
No reason.

*Ama.* Mine has reason, but no love.

O me!

*Vra.* My *Amaryllis*, how thy griefes

Meet full with mine to make the truest story

Of perfect sorrow that ere eye bedew'd

With teares of Pity!

*Ama.* Come *Vrania*:

Let's

Let's sit together like two marble monuments  
Of ever weeping misery.—

Enter Damon.

*Da.* Minds in love,  
Doe count their daies by minutes, measure houres  
By every sand that drops through the slow glasse,  
And for each vie a teare.

*Ama.* If so, my *Damon*,  
How many times hath thy unkindnesse ruin'd  
Sad *Amaryllis*? every frowne is mortall.

*Dam.* Ill luck, to seek my love and finde my hate!

*Ama.* Be not so cruell to me! Gentle *Damon*,

-- Accept this witnesse of my love, it is

The story of poore *Echo*, that for love

Of her *Narcissus* pin'd into a voice.

*Da.* Doe thou so too!

*Ama.* *Damon*, suppose I should,

And then the Gods for thy contempt of me

Should plague thee like *Narcissus*.

*Da.* *Amaryllis*,

They cannot doe it, I have fixt my love

So firme on my *Laurinda*, that for her

I e're shall hate my selfe.

*Ama.* --- Pristhee love accept it,

'Twas wrought by mine own hand.

*Da.* For that I hate it!

*Fra.* Fy Brother can you be of the same stock,

Issue, and bloud with me, and yet so cruell?

*Da.* Nor can I, sister, dote like you on any

That is the cursed bear of *Lalage*.

*Amy.* Saist thou so *Centaure*?

*Fra.* Good *Amyntas* hold,

This is the sacred valley: here 'tis death,

For to shed human blood.  
 Still idly you complain  
 To crosse me, *Amaryllis*, but in vain! Exit.  
*Ans.* O, J am sick to death!  
 What a brave show  
 The monsters braines would make!

SCEN. 5.

*Thestylis. Mopsus. Amyntas.*  
*Amaryllis. Urania.*

*Ans.* My grieffe o'reweights me!  
*The.* How fares my *Amaryllis*?  
*Ans.* Like a Taper  
 Almost burnt out: sometimes all a darknesse,  
 And now and then a flash or two of comfort,  
 But soone blown out again. Ah *Thestylis*,  
 I cannot long subsist; for thee rayne labour  
 Away! I hate thee cause my *Damon* does,  
 And for that reason too J hate my selfe,  
 And every thing but him!  
*Ura.* Come my sad partner,  
 Poore rivall of my sorrowes; Goe with me  
 Into the Temple; I'll intreat my Brother  
 To use thee kindly: if in me it lye,  
 I'll help thee.  
*Ans.* Doe *Urania*, or I dye. *Exeunt Urania, Amaryllis.*

*Amyntas. Thestylis. Mopsus.*

*The.* What a strange thing is Love?  
*Ans.* It is a madnesse;  
 See how it stares. -- Have at thee thou blind Archer!  
 -- O J have mist him! -- Now I'll stand thee Capd!  
 J  
 Look

Look how the rascall winks a one eye, *Thestylis*!  
Nay draw your arrow home boy! just i'th heart!  
--O I am slain!

*Thest.* *Amyntas*!

*Amy.* Dost not see?

My blood runs round about me, I lye soaking  
In a red Sea, take heed! see *Thestylis*,  
What a fine Crimson 'tis?

*Mop.* Where?

*Amy.* Here you puppet!

Dost thou not see it?

*Mop.* Yes I see it plain,  
But I spy nothing.

*Amy.* Then thou art a mole.

*Mop.* Now I look better on't, I see it plain;

Does it not hurt you?

*Amy.* Strangely! Have at thee.

How think you now?

*The.* Be quiet good *Amyntas*.

*Mop.* You'l fright away the birds else, & clean spoile  
My augury.

*Amynt.* Goe about it, I am quiet.

*Mop.* Now for some happy Omen!

*a Cuckoo cries.*

*Amy.* Ha, ha, he!

*Mop.* Why laughs the madman?

*Amy.* Who can choose but laugh?

The bird cried Horns!

*The.* What happinesse portends it,

Sweet *Mopus*?

*Mop.* Constancy in Love, my *Thestylis*,

This bird is alwaies in a note.

*The.* Most excellent!

*Mop.* Bird of the Spring I thank thee! *Mopus* thanks  
thee,

*Amy.*

*Amy.* This is a man of skill, an *Oedipus*,  
*Apollo*, Reverend *Phaëbus*, *Don of Delphos*.

*Mop.* What a brave man am I?

*Amy.* Thou canst resolve

By thy great Art all questions: What is that,

That which I have not, may not, cannot have?

*Mop.* That which you have not, may not, cannot have?

It is my skill, you cannot have my skill.

*Amy.* Where lies that skill?

*Mop.* Lies? here within this noddle.

*Amy.* Fetch me my woodknife I will cut it off,

And send it to *Prania* for a dowry.

*Mop.* No, no I am deceiv'd, it is not that.

*Amy.* You dolt, you ass, you cuckoe.

*Mop.* Good *Amyntas*.

SCEN. 6.

*Dorylas. Mopsus. Iocastus. Thestylis. Amyntas.*

*M.* Jit not a brave fight *Dorylas*? can the mortalls  
Caper so nimbly?

*Dor.* Verily they cannot!

*M.* Does not King *Oberon* beare a stately presence?

*Mab* is a beauteous Emperesse.

*Dor.* Yet you kis'd her

With admirable courtship.

*M.* I doe think

There will be of *Iocastus* brood in *Fairy*.

*Mop.* You Cuckold-maker, I will tell King *Oberon*

You lye with *Mab* his wife.

*M.* Doe not good brother,

And Jle wooe *Thestylis* for thee.

*Mop.*



*Mop.* Doe so then.

*Io.* Canst thou love *Mopsus*, mortal?

*The.* Why suppose

I can sir, what of that?

*Io.* Why then be wise,

And love him quickly!

*Mop.* Wise? then I'll have none of her, that's the way

To get wise children, 'troth and I had rather

They should be bastards.

*Amy.* No, the children may

Be like the Father.

*Io.* True distracted Mortall:

*Thestylis*, I say love him he's a fool.

*Dor.* But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter.

*The.* But what estate shall he assure upon me?

*Io.* A royall joynture all in *Fairy land*.

*Amy.* Such will I make *Francia*.

*Io.* *Dorylas* knowes it,

A curious Parke.

*Do.* Pal'd round about with Pick-teeth.

*Io.* Besides a house made all of mother of Pearle;

An Ivory Teniscourt.

*Dor.* A nut-meg Parlour.

*Io.* A Saphyre dary-roome.

*Dor.* A Ginger hall.

*Io.* Chambers of Agate,

*Dor.* Kitchens all of Christall.

*Amy.* O admirable! This is it for certain!

*Io.* The jacks are gold.

*Dor.* The spits are Spanish needles.

*Io.* Then there be walks.

*Dor.* Of Amber.

*Io.* Curious Orchards,

*Do,*

*Do.* That beare as well in winter as in summer.  
*In.* 'Bove all the fish-ponds! every pond is full,  
*Do.* Of Nectar, will this please you? every grove  
 Stor'd with delightfull birds.

*Mop.* But be there any  
 Lady-birds there.

*In.* Abundance.

*Mop.* And Cuckoos too  
 To preface constancy?

*Do.* Yes.

*The.* Nay then lets in  
 To scale the winings.

*Any.* There boy, so, ho, ho.

*Exeunt.*

*Do.* What pretty things are these both to be born  
 To Lands and Livings! we poore witty knaves,  
 Have no inheritance but Brains:---who's this?

*Enter Alexis.*

---One of my Mistress's beagles.

*Alc. Dorylas,*

I have had the bravest sport,

*Do.* In what, *Alexis*?

*Alc.* In hunting, *Dorylas*: a brace of Gray-hounds  
 cours'd a stag

With equall swiftnesse till the wearied deere,  
 Stood bay at both alike: the fearfull dogges  
 Durst neither fasten.

*Do.* So, and did not you

Compare the stag to my faire mistress? ha!

Pursued by you and *Damon*, caught by neither?

*Alc.* By *Cupid* ch' art i'th right.

*Do.* Alas poore whelps,

In troth I pity you! Why such a hunting

Have we had here: Two puppies of a litter,

*Mopsus* and wife *Iocastus* hunting folly  
With a full mouth.

*Alex.* I much wonder *Dorylas*,  
*Amyntas* can be sad, having such follies  
To provoke mirth.

*Do.* And to that end his sister  
Keeps them about him; but in vaine, his Melancholy  
Has took such deep impression.

Enter *Damon*.

*Da.* My *Alexis*!

Well met, I've been at your cottage, to seek you.

*Alex.* But I am ne're at home; Thou and *J. Damon*,  
Are absent from our selves.

*Do.* Excellent application!

To see the wit of love!

*Da.* Let us goe seek her,

To have a finall judgement.

*Alex.* That may end

One of our miseries, and the others life!

*Do.* O lamentable! who would be in love?

*Da.* Content.

# SCEN. 7.

*Laurinda, Dorylas, Alex & Damon.*

*Da.* Here comes my joy or death.

*Do.* O pittifull!

*Al.* My sweet affliction.

*Do.* Pittifully sweet!

Ne're feare your father, *Mistresse*, kisse secretly,

I'll be your *Mercury*, and charm a sleep

*Old Argus*.

*La.*

*Do.*

*Do.* But if he chance to spy  
You and your sweet-hearts here, I know not of it.

*Do.* You doe not!

*Do.* Nay you know if I had seen them,  
I should have told him.

*Do.* Y<sup>e</sup> are a trusty servant-  
*Do.* Poore Dorylas is blind, he sees not here.

*Damon,* no nor *Alexis*.

*Do.* No not he!

*Do.* Alack I am innocent: if the belly swell  
I did not fetch the poyson.

*Do.* No, be gone.

*Exit Dorylas.*

*Do.* *Laurinda* now for mercy sake give period  
To our long miserie's.

*Alex.* Now you are like cruell  
To both, and play the tyrant equally  
On him you hate as much as him you love,  
*Do.* Depriving one the comfort of his joy.

*Alex.* The other the sure remedy of his death.

*Do.* *Damon* you have a Love, faire *Amaryllis*,  
Content your selfe with her.

*Do.* I'll rather kilse

An *Erbiops* crisped lip: imbrace a Viper!  
Detoxicityt selfe to her is faire.

*Al.* *Damon*, thou hast thy answer,

*Do.* And *Alexis*,

There be in *Sicily* many Virgins more  
Worthy your choice: why did you plac't on me?  
Goe seek some other.

*Alex.* O those words to me  
Are Poyson.

*Do.* But to me an Antidote.

*Alex.*

Ale. Thus she gave life to me to tak'e away.

Da. And me she slew to raise me up again:  
You shall not slight us thus, what doe you think  
Of me?

Lau. Thou art the glory of the woods.

Ale. And what am I?

Lau. The pride of all the Plaines.

Ale. These your ambiguous terms have now too oft  
Deluded us,

Da. Shew by some signe which of us  
You have design'd for happinesse.

Lau. So I will.

*She takes Damon's Garland and weares it on her own  
head: and puts her own on Alexis.*

Damon, as I affect thee, so I vow

To weare this Garland that adorns thy brow:  
This wreath of flowers, *Alexis*, which was mine  
Because thou lov'st me truly, shall be thine.

This is plain dealings; let not *Cupid's* warres  
Drive your affections to uncivill jarres!

*Exit.*

Da. Now happy *Damon*, she thy Garland weares  
That holds thy heart chain'd in her golden hairet.

Alex. Most blessed J! this Garland once did twine  
About her head that now embraces mine.

Dam. Desist *Alexis*, for she deigns to have  
The Garland that was mine.

Alex. But me she gave  
That which was hers

Da. 'Tis more to take then give.

Alex. I think 'tis greater kindnesse to receive.

Da. By this your share's the lesse, you but receive.

Alex. And by your argument, yours you did but give.  
Love is the Garland.

Da.

*Da.* Then she did approve

Of my affection best, she tooke my love.

*Al.* Fond *Damon*, she accepted love from thee,

But what is more she gave her love to me;

In giving that to me, she proves my right.

*Da.* Why took she mine, but meaning to requite?

*Al.* J will dispute no more.

*Da.* Then let our speares

Plead for us,

*Al.* And determine of our feares.

Come *Damon*, by this argument let us prove,

Which 'tis of us *Laurinda* best doth love.

*Da.* Yet 'tis, *Alexis*, clean against our oath,

*Al.* True *Damon*, & perchance may ruin both!

*Da.* So neither shall enjoy her.

*Al.* Cruell breath!

Besides this is the *Sacred Vale*, 'tis death

To stain the hallowed grasse but with one drop

Of humane blood.

*Da.* So both should loose their hope.

*Al.* And which is more, 'tis against her commands.

*Da.* Whose every breath has power to stay our hands.

*Al.* Wee'll have her answer make a certain end.

*Da.* Till then, *Alexis*, let me be thy friend.

*Al.* Come *Damon*, lets together seek reliefe.

*Da.* 'Tis fit, being *Rivalls* both in love and griefe.

*Finis Actus secundi.*

ACTUS

## ACTUS 3. SCENA I.

*Damon, Alexis, Laurinda.*

*Dam.* **L**aurinda, by thy selfe, the sweetest oath  
That can be sworn,—

*Al.* By those faire eyes, whose light  
Comforts my soule.

*Dam.* Whose heat inflameth mine;

*Al.* Unlessie you deigne at length to end our strife,

*Da.* We both have vow'd to sacrifice our life,

*Al.* On one anothers speare,

*Lau.* What shall I doe?

I find an equall warre within my soule,

My selfe divided; now I would say *Damon*,

Another time *Alexis*, then again

*Damon*, and then *Alexis*: like a sheapheard

That sees on either hand a ravenous wolf,

One snatching from his ewe a tender lamb,

The other watching for a gentle Kid,

Knowes not poore soule which hand to turn to first.

Now he would save his Lamb; but seeing his Kid

Halfe in the jaw of death, turns back in hast

To rescue that, where viewing then his Lamb

In greater danger, runs to that again;

As doubtfull which to save as which to loose:

So fares it now with me. But love intrust me!

*Da.* Resolve.

*Al.* Or wee'l resolve.

*Lau.* No trick left yet?

*Enter Dorylas.*

*Dor.* If ever one was pepper'd look on me!

*Lau.* Why whats the matter?

*Do.*

*Do.* You talk of Love and *Cupid*,  
I have been plagu'd with a whole swarm of *Cupids*.

*Al.* What should this mean?

*Do.* I know not, but I am sure  
I have a thousand naturall rapiers  
Sick in my flesh.

*Do.* The meaning of the riddle?

*Al.* The morall?

*Do.* In plain terms I have been driving  
One of your swarms of Bees, gentle *Lauridos*;

*Lau.* The purest waxe give *Damon*: and good swain,  
The hony to *Alexis*: this is plain.

*Do.* Now will the hony and the wax fall together by  
th'eares.

*Do.* *Alexis*, this plain signe confirms her grant,  
She gave me wax to seale the covenant.

*Do.* Well argu'd for the wax, now for the hony.

*Al.* To me she gave the hony, that must be  
The sweetest, and the sweetest swearer she.

*Do.* The hony is the sweeter argument,

*Do.* But by the wax she saies that she from none  
But me will take true loves impression.

*Do.* The wax is very forward to the bargain;  
He would be sealing of her.

*Al.* But plain the hony speaks, no other guest  
But J, shall tast in her a lovers feast.

*Do.* Delicious reason! my mouth waters at it.

*Dam.* The wax must make the Taper that must light

The wedded paire to bed on *Hymen's* night:

Besides 'tis *Virgins* wax, by that you see

To me she destines her Virginity.

*Do.* Two excellent twin-arguments born at birth.

*Al.*



*Ale.* Andhony shewes a wedding; that must knead  
A cake for *Hymen* ere we goe to bed.

Take you the wax, the hony is for me;

There is no hony in the world but she.

*Dor.* His disputation still has some good relish in't,

*Da.* I see *Alexis*, all *Laurinda's* bees

Serve but to sting us both.

*Do.* Now, what's the matter?

The morall?

*Lau.* See what 'tis to live a maid!

Now two at once doe serve us and adore,

Shee that weds one, serves him, serv'd her before.

*Da.* *Alexis* come!

*Ale.* Come *Damon*!

*Da.* Cure my feare.

*Ale.* There's no help left but in a *Pelias* speare.

*Lau.* O stay your hands, for by my maiden-head—

*Dor.* Happy the man shall quit her of that oath.

*Ale.* Most happy *Dorylas*!

*Da.* I knew that before!

*Lau.* I have protested never to disclose

Which 'tis that best I love: But the first Nymph,

As soone as *Pitan* guilds the Eastern hills,

And chirping birds, the Saints-bell of the day,

Ring in our eares a warning to devotion,

That lucky damsell what so e're she be

Shall be the Goddette to appoint my love,

To say, *Laurinda* this shall be your choice:

And both shall sweare to stand on her award.

*Both.* By faire *Laurinda's* hand we sweare,

*Lau.* Till then

Be friends, and for this night it is my pleasure

You sleep like friendly *Ravalls* arme in arme.

*Both.*

Both. Thanks to the faire *Laurinda*.

Alc. Come *Damon*, you this night with me shall rest.

Do. Wert thou but my *Laurinda* I were blest.

Exeunt *Damon*, *Alexis*.

Do. Mistresse, if they should dreame now, ---

Lau. And they should?

SCEN. 2.

*Amaryllis*, *Vrania*, *Dorylas*, *Laurinda*.

Vra. Sweet *Amaryllis*!

Ama. Stay me not *Vrania*.

Do. More *Cupids*, more bees, more stinging yet!

Ama. Dishevel'd haire, poore ornament of the head

I'll teare you from my crown! what dost thou here?

Weak chains! my pride presum'd you had a powre

To fetter *Heroes*! and in amorous Gives

Lead any sheapheard captive!

Vra. *Amaryllis*.

Ama. But *Damon* breakes thee like a spiders loome!

And thou poore face that wer't so oft beli'de

For faire and beauteous, by my flattering glasse;

I'll teare those crimson roses from my cheeks,

That but my selfe ne're yet enchanted any.

My will is fixe!

Lau. Where goe you, *Amaryllis*?

Ama. Since *Damon* hates my life I'll goe and see

If I can please him in my death: if hee'll but deigne

To kisse me, and accept my latest breath,

I shall salute the Gods a happy soule.

— This dart I'll give him; and upon my knees

Beg till I have obtain'd to dye by him:

Death

Death from that hand is welcome.

*Lau.* I will shew you

A way most probable to redeem his love.

*Ama.* I shall wrong you, *Laurinda*. No enjoy him,

The treasure of the Earth : my latest words

Shall be prayers for you : mild *Prania*,

Sister in blood to *Damon*, not in affection,

Nymph take this whistle, 'twas a *Tritons* once,

With which I call my Lamb-kins when they stray,

'Tis *Amarillis* last bequeathment to you.

*Vra.* Live happy sheapheardesse and weare it still,

*Ama.* *Laurinda*, my great legacy is yours,

Gentle-ungentle *Damon*.

*Lau.* I re-bequeath him to my *Amaryllis* :

Come therefore amorous maid, be rul'd by me;

This night wee'l sleep together.

*Do.* And she too

Should dream of *Damon*...

*Lau.* *Dorylas*, goe to *Thestylis*

T'excuse her this nights absence, *Amaryllis*,

Wenchés are nere so witty as a bed,

And two together make a statesmans head.

----- Be gon to *Thestylis*.

*Do.* So I am sure

Still *Cupid* factor : well ere long I see

There will be many an heire the more for me.

*Vra.* My *Bellamore* y'are under good protection;

The Temple gates will close unlesse I haue.

*Lau.* *Prania*, a happy night unto you.

*Vra.* The like to her that pitties the distressed *Amaryllis*.

Exeunt *Lau.* *Ama.* *Prania*.

*Do.* So so, this hony with the very thought

Has made my mouth so liquorish that I must

Have

Have something to appease the appetite.  
Have at *Iocastus Orchard*! dainty Apples,  
How lovely they look! Why these are *Dorylas*  
sweet-hearts.

Now must J be the Princely *Oberon*,  
And in a royall humour with the rest  
Of royall *Fairies* attendant goe in state  
To rob an Orchard; J have hid my robes  
On purpose in a hollow tree. Heaven bleſſe me!

*Claius. Dorylas.*

What Puck, what Goblins this?

*Cl.* Thrice Sacred Valley,

J kiſſe thy hallowed Earth!

*Do.* Another lover,

Enamour'd of the Ground.

*Cl.* Faine would I ſpeak

And aſke for *Amaryllis*: but my feare

Will not permit me.

*Do.* S'lid; J think he takes me

For *Oberon* already.

*Cl.* Yough, can you tell me

How J may ſpeak to night with *Amaryllis*?

*Do.* Age, by no means to night: this night ſhe  
lodges

With faire *Laurinda*, old *Medorus* daughter.

*Cl.* Can you inſtruct me then how J may meet

*Amyntas*?

*Do.* Who the mad-man? Every evening

He walks abroad into the vally here

With *Theſſylis*. Farewell old walking Jiebuſh.

*Exit Do.*

*Claius ſolus.*

*Cl.* J ſee the ſmoake ſteame from the Cottage tops,  
The

The fearefull huswife rakes the embers up.  
 All hush to bed. Sure no man will disturb me.  
 O blessed vally! I the wretched *Claius*  
 Salute thy happy soyle, I that have liv'd  
 Pelted with angry curses in a place  
 As horrid as my griefs, the Lylibean mountaines,  
 These sixteen frozen winters, there have I  
 Been with rude out-lawes, living by such sinnes  
 As runne o'th' score with justice 'gainst my prayers and  
 wishes.

And when I would have tumbled down a rock,  
 Some secret power restrain'd me. There I lately heard  
 By a disconsolate Pilgrim that sought death,  
 That my *Amyntas* wits (ah me!) were marr'd.  
 'Twas not a time to think to save my selfe,  
 When my poore boy was lost. Lost said I? -- O *Phobus*,  
 If there be soveraigne power in juice of hearbs,  
 And that the teeming earth yield medicinall flowers  
 To cure all maladies, I have sought the skill,  
 No leaf, no root hath scap'd me: I may boast it,  
 I have been natures diligent Apothecary.  
 Be lucky my emplaister! I have temper'd  
 The surest Recipe the worlds garden yields;  
 'Twould put *Orestes* in his wits again.  
 I know I step upon my death: the Oracle  
 Desires my blood for sacrifice, and *Pilumnus*  
 For his old hate still seeks it: make long stay  
 I dare not, only I desire t'apply  
 My medicine and be gone. Who's this I spy?

SCEN.

---I doe  
 It is my f  
 T'obser  
 The. W  
 She woul  
 And pitt  
 Cl. So p  
 Amyn. I  
 Of a sin  
 Kingwo  
 Mop. I sh  
 Amyn. Is  
 Mop. Lo  
 Amyn. T  
 Mop. Ha  
 Amyn. I  
 Mop. S'l  
 The styl  
 I prethe  
 The. Th  
 Laugh  
 Amyn. M  
 Mop. Is  
 If ille ha  
 Amy. D  
 By Pau  
 Mop. O  
 Amyn. S

## SCEN. 3

*Thestylis. Amyntas. Mopsus.*

—I doe remember now that countenance;

It is my sister *Thestylis*, Ile stand close

To observe their actions.

*The.* Would to *Ceres*

She would be pleas'd at length to end her anger,

And pitty poore *Amyntas*!

*Cl.* So pray I.

*Amyntas.* I have the bravest spanniell in the world,

Of a snup sent and quick: so ho ho! so ho ho!

*Ringwood, Towler, Whitefoot*, so ho ho! so ho ho!

*Mop.* I shall be a whole kennell of dogs anon.

*Amyntas.* *Iuno, Vulcan, Venus*! so ho ho! so ho ho!

*Mop.* Lord what a heavenly puppy he makes me now?

*Amyntas.* There *Lady* there!

*Mop.* Ha? be there *Lady*-dogs as well as *Lady*-birds too!

*Amyntas.* *Beauty, Beauty.*

*Mop.* S'lid I was never call'd that name before:

*Thestylis, Amyntas* calls me *Beauty*,

I prethee come kisse me.

*The.* Thus I spend my life

Laughing amidst my teares,

*Amyntas.* Now *Vertue Vertue*!

*Mop.* Is that a dogs name too? would I were hang'd

If Ile have any of it for that trick.

*Amyntas.* Dost thou not sent it yet? Close, close you rogue!

By *Pan* the curre hunts counter.

*Mop.* Oh good master! Bow wow, bow wow wow—

*Amyntas.* So now he has't again.

K

What

'What at a fault you mungrell? will you never  
Start me this Oracle?

*Mop.* Start an Oracle?

As if an Oracle were a hare?

*Amy.* So 'tis,

And skuds avay so swift we cannot take it.

Start me this Oracle.

*Mop.* Start it who's will for me,

For I'll not start it.

*Amy.* Then unkennell it.

*Mop.* Unkennell it?

*Amy.* I, 'tis a Foxe, a Foxe,

A cunning crafty rogue: no body knowes

Which way to find him, Ha? what sent is this?

Dost thou not smell?

*Mop.* What?

*Amy.* The meaning of the Oracle.

Unkennell it, or I will leashe thee.

*Mop.* Good sir,

I have no skill in starting or unkennelling,

But if you'll have me spring an Oracle,---

*Amy.* And wilt thou doe it? Spring me then this Oracle!

*Mop.* I that I will, my skill lies all in birds,

Whose flight J feare I have observ'd so long

That I am metamorphos'd to a spaniell.

*Amy.* Look how my Hawke of understanding scours

About the Partridge Oracle!---all luck!

'Tis a retreat again.

*Mop.* O shall I never

Rid me of this misfortune! (thanks good omen)

*Cras, cras* she saies, to morrow 'twill be better.

Black-bird J thank thee!

*Claim to them.*

*Th.*

The. Little thinks the wretched *Claius* now

How sad a life his poore *Amyntas* lives!

Cl. Too well unto his griefe. --- I'll goe unto him

And follow him in his humor; --- You have got

A dainty *Spanniell*, sir.

Amy. I think the world  
Cannot afford his equall.

Cl. What breed is he?

Amy. True *Spartan* I'll assure you.

Cl. Was the fire

Of the same Country?

Amy. No, as I remember

He was an Irish Grey-hound, but the damme

Came of *Aetons* brood.

Cl. As how I pray?

Amy. Why thus; *Melampus* was the fire of *Lelaps*,

*Lelaps* to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to *Ichnobates*,

*Ichnobates* to *Pamphagus*, and *Pamphagus*

To *Dorceus*, he to *Labros*, that was fire

To *Oresitrophus*, *Oresitrophus*

To fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas*

To swift *Nebrophonos*, *Nebrophonos*

To the quick nor'd *Aethus*, he to *Dromas*,

*Dromas* to *Tigris*, *Tigris* to *Orybasus*,

*Orybasus* to *Pterelas*, he to *Nape*,

The damme of *Mopsus*.

Mop. So then *Orybasus*

Was my great grand-father. Though I be a Dog,

I come of a good house. My Ancestors

Were all of Noble names past understanding.

What a brave man's my Master! where learn'd he

All this? Ne're stime now I could find in my heart

To leave my *Aegy* and study *Heraldry*;



A man I think may learn't as well as t'other,  
 Yet never feare of growing too wise upon't.  
 And then will I record the pedigree  
 Of all the dogs i'th' world. O that I had  
 The Arms of all our house byth' Mothers side!  
*Cl.* Sir I have braver things in a Basket for you.  
 Give me your Dog, and you shall have 'em all.  
*Amy.* Take him,

*Mop.* O heaven! and shall I change my master,  
 One mad man for another?

*Amy.* Curre be quiet,  
 I have said it, and my will shall be a law.

*Mop.* O good fir, for *Melampus* sake, & *Dorceus*  
*Lelaps*, *Ichnobates*, *Lagon*, *Melanchetes*,  
*Labros*, *Nebrophonos*, *Oreftrophus*,  
*Tigris*, *Orybatus*, *Theridamas*,  
*Aellus*, *Dromas*, *Nape*, and the rest  
 Of all my Noble Ancestors deceas'd,  
 Be mercifull unto me! Pity pity  
 The only hope of all our family.  
*Cl.* Sir, can he fetch and carry?

*Amy.* You shall see him.  
 Fetch firrah: --- there: --- the curre is run away,  
 Help me to catch my dog: you'l bring you mungrell?  
*Mop.* Yes much! the birds will not advise me to it.

*Exit.*

*The. Sylvan*, why gaze you on us? would you frolike  
 With poore *Amyntas*'s madnesse? 'twould ill besseem you  
 To make our griefe your pastime.

*Cl.* Not I by heaven!

My joyes are counterfeit, my sorrowes reall;  
 (I cannot hold from weeping) ah you know not  
 What griefe lyes here within, (teares you'l betray me!)

*Give*

Give me my eye full of this noble sheapheard!  
Who hath not heard how he hath chac'd the boare?  
And how his speare hath torne the panch of wolves,  
On th' bark of every tree his name's ingraven,  
Now Planet struck, and all that vertue vanish'd.  
*The.* Thy looks are fierce, thy words bespeak thee  
Gentle.

*Amy.* Why wept he *Thestylis*?

*The.* I did not mark him.

*Amy.* It was a mote in's eyes: He kisse it out;  
He curle thy shakl'd locks, and crispe thy haire  
Like the streight-growing Cipresse. Come lets put  
Our heads together. Thou art more then mortall,  
And shalt expound to *Ceres* what she askes.

It is a gallant *Sylvan*, *Thestylis*.

*Cl.* I am not skild in riddles, no interpreter  
Of Divinations, but dare contend  
With any Empeirick to doe a cure,  
Whether the body or the mind be sick,  
That is my study, I but crave the leave  
To try the power of art upon this sheapheard.

If *Esculapius* be propitious to him,  
After the dew of one nights softer slumbers,  
Idare be bold to say he shall recover.

*Amy.* My dog again? dost read it in the stars?  
What a strange man is this?

*Cl.* Thy wits *Amynthas*,

I mean; O cast thy arms in my embraces,  
Speak carefull Nymph how came he thus distracted?

*Amy.* I doe you mean? with a very-very-very mad  
trick.--

By making verses.

*Cl.* Rest rest deluded fancy!

*The.* There was a time (alas that e're it was!)

When my poore sheapheard fell in love,

*Cl.* With whom?

*The.* The starre of beauty, *Pilumau's* much admir'd  
*Orania*.

*Cl.* O the crosse darts of fate!

*The.* She sweet Nymph inlodged

The casket of his love in her own bosome,

But *Ceres* set a Dowry. Out alas!

Would she had ask'd our flocks, our kids, our groves,

Would she had bid us quench the flames of *Orania*

In *Arethusa's* streames, it had been easy,

We fight with words and cannot conquer them;

This her Imperious *Omphale* ask'd, and Thunder'd

*That which thou hast not, mayst not. canst not have*

*Amyntas, is the Dowry that I crave.*

To find out her commands, he lost himselfe,

*Cl.* Your storie's pittifull. 'Tis my profession

To wander through the Earth, and in my Travell,

I am inquisitive after the sick to heale 'em;

Their cure and kind acceptance is my pay.

You will not feare to lodge me for a night?

*The.* We have but homely hospitality.

*Amy.* I'll feast thee with some Venison, brave *Montano*.

*Cl.* Thy restitution is my feast *Amyntas*,

Your curds and chestnuts and your country fare

Is bounteous for so mean a guest as I:

But send for that *Orania* her sweet voice

Must sing a Lullaby to drowne his senses,

And charm lost sleep upon his troubled phancy.

And 'fore the gray-cy'd morn doe peep, be confident

I'll put the musique of his brains in tune,

*Col.* You'll call *Orania*.

*The.*

*The.* Doubt not sir, I will.

Or send my servant *Mycon* by the *Vale*.

*Amy.* Come *Sylvan*, if the dogs doe bark J'll braine  
'em;

Wee'l sleep to night together, and to morrow,

*Cl.* Will end J hope thy madnesse, not my sorrow.

*Amy.* Wee'l goe a hunting, so ho ho! so ho ho! *Exeunt.*

*Mopsus from the Orchard.*

*Mop.* Are the mad dogs gone yet?

A little more would have perswaded me

Into a spaniell, and I may be one,

For any thing I know: yet sure J am not

Because methinks I speak; but in this speaking

Should be but barking now? If J be a dog

Heaven send me a better Master then the former,

*Ceres* defend me, what strange *Elves* are there!

SCEN. 4.

*Dorilas with a Bevy of Fairies.*

*Dor.* How like you now my Grace? is not my coun-  
tenance

Royall and full of Majesty? Walk not

Like the young Prince of *Pigmes*? Ha? my knaves,

Wee'l fill our pockets. Look look yonder, *Elves*,

Would not yon Apples tempt a better conscience

Then any we have to rob an Orchard? ha!

*Fairies*, like Nymphs with childe, must have the things

They long for. You sing here a *Fairy* catch

In that strange tongue I taught you: while our selfe

Doe climbe the Trees. Thus Princely *Oberon*

Ascends his throne of State.

Nos Beata Fauni Proles,  
 Elves Quibus non est magna moles,  
 Quamvis Lupam incolamus,  
 Hortos saepe frequentamus.

Furto cuncta magis bella,  
 Furto Dulcior Puella.

Furto omnia decora.

Furto poma dulciora.

Cum mortales lecto jacent,

Nobis poma noctu placent.

Illa tamen sunt ingrata,

Nisi furto sint parata.

Iocastus Bromius.

Io. What divine noyse fraught with immortall  
 Harmony

Salutes mine care?

Bro. Why this immortall Harmony

Rather salutes your Orchard: these young Rascalls,

These pefeod-shalers doe soe cheat my Master:

We cannot have an apple in the Orchard,

But streight some Fairy longs for't: well if J

Might have my will, a whip again should jerk h'em,

Into their old mortality:

Jo. Dar'it thou screech-owle

With thy rude croaking interrupt their musique;

Whose melody hath made the spheres to lay

Their heavenly lutes aside, only to listen

To their more charming notes?

Bro. Say what you will,

I say a cudgell now were excellent Musique.

Okms

*Oberon descende citus,  
Elves Ne cogaris hinc inuitus.  
Canes audio latrantes,  
Et mortales vigilantes.*

*Io. Prince Oberon? I heard his Graces name,  
Bro. O ho: I spy his Grace! Most noble Prince  
Come down, or I will pelt your Grace with stones,  
That I believe your Grace was ne're so pelted  
Since twas a Grace.*

*Do. Bold mortall, hold thy hand.  
Bro. Immortall Thiefe come down, or I will fetch your  
Me thinks it should impaire his Graces honour  
To steale poore mortals Apples. Now have at you!  
Do. Iocastus, we are Oberon, and we thought  
That one so neare to us as you in favour,  
Would not have suffered this prophane rude groome  
Thus to impaire our royalty.*

*Io. Gracious Prince,  
The fellow is a foole, and not yet purged  
From his mortality.*

*Do. Did we out of love  
And our intire affection, of all Orchards  
Chooſe yours to make it happy by our dances,  
Light ayry measures, and fantastique rings!  
And you ingratefull mortall thus requits us.  
All for one Apple!*

*Io. Villaine th'ast undone me;  
His Grace is much incens'd.  
Do You know, Iocastus,  
Our Grace have Orchards of our owne more precious  
Then mortals can have any: And we sent you  
A Present of them t'other day.*

**Io.** 'Tis right,  
Your Graces humble servant must acknowledge it.  
**Bro.** Some of his own I am sure.

**Do.** I must confesse  
Their out-side look'd something like yours indeed;  
But then the tast more relish'd of Eternity,  
The same with *Nestor*.

**Io.** Your good Grace is welcome  
To any thing I have: Nay, Gentlemen  
Pray doe not you spare neither.

**Elue.** *Ti-ti-ta-te.*

**Io.** What say these mighty Peeres, great *Oberon*?

**Do.** They cannot speak this language, but in ours  
They thank you, and they say they will have none.

**Elves.** *Ti-ti-ta-ti-Ti-ta-ti.*

**Io.** What say they now?

**Do.** They doe request you now  
To grant them leave to dance a Fairy ring  
About your servant, and for his offence  
Pinch him: doe you the while command the *Traitour*  
Not dare to stirre, not once presume to mutter.

**Io.** *Traitour*, for so Prince *Oberon* deignes to call thee,  
Stirre not, nor mutter.

**Bro.** To be thus abus'd!

**Io.** Ha? mutter'st thou?

**Bro.** I have deserved better.

**Io.** Still mutter'st thou?

**Bro.** I see I must endure it.

**Io.** Yet mutter'st thou? Now Noble Lords begin  
When it shall please your honours.

**Do.** *Ti-ti-ta-te.*

Our noble friend permits, *Ti-ti-ta-te*

Doe you not sit?

Is. How should I say I doe?  
Do. *Ti ti ta tie.*

Is. *Ti ti ta tie* my Noble Lords,

*Quoniam per te violantur  
Elves Vngues hic experiamur.  
Statim dices tibi datam  
Curem valde variatam.*

*They dance.*

Is. *Ti ti ta tie* to your Lordships for this excellent musick.  
Bro. This 'tis to have a cexcombe to on's master.

Is. Still mutter'st thou?

*Exit Bromius.*

*Dorilas from the tree. Isaacus falls on his knees.*

Do. And rise up Sir *locastus*, our deare Knight.  
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,  
We call it a *melismant* Tingle-Tangle.  
(Indeed a sheep-bell stoln from's oven fat weather.) *aside.*  
The ensigne of his Knight-hood. Sir *locastus*,  
We call to mind we promis'd you long since  
The President of our Dances place; we are now  
Pleas'd to confirme it on you. give him there  
His Staffe of Dignity.

Is. Your Grace is pleas'd  
To honor your puor liegeman  
Do. Now be gone.

Is. Farewell unto your Grace and eke to you,  
*Ti ti ta tie* my Noble Lords farewell. *Exit.*

Dor. *Ti ti ta tie* my Noble foole farewell.  
Now, my Nobility and honoured Lords,  
Our Grace is pleas'd for to part stakes; here *locastus*  
These are your shares; these his, and these our Graces.

*Have*



Have we not gull'd him bravely! see you Rascalls,  
These are the fruits of witty knavery.

*Mopsus enters barking.*

*Dor.* Heaven shield Prince *Oberon*, and his honourd  
Lords!

We are betrayd,

*Mop.* Bow wow wow.

Nay nay since you have made a sheep of my Brother  
He be a dog to keep him.

*Do.* O good *Mopsus*!

*Mop.* Does not your Grace, most love and mighty

*Dorylas*,

Fear whipping now?

*Do.* Good *Mopsus* but conceale us,  
And I will promise by to morrow night  
To get thee *Thesylis*.

*Mop.* J will aske leave

Of the birds first. An owle? the bird of night; *(An owle*  
That plainly shewes that by to morrow night, *(Screakes.*  
He may perform his promise.

*Do.* And J will.

*Mop.* Why then J will conceale you, But your Grace  
Must think your Grace beholding to me.

*Do.* Well:

We due.

*Mop.* And thank the owle, she stood your friend,  
And for this time my witty Grace farewell.

*Do.* Nay be not so discourteous; Stay and take  
An Apple first: you *Locals* give him one,  
And you another, and our Grace a third.

*Mop.* Your Grace is liberall: But now I feare  
J am not he that must interpret th' Oracle.  
My brother will prevent me, to my griefe

I much suspect it, for this *Dorylas*  
A scarre-crow cozened him most shamefully,  
Which makes me feare hee's a more foole then I.

*Exit Mopsus.*

*Dor.* So, we are cleane got off: come Noble Peeres  
Of *Fairy*, come attend our Royall Grace,  
Let's goe and share our fruit with our *Queen Mab*,  
And th'other Dary-maids: where, of this theam  
We will discourse amidst our Cakes and Cream.

*Elves.* Cum tot poma babeamus,  
Triumphos leti jam canamus.  
Faunos ego credam ortos  
Tantum ut frequentius hortos.

I domum Oberon ad illas  
Que nos manent nunc ancillas.  
Quarum osculemur sinum,  
Inter poma, lac, & vinum.

*Finis Actus tertij.*

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

*Mopsus. Thestylis.*

*Mop.* I Would have you to know *Thestylis*, so I would,  
I am no dog, but mortall flesh and blood  
As you are.

*Thef.* O be patient gentle *Mopsus*.

*Mop.* S'lid fetch and carry!

*Thef.* Nay good sweet heart  
Be not angry.

*Mop.* Angry? why 'would anger

A dog indeed to be so us'd, a dog!  
 I would not use a dog so: bid a dog  
 That comes of a good house to fetch and carry!  
 Discourteous! let him get dogs of his own,  
 For I have got my neck out of the collar.  
 Let him unkennell's Oracles himselfe  
 For *Mopsus*, if I start or spring him one,  
 Ile dye the dogs death, and be hang'd mad foole!  
*Thef.* But *Mopsus*, you may now securely visit  
 Me and my house: *Amyntas*, heaven be prais'd,  
 Is now recover'd of his wits again.

*Mop.* How? and grown wise!

*Thef.* *Ceres* be prais'd as ever.

*Mop.* Shut up your doores then; *Cardus Benedictus*  
 Or Dragon water may doe good upon him.

*Thef.* What mean you *Mopsus*?

*Mop.* Mean I? what mean you

To invite me to your house when 'tis infected?

*Thef.* Infected?

*Mop.* I, *Amyntas* has the Wits;

And doe you think Ile keep him company?

Though, as I told you still, I am suspicious

*Iocastus* is the man that must----

*The.* Doe what?

*Mop.* It grieves me to think of it.

*The.* Out with't man.

*Mop.* That must enterpre; I have cause to think  
 (With sorrow be it spoken) he will prove

The verier foole, but let him; yet now my Augury

That never failes me, tells me certainly

That I shall have thee, *Thestylis*, yet ere night;

It was an owle,---

SCEN.

My late

SCEN. 2.

*Clatus. Amyntas.*

---And--- see see, *Thestylis*,  
Here comes the Ivy bush, Ile stand aside,  
For J am still most bodily afraid.

*Amy.* What Deity lives here? the soule of *Phobus*  
Breaths in this powerfull man: sure *Esculapius*

Revisits earth again; and in this shape  
Deales health amongst us! I before was nothing

But bruit and beast: O tell me by what reliques  
Of heavenly fire have you inspir'd me with

This better soule of reason / worthy sir,

If y're some God (as lesse I cannot deem you)

That pitying of my miseries, came down

From heaven to cure me, tell me, that I may

With sacrifice adore you.

*Map.* Adore him?

Are there such Ruffian Gods in heaven as he?

Such beggarly Deities?

*Amynt.* If you will concale it,

And I by ignorance omit to pay

Those sacred duties that I ought, be pleas'd

To pardon me.

*Map.* Heighday! well *Thestylis*,

You may be glad your house is not infected:

Hee's ten times madder now then *Esculapius*,

To deify this rude ill-favour'd *Sylvan*,

This fellow with the beard all over: *Thestylis*,

I dare not stay; unless my heeles maintain

My safety, I shall turn a dog again.

*Exit Map/ur.*

*Clatus.*

*Cl.* I am as you are, mortall; 'tis my skill  
In Physick, and experience in the rare  
Verrue of herbs, that wrought this miracle,  
No Divinity or power in me.

*Tbest.* Amyntas, when shall we requite this kindnesse?

*Amya.* Never, I would willingly  
Have sacrific'd unto him, but his modesty  
Will not permit it; though he will not suffer us  
To adore him as a God, yet we may pay  
A reverence to him as a father.

*Claius.* O those words doe touch the quick!

*Amya.* For if he be  
A father that begot this flesh, this clay,  
What's he to whom we owe our second birth  
Of soule and reason? Father, I must call you  
By that name, father.

*Claius.* Now the flood-gate's open, (aside)  
And the full streame of teares will issue out;  
Traitors you will betray me!

*Tbest.* Sir, why weep you?

*Claius.* To think of this man's father— O I lord him  
As dearly as my selfe (my words and all  
Break out suspicious!) has he not a daughter?  
As I remember well, he said her name was—

*Tbest.* Amaryllis.

*Cl.* Yes I had almost  
Forgot it, I would fain have seen her too.

*Tbest.* You cannot now, because to night she lodg'd  
With one *Laurinda*.

SCEN

*Amy*  
*Amy*  
*Was*  
*Full*  
*Fra.*  
*My h*  
*Hov*  
*Amy*  
*Here*  
*And*  
*Marb*  
*But r*  
*Shou*  
*Such*  
*Fra.*  
*Hov*  
*Cl. S*  
*If yo*  
*Fra. C*  
*cl. J*  
*Virgi*  
*No n*  
*Tog*  
*Ura.*  
*Prese*  
*Get f*  
*cl. I*  
*Not*

## SCEN. 3.

*Urania.*

*Amy.* O my *Prania*, welcome;  
*Amyntas* bids thee so, J that 'till now  
Was not *Amyntas*: come my joy, and meet me  
Full of our happinesse!

*Fra.* Grant *Ceres* now  
My hopes be faithfull to me: my *Amyntas*,  
How come your thoughts so settled?

*Amynt.* O *Prania*,  
Here, here he stands, to whom I owe my selfe,  
And thou owest me: we reverence in our Temples  
Marble, and brasse, whose Statues serve for nothing  
But to hang cobwebs on: oh! how much rather  
Should we adore this Deity, that bestowed  
Such happinesse upon us!

*Fra.* Would we knew  
How to deserve it.

*Cl.* So you may *Prania*,  
If you will grant me one request.

*Fra.* Command it.

*Cl.* I would intreat you presently to vow  
Virginity to *Ceres*, that *Amyntas*  
No more may toyle his brain in thinking what  
To give you for a Dowry.

*Ura.* Sir, I will  
Presently about it; He only first  
Get some unknown disguise.

*Cl.* I dare stay here  
No longer, for J must begon ere yet

The

The light betrayes me.

*Vra.* Happinesse attend you!

*Cl.* Remember it *Vrania*.

*Amyn.* Farewell father.

*Exeunt Vran. Amyot. Thest.*

*Claius solus.*

*Cl.* Thus like a bat, or owle I spend my age  
In night or darknesse, as asham'd of day,  
And fearefull of the light: the Sunne and I  
Dare never be acquainted. O guilt, guilt,  
Thou and thy daughter fear are punishments  
Perpetuall, every whistling of the wind  
Doth seem the noyse of apprehenders; shadowes  
Affright me more then men. Each step I tread  
Is danger. Life? why to live longer should we  
Not live at all: I heare a noyse: false timorousnesse  
Deceive me not, --- my eyes instruct me too,  
Heaven shield me. ---

SCEN. 4

*Alexis. Damon,*

Fain J would enquire of them  
For *Amaryllis*, but if one of these  
Be *Damon*, J am lost.

*Alex.* How early, *Damon*, doe lovers rise?

*Cl.* Tis he, J heare his name, good mole away. *Exit.*

*Dam.* No Larks so soon, *Alexis*,

*Alex.* He that of us shall have *Laurinda*, *Damon*,

Will not be up so soon: ha! would you *Damon*?

*Dam.* *Alexis*, no; but if J misse *Laurinda*,

My sleep shall be eternall.

*Alex.*

*Alc.* I much wonder the Sunne so soone can rise!

*Da.* Did he lay his head in faire *Laurinda's* lap,  
We should have but short dayes.

*Alc.* No summer, *Damon*

*Dam.* *There is to her is browne.*

*Alc.* And he doth rise

From her to gaze on faire *Laurinda's* eyes;

*Dam.* O now I long to meet our Arbitresse.

*Alc.* On whom depends our only happinesse.

*Dam.* It must be the first Virgin that we greet  
From *Ceres* Temple.

*Alc.* Yes, the first we meet.

*Dam.* I heare no noyse of any yet that move,

*Alc.* Devotion's not so early up as love.

*Dam.* See how *Aurora* blushes! we suppose  
Where *Tithon* lay to night.

*Alc.* That modest rose

He grafted there.

*Dam.* O heaven, 'tis all I seek;

To make that colour in *Laurinda's* cheek.

*Alc.* The Virgins now come from the Temple.

*Dam.* Appeale unto the first.

SCEN. 3.

*The Virgins passe over the stage with wax taddles  
In their hands, Amaryllis goes the first, but she is staid  
by Damon, as unknown to be Amaryllis, she being veild  
and having on her head the garland that Laurinda took  
from Damon.*

Chast beauteous Nymph,  
*Ceres* so grant your prayers, as you determine

*L. 2*

Justly



Iustly our cause!

*Ama.* Ceres has heard my prayers,  
For all my morning orisons beg'd no more  
Then one kind word from *Damon*.

*Dam.* *Amaryllis!*

*Alex.* That name breaths life and soule to poore *Alexis*.

*Ama.* The same;---why startle you? you have not met  
A poyson, *Damon*.

*Dam.* Yes, a thousand vipers  
Have stung my soule.

*Alex.* As many joyes crown mine  
With happinesse.

*Dam.* Would I had met this morning  
Infectious vapors nursing plagues, nor thee:  
No curse but that had power to ruin me!

*Alex.* No other blessing hath preserved me.

*Ama.* What should this mean, my *Damon*? how have I  
Displeas'd you, sweet? heaven knowes it is my prayer  
More then for heaven, to please you.

*Da.* O my torture!

Fly hence as farre as hell, and hide thy head  
Lower then darknesse; would thou had'st been acting  
Incest or murder, when thou cam'st to pray:  
Thou hadst in any thing sinn'd lesse then this:  
Unseasonable devotion!

*Ama.* Can it be  
A sin to pray for *Damon*?

*Dam.* Thou hadst blest me  
Hadst thou sate all this while in some dark cell  
Loading my head with curses.

*Ama.* Innoence

Let me not understand you.

*Da.* Ile not stand

To her awward, she is a partiall Judge,  
And will decree unjustly.

*Ama.* How, to *Damon*?  
To him she loves so dearly?

*Dam.* That's the reason;  
She does confesse, *Alexis*, that she loves me,  
That's argument enough against her.

*Ama.* *Ceres*, these obscure passions move me.

*Alex.* Ile instruct you,  
Take here the paper, pen and ink.

*Ama.* Why yet sir  
I know no more.

*Alex.* you are to passe your censure,  
Being the first Nymph that we have met this morning,  
Which of us two must haue the faire *Laurinda*.

Write your awward; our mutuall oaths doe bind us  
Not to deny't.

*Da.* 'Tis a meere plot contriv'd  
Betwixt this cursed Nymph, and you, *Alexis*.

*Alex.* *Damon* you wrong us both.

*Dam.* Where did you steale  
This Garland? it was mine.

*Ama.* For that I love it,  
Because it once was thine.

*Da.* for that I hate it,  
'Cause it is thine, had it been true to me,  
Me thinks as Toone as it had toucht thy head  
It should have withered.

*Ama.* So it would have done  
Had it not first toucht yours. *Laurinda* gave me  
This Garland, but nere told me of this accident.

*Da.* *Alexis*, you deale false, 'tis a conspiracy  
'Twixt you and her.

**Alex.** How can it? you know, *Damon*,  
I have not been one minute from your presence.

**Da.** You took your time while I was sleeping.

**Alex.** Neither,  
Nor I nor you could sleep one wink this night.

The expectation of this morning triall  
Did keep us both awake.

**Da.** I doe not know,  
But there is some trick in't, and Ile appeale

From her too partiall sentence.

**Alex.** Ile the while goe fetch *Laurinda*, she shall force  
you stand

Unto her triall. Exit.

**Ama.** *Damon*, thy harsh language is more then death  
Unto me.

**Da.** I doe charge you to reare the paper,  
And refuse to judge between us.

**Ama.** No, I am resolv'd so write what I determine.

**Da.** Now thou hast indeed a time wherein thou maist  
Revenge my scorn. Take it, but Ile prevent thee.

*he strikes her.*

**Ama.** Welcome death!  
From him all things are so. *Damon* fly hence.

Thou hast shed blood here in the *Sacred Valley*,  
Make hast away or thou art lost for ever.

**Dam.** Thy counsell's good, no matter whose the guilt.  
Exit *Damon*.

**Ama.** What was it he said last?—Thou hast indeed  
A time wherein thou maist revenge my scorn.

---With love, no otherwise; and there thou shalt not  
Prevent me, *Damon*. I will write—This ink

Deserves not to record the name of *Damon*,  
Tis black and ugly; thou thy selfe hast furnish'd me

With

With that of better colour. 'Tis my blood  
That's truly *Cupid's* inke: love ought to write  
Only with that;--- This paper is too coarse;  
O that I had my heart, to write it there!  
But so it is already. Would I had  
A parchment made of my own skin, in that  
To write the truth of my affection,  
A wonder to posterity!-- Hand make haste  
As my blood does, or I shall faint I feare  
Ere J have done my story.---

SCEN. 6.

*Enter Dorylas.*

*Der.* These milk-maids are the daintiest rogues, they  
kisse

As sweet as sillibubs, surely *Oberon*  
Lives a delicious life! Ha! who lies here?  
A Nymph? If 'twere but now in *Oberon's* power  
To steale away her maiden-head, as she sleeps:  
O 'twould be excellent sport, to see how she  
Would misse it when she wakes; what misery 'tis  
To be a boy; why could not my good father  
Have got me five yeares sooner? here had been  
A purchase: well, 'tis but five yeares longer  
And I shall hope to see a merrier world.  
No body neare too! Slid the very thought's  
Enough to make me man o' th' sudden, well  
Jle kisse her though,

*Ama.* Oh I faint.

*De.* She dreames;

Now shall I knowe all secrets: These same women

Are given so much to talk when they are awake  
That they prate sleeping too.

*Ama.* My blood congeales  
Within my quill, and I can write no more.

*Dor.* Love-letters? she was troubled yester night  
About inditeing, and she dreams on't now.  
Poore sleepy secretary!

*Ama.* I will fold it up  
And send it; who's that's here? my eyes  
Are dimme, ha, *Dorylas*!

*Dor.* Now she dreames she gives it me to carry;  
I halfe feare I use to carry letters in my sleep,  
Wearying my selfe all night, and that's the reason  
I am so loath to rise i' th' morning.

*Ama.* *Dorylas*, carry this letter for me.

*Dor.* I thought so,  
That's all that I can doe, carry their letters,  
Or runne of errands: well, come five yeares hence  
They may imploy me better. Unto whom is it?

*Ama.* Unto *Laurinda*, take it.

*Dor.* How, a red letter?

*Ama.* Say I wish all health to her and *Damon*;  
And being not able for to beare my griefs,  
I sought a remedy from mine own speare, and died.

*Dor.* How dead? Oh me,  
See how her blood hath stain'd the holy *Valley*!  
Well you have done me wrong to kill your selfe,  
Only to have me sacrifice'd on the Altar,  
I nere deserv'd it.

*Ama.* Feare not *Dorylas*.

*Dor.* Feare not, to dye so like a calfe? oh *Dorylas* oh—

*Ama.* Good *Dorylas* be gone, whilst yet thy breath  
Will give me leave to say it was not you.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* S  
*Ama.*  
How f  
Had a  
Been  
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Hath  
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Dye,

cl. b  
Can  
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Back  
My  
*Ama.*  
So c  
As

*Do.* See that you doe, and so farewel. *Exit.*

*Ama.* Farewell!

How fearfull death is unto them, whose life  
Had any sweetnesse in it! my daies have all  
Been so ore worn with sorrow, that this wound  
Is unto me rather a salve then sore,  
More physick then disease: whither my journey  
Shall lead me now; through what dark hideous place,  
Among what monsters; hags and snake-hair'd Furies,  
Am I to goe, I know not: but my life  
Hath been so spotlesse, chaste, and innocent,  
My death so undeserv'd, I have no reason  
(If there be Gods) but to expect the best;  
Yet what doth most torment me, is the thought  
How long 'twill be ere I again enjoy  
My *Damon's* presence: untill then, *Elysium*  
Will be no place of pleasure; and perchance  
When he comes thither too, he then may slight me  
As much as now. — That very feare doth make thee  
Dye, wretched *Amaryllis*!

SCEN. 7.

*Enter Claius.*

*Cl.* How no feare  
Can make me loose the father! Death or danger  
Threat what you can, I have no heart to goe  
Back to the mountains, 'till my eyes have seen  
My *Amaryllis*.  
*Ama.* O was ever love  
So cross'd as mine was ever Nymph so wretched  
As *Amaryllis*!

Cl. Ha! I heard the sound  
Of Amaryllis; where's that blessed creature,  
That owes the name? are you the Virgin?

Ama. Yes,  
That fatal name is mine. I shall anon  
Be nothing but the name.

Cl. O speak, what hand,  
What barbarous Tigers issue, what cursed whelp  
Of Beares or Lyons, had the marble heart  
To wound so sweet a Nymph?

Ama. O sir, my blood  
Calls none but fortune guilty. I by chance  
Stumbled on mine own dart, and hurt myself.

Cl. Then I have herbs to cure it; heaven I thank thee  
That didst instruct me hither! Still the blood  
Flows like a scarlet torrent; whose quick stream  
Will not be checkt: speak Amaryllis, quickly,  
What hand this sinne hath stain'd, upon whose soule  
This blood writes murder; till you see the man  
Before your eyes, that gave the hurt, all hope  
In Physick is despair'd; --- She will not speak,  
And now the cure growes to the last. Yet here

I have a Recipe will revive her spirits,  
And 'till the last drop of her blood be clean  
Exhausted from those azure veins, preserve her; and rub  
But then shee's lost for ever! Then O Ceres, *Applies a medicine*  
If there be any in these groves, meane, Virgin,  
Beast, bird, or trees, or any thing detesting  
This horrid fact, reveale it! Sacred grasse  
Whose hallowed green this bloody deed hath stain'd,  
Aske nature for a tongue to name the murderer  
He to the Temple; --- If this place containe  
Any Divinity, Piety, or Religion,

If there  
Ompha  
Who di  
That d  
Asham

Pi. W  
Disturb  
Ger. Se  
A Virg  
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Behin  
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Ama.  
D

If there be any God at home, or Priest,  
 Ompha, or Oracle, Shrine, or Altar, I speak  
 Who did it: who is guilty of this sinne,  
 That dyes the earth with blood, and makes the heavens  
 Asham'd to stand a witness?

## SCEN. 3.

*Enter Pilumnus. Corymbus.*

*Pi.* What sad voyce  
 Disturbs our pious Orgyes?

*Cor. Sec, Pilumnus,*  
 A Virgin all in gore.

*Pi. Ceres defend us;*  
 The Sacred Vally is prophan'd.

*Cor.* The place  
 So deare to *Ceres*, all defil'd with blood,

*Pi.* By *Ceres*, and her holy *Ompha*, he  
 That did it, with his blood shall satisfy

The Goddess's anger; who by blood offends  
 By his own sacrific'd, must make amends,

*Cl.* I durst presume upon the power of Art,  
 Did I but know the murderer.

*Pilum.* Howsoever  
 Tis death to him that did it.

*Cor.* Speak his name  
 Faire Virgin.

*Ana.* O—If it be death to him  
 That did it, I have not the power to live  
 Behind him.

*Cor.* Why, who was it then?

*Ana.* My selfe,

*And*



And therefore in my death your law is satisfied,  
The blood and aſe both mine.

*Cl.* It is not ſo,  
For had it been by her own hand, my ſkill  
Could have preſerv'd her life.

*Ama.* Jc was my ſelfe,

Or one as deare,

*Cl.* Who's that?

*Ama.* Ile rather dye

Then name him, though it be a name I uſe

Oft to repeat, and every repetition

Is a new ſoule unto me: 'tis a name

I have taught the birds to caroll, every

Laurell and Cedar beares it regiſtred

Upon his tender barke; it is a name

In which is all the life I yet have left,

A name I long to ſpeak: yet J had rather

Dye all the ſeverall ſorts of death twice over

Then ſpeak it once.

*Cl.* I charge thee by that duty

Thou ow'ſt to me, *Amaryllis*, that thou ow'ſt to me

Who gave thee life.

*Pil.* What ſhould this mean *Corymbus*?

*Cl.* And by the womb that bare thee, by the breſt

Of thy dead mother, *Lalage*.

*Cor.* This is ſtrange.

*Cl.* Conceale him not lin plain, I am thy father

Thy father, *Amaryllis*, that commands thee

By theſe gray haire to tell me. J am *Claius*.

*Pilum.* How, *Claius*! and ſo fortunately found?

*Claius.* I, glut your hate, *Pilumnus*; let your ſoul

That has ſo long thirſted to drink my blood,

Swill till my veins are empty; and carowſe

Deep in  
And vom  
Quaſt off  
Long lib  
Levels h  
Blaſted a  
Heaven e  
*Pilum.* B  
What un  
Rejoice  
Crown a  
The Dei  
Whoſe bl  
And kind  
In every  
*Cl.* I, d  
Let every  
Ring me  
Be amor  
Dance a  
To dye  
Here's on  
Another  
*Ama.* W  
That ne  
Since fir  
Into thi  
Was but  
Fatall r  
Ruin'd n  
O Tragi  
Nere bo  
To be,

Deep in my heart, will you grow drunk, and reele,  
 And vomit up the suffer, that your cruelty  
 Quast off with so much pleasure; I have stood  
 Long like a fatall oake, at which great Iove  
 Levels his thunder, all my boughes long since  
 Blasted and wither'd, now the trunk falls too,  
 Heaven end thy wrath in me!

*Pilum*. Blessed be *Ceres*!

What unexpected happinesse is here?  
 Reioice *sicilians* miserable lovers,  
 Crown all your browes with roses, and adore  
 The Deity that sent him; he is come  
 Whose blood must quench the fire of *Ceres* wrath,  
 And kindle more auspicious flames of love  
 In every brest.

*Cl.* I, doe, I feare not death.

Let every Virgins hand when I am slaine  
 Ring me a knell of Plaudite; let my Dirges  
 Be amorous Ditties, and instead of weeping  
 Dance at my funerall! 'Tis no grieffe for me  
 To dye to make my countrymen some sport.  
 Here's one in whom I only wish to live  
 Another age.

*Am.* What joy have I to live,  
 That nere liv'd yet the time that I have spent  
 Since first I wept, then, when I first had entrance  
 Into this world, this cold and sorrowfull world,  
 Was but a scene of sorrow, wretched I!  
 Fatall to both my parents! For my birth  
 Ruin'd my mother, and my death my father.  
 O Tragick life! J either should have been  
 Nere born, or nere have died, When I began  
 To be, my sinne began, why should it then

Out- live

Out-live me? for, though now I cease to be,  
That still continues: Eyes, flow forth a pace,  
And be asham'd to see my wound run blood  
Faster then you drop teares—

*Enter Damon.*

See here he comes  
His absence never untill now I wisht.

Da. My Conscience brings me back, the fear of guilt  
Goe slow and dull, 'tis hard to run away  
From that we beare about us!

Cl. The Murderer

Is in this place, the issue of her blood

Js stop't o'th' sudden. Cruell man 'tis thou

Hast done this bloody act, that will disgrace

The story of our nation, and imprint

So deep a blemish in the age we live in

For savage Barbarisme, that eternally

Shall nere weare out: *Pilumnus*, on my knees

I beg the justice of *Sithian* lawes

Against this monster.

Pi. Claim, 'tis your hate,

And old revenge instructs you to accuse

My sonnes; you would have fellowes in your death,

And to that purpose you pretend, I know not

What mysteries of art!

Cl. Speak *Amaryllis*

J'st not this wolfe?

Pilum. Say, Virgin, was it he?

Ama. O, I am angry with my blood for stopping!

This coward ebbe against my will betraies me;

The streant is turn'd, my eyes run faster now.

Pil. Can you accuse my sonne?

Ama. By *Ceres* no;

I have  
Look  
Or m  
As it  
Tis po  
To we  
Dwell  
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I have no heart to doe it: does that face  
 Look cruell? doe those eyes sparkle with hate,  
 Or malice? Tell me, Father, looks that brow  
 As if it could but frown? Say, can you think  
 'Tis possible *Damon* should have the heart  
 To wound a Virgin? surely barbarous cruelty  
 Dwells not in such a breast: mercy, and mildnes,  
 Courtesy, love, and sweetnesse breath in him,  
 Not anger, wrath, or murder; *Damon* was not  
 Fed at a *Thracian* teat, *Venus* did send  
 Her Doves to nurse him, and can he be cruell?  
 Whence should he learn so much of barbarism  
 As thus to wrong a Virgin? if he wound me  
 'Tis only from his eyes, where loves blind God  
 Whets his pil'd arrows; He besides you know,  
 Had never cause to wrong me, for he knows  
 Alwaies I lov'd him: Father, doe not wrong  
 An innocent; his soule is white, and pure,  
 'Tis sinne to think there lyes a fiend in him;  
 Impiety to accuse him.

Cl. In his looks  
 He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange  
 And obstinate silence: shame, and his conscience  
 Will not permit him to deny it.

Am. 'Tis, alas,  
 His modest, bashfull nature, and pure innocence,  
 That makes him silent: think you that bright rose  
 That buds within his cheeks, was planted there  
 By guilt or shame? no, he has alwaies been  
 So unacquainted with all act of sinne,  
 That but to be suspected strikes him dumb  
 With wonder and amazement. For by *Ceres*  
 (I think my oath be lawfull) I my selfe

Out-live me? for, though now I cease to be,  
That still continues: Eyes, flow forth a pace,  
And be asham'd to see my wound run blood  
Faster then you drop teares---

*Enter Damon.*

See here he comes  
His absence never untill now I wisht.  
Da. My Conscience brings me back, the feet of guilt  
Goe slow and dull, 'tis hard to run away  
From that we beare about us!

Cl. The Murderer  
Is in this place, the issue of her blood  
Js stop't o'th' sudden. Cruell man 'tis thou  
Hast done this bloody act, that will disgrace  
The story of our nation, and imprint  
So deep a blemish in the age we live in  
For savage Barbarisme, that eternity  
Shall nere weare out. *Pilumnus*, on my knees  
I beg the justice of *Sicilian* lawes  
Against this monster.

Pi. *Claims*, 'tis your hate,  
And old revenge instructs you to accuse  
My sonne; you would have fellowes in your death,  
And to that purpose you pretend, I know not  
What mysteries of art!

Cl. Speak *Amaryllis*  
J'st not this wolfe?

Pilum. Say, Virgin, was it he?

Ama. O, I am angry with my blood for stopping!  
This coward ebbe aganist my will betraies me;  
The streamie is turn'd, my eyes run faster now.

Pil. Can you accuse my sonne?

Ama. By *Ceres* no;

I have no heart to doe it: does that face  
 Look cruell? doe those eyes sparkle with hate,  
 Or malice? Tell me, Father, looks that brow  
 As it it could but frown? Say, can you think  
 Tis possible *Damon* should have the heart  
 To wound a Virgin? surely barbarous cruelty  
 Dwells not in such a brest: mercy, and mildnes,  
 Courtely, love, and sweetnesse breath in him,  
 Not anger, wrath, or murder; *Damon* was not  
 Fed at a *Thracian* teat, *Venus* did send  
 Her Doves to nurse him, and can he be cruell?  
 Whence should he learn so much of barbarism  
 As thus to wrong a Virgin? if he wound me  
 Tis only from his eys, where loves blind God  
 Whets his pil'd arrows; He besides you know,  
 Had never cause to wrong me, for he knows  
 Alwaies I lov'd him: Father, doe not wrong  
 An innocent; his soule is whise, and pure,  
 Tis sinne to think there lives a sinne in him;  
 Impiety to accuse him.

Cl. In his looks  
 He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange  
 And obstinate silence: shame, and his conscience  
 Will not permit him to deny it.

Am. Tis, alas,  
 His modest, bashfull nature, and pure innocence,  
 That makes him silent: think you that bright rose  
 That buds within his cheeks, was planted there  
 By guilt or shame? no, he has alwaies been  
 So unacquainted with all act of sinne,  
 That but to be suspected strikes him dumb  
 With wonder and amazement. For by *Ceres*  
 (I think my oath be lawfull) I my selfe

Was cause of this.

*Cl.* Still I am confident

'Twas he.

*Pil.* It is your envy makes you so

## SCEN. 9.

*Alexis, Laurinda.*

*Lau.* ---- I will *Alexis*,

And so he must if oaths be any rye.

*Alex.* To lovers they are none, we break those bonds

As easily as threads of filke: A bracelet

Made of your maidens haire's a stronger chaine

Then twenty cob-web oaths, which while we break

*Venus* but laughs: it must be your perswasion

That works him to it.

*Lau.* *Damon*, you must stand

To what you promis'd, how shall I believe

Those other oaths you sweare, if you respect

This one no better: It was my device

To have her judge, was it not, *Amaryllis*?

How, all in blood!

*Cl.* Yes this unmercifull man

(If he be man that can doe such a crime)

Has wounded her.

*Ama.* Indeed it was not he.

*Pil.* You see her selfe frees him.

*Lau.* When last we left her

She was with *Damon*.

*Ama.* Pray believe her not,

She speaks it out of anger, I nere saw

*Damon* to day before.

*Alex.*

Alex. And when we left 'em  
He was incens'd.

Amar. You are no competent witness;  
You are his Rivall in Laurinda's love,  
And speak not truth but malice; 'tis a plot  
To ruin innocence.

Lau. O ungratefull man!

The woolfe that does devour the brest that nurs'd it  
Is not so bad as thou: here, here, this Letter  
Th' eternall Chronicle of affection,  
That ought with golden characters to be writ  
In Cupids Annals, will (false man) convince thee  
Of fowle ingratitude: you shall heare me read it.

The Letter.

Laurinda, you have put it unto me  
To choose a husband for you, I will be  
A Iudge impartiall, upright, iust, and true,  
Yet not so much unto my selfe as you.

Alex. Now I expect to heare my blessed doome.

Lau. Alexis well deserves, but Damon more;  
I wish you him I wish't my selfe before.

Alex. O, I am ruin'd in the height of hope.

How I ke the hearb Solstitiall is a lover,  
Now borne, now dead againe, he buds, sprouts forth,  
Flourishes, ripens, withers in a minute.

Lau. Take him, the best of men, that ever eye  
Beheld, and live with him for whom I dye.

Amaryllis.

Here look on't....

Dam. Writ with blood? O let me kisse  
My bill of accusation! here my name  
Looks like my soule, all crimlon, every line,  
Word, syllable, and letter, wears the livery

M

01



Of my unnaturall action. *Amarillis*  
 That name of all is black, which was alone  
 Worthy so pretious inke; as if disdaining  
 The character of cruelty, which the rest  
 Were cloath'd in: for as if that word alone  
 Did weare this mourning colour, to bewaile  
 The funerall of my vertue, that lies buried  
 Here in this living tombe, this moving sepulchre,  
*Lau.* Know murderer J hate thy bed, and thee,  
 Unkind, unthankfull villaine.

*Ama.* Nay, *Laurinda*,  
 You have bound your selfe to stand to my award;  
 The sentence now is past, and you must love him,  
 It cannot be revers'd; you are deceiv'd,  
 He is not guilty of this sinne, his love  
 To me, for mine, makes him against his conscience  
 Seem to confesse it, but believe him not.

*Lau.* Nor will I, he is all falshood, and ingratitude.  
*Da. Laurinda*, you may spare in this harsh language  
 To utter your dislike: had you a beautie  
 More then immortall, and a face whose glory  
 Far outshin'd Angels, J would make my choise  
 Here, and no where but here; her vertue now  
 Moves a more noble flame within my breast  
 Then ere your beauty did; I am enamour'd  
 More of her soule, then ever yet I doted  
 Upon your face: I doe confesse the fact;  
 Pardon me vertuous maid, for though the action  
 Be worthy death, the object most condemnes me.  
 Take me to death *Corymbus; Amaryllis*,  
 J goe to write my story of repentance  
 With the same inke, wherewith thou wrote before  
 The legend of thy love, farewell, farewell.

*Exeunt Corymb. Dan.*

*Pil. Laurinda, and Alexis, doe you call*  
*The Shepheards, and the Virgins of Sicilia*  
*To see him sacrific'd, whose death must make*  
*Their loves more fortunate; this day shall be*  
*Happy to all Sicilians, but to me.*  
*Yet come thou curst Claius, the sweet comfort*  
*Which J shall take when my revenge is done,*  
*Will something ease the sorrow for my sonne.*  
*Clai. Amaryllis, prethee call Amyntas to me,*  
*And Thesyllis: J faine would have mine eye*  
*Behold them once againe before J dye. Exit. Pil. Clai*  
*Ale. Come my Laurinda, through how many chances,*  
*Suspicious, errors, sorrowes, doubts, and feares*  
*Love leads us to our pleasures! many stormes*  
*Have we sail'd through my Sweet, but who could feare*  
*A tempest, that had hope to harbour here.*

*Ex. Alex. Lau.*

*Amaryllis sola.*

*Amar. All, all but the distressed Amaryllis*  
*Are happy, or lesse wretched, faire Laurinda*  
*Is ready for a wedding, old Pilumnus*  
*Hath lost a sonne, yet mitigates his grieve*  
*In Claius death, my father Claius dies,*  
*Yet joyes to have the tombe of his old enemy*  
*A partner of his sorrowes; my father looses*  
*Only himselfe; and Damon too no more;*  
*Amyntas but a father, only J*  
*Have lost all these; J have lost Claius, Damon,*  
*And my selfe too; a father with Amyntas,*  
*And all the rest in Damon, and which more*  
*Affects me, I am cause of all; Pilumnus*  
*Had nor else lost his sonne, nor had Amyntas*  
*Wept for a Father, nor poore Thesyllis*

*M s*

*Bewail'd*

Bewail'd a Brother; *Damon* might have liv'd,  
 And *Claius* but for me; all circumstances  
 Concurr to make my miseries complear,  
 And sorrowes perfect: for J lost my father  
 As soon as J had found him, and my *Damon*  
 As soon as I had found he lov'd me; thus  
 All I can find is losse; O too too wretched,  
 Distressed Virgin! when they both are dead  
 Visit their Ashes, and first weep an houre  
 On *Claius* Urne, then go, and spend another  
 At *Damon's*; thence againe go wter the tombe  
 Of thy dead father, and from thence return  
 Back to thy lovers grave; thus spend thy age  
 In sorrowes; and till death doe end thy cares  
 Betwixt these two equally share thy teares.

*Finis Actus quarti.*

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 1.

*Dorylas, and a Chorus of Swaines.*

*Dor.* **C**OME neighbours, let's goe see the Sacrifice  
 Must make you happy lovers: oh 'twill be  
 A fortunate season! Father *Coridon*,  
 You and old mother *Bauck* shall be friends.  
 The sheep-hook and the distaffe shall shake hands,  
 You lovely freeze-coats, nothing now but kissing,  
 Kissing and culling, culling and kissing, heighday,  
 In hope it will be one day so with me  
 I am content to live. Now let's ascend.

SCEN.

SCEN. 2

*Alexis. Laurinda. Medorus.*

*Alex.* Now my *Laurinda*, now, (O happy now!)  
All lets that stood between my joy and me  
Are gone and fled.

*Lau.* Long, O too long, *Alexis*,  
My doubtfull fancy wavered whom to love,  
*Damon*, or you; in both was happinesse,  
But double happinesse was my single misery;  
So far'd it once, *Alexis*, (for I well  
Remember it) with one of my poore ewes,  
Equally mov'd between two tufts of grasse,  
This tempting one way, that enticing t'other,  
Now she would this, then that, then this again,  
Untill poore foole (true embleme of her mistresse)  
Shee almost starv'd in choosling which to feed on;  
At last (so heaven pittied the innocent foole)  
A westernne gale nipt one, which being blasted  
She fed upon the other.

*Alex.* Pretty foole! lets now no more deferre our nup-  
tiall joyes.

*Medor.* How sweet a folly is this love! But rash youth,  
*Alexis*,

(As youth is rash) runs indiscreetly on,  
While mature judgement ripened by experience  
Stayes for loves season.

*Alex.* Season? why, can love  
Be ever out of season?

*Med.* Yes, *Alexis*,  
Nothing's borne ripe, all things at first are green.

*Alex. Lau.* And such shall our affection still be seen.

*Med.* You are too hasty reapers that doe call  
For Sickles in the spring.

*Alex.* Loves, harvest shall;

(Lovers you know) his harvest ought to be  
All the yeare long.

*Lau.* In *Cupids* husbandry,

Who reaps not in the spring, reaps not at all.

*Med.* Women indeed too soon begin their fall,

Yet till curst *Claius* dye, as now he must,

*Alexis*, and *Laurindo*, let my counsell.

Aswage the heat of youth; pray be perswaded  
A while for to defer your nupiall blisse;

'Tis but a while.

*Alex.* A while in lov's an age.

*Lau.* Maids in a while grow old.

*Med.* Temper loves fire.

*Alex.* 'Tis but cold love that's temperate in desire.

*Med.* Yet, loving paire, stay till a fairer gale;

He deserves shipwrack, ('tis the Marriners fault)

And justly too, that in a storme sets out.

*Lau.* J will suppress my flame, (ah still it glowes.)

*Alex.* And J, but how unwilling *Cupid* knowes!

*Med.* Tis well; now let's goe take our place, to see  
For our sad griefes a sadder remedy.

### SCEN. 3.

*Amyntas.* *Amaryllis.*

*Amar.* -- Yes, it was he: hee's in the temple brother,

A place wherein he doth deserve a shrine,

Yet is to him a prison; can you Gods

Suffer

Suffer the place that's reard unto your honours  
Be made so vile a thing?

*Amyn.* Pray give me entrance:

I am not mad, (and yet J would J were)

Am J not mad to wish so? Let me come

And see him, sure you had your selfe a father;

Did you not wish to see him ere he died?

If he be dead, wee'l only pray a while,

And weep; will teares pollute the hallowed Omphal?

For we must shed them, yes, we cannot choose;

Come sister, he will let us, for though *Lalage*

Was our sad mother, yet the Gods will let us

Weep for her: come, come *Amryllis*, come.

*Exit.*

SCEN. 4.

*Mopsus. Iocastus.*

*Iocast.* Brother, aread, what meanes his graces favour?

*Mop.* It signifies you beare the bell away,

From all his Graces Nobles.

*Io.* Divinely Augur'd!

For this I'll make thee Augur to his grace.

*Mop.* Belwether of Knighthood, you shall bind me to you,

*Io.* I'll have't, no more a sheep-bell; I am Knight

Of the *Mellifonant Tingleangle*.

*Mop.* Sure one of my progenystell me gracious brother,

Was this *Mellifonant Tingleangle* none

Of old *Ateons* hounds?

*Io.* Ignorant mortall!

Thou dost not understand the termes of honour.

*Mop.* How should J sit, my trees beare no such apples.

M 4

*Io.*

Io. As mine, th' Hesperian fruit are crabs to mine,  
Hence came the Knight-hood, hence.

Mop. The same whereof rings lowd,

Io. We know it.

Mop. Foure such Knight-hoods more  
Would make an excellent peale.

Io. I'll have 'em so.

Mop. But you must get a Squirrell too,

Io. For what?

Mop. To ring your Knight hoods,

Io. I'll have any thing,

His grace will not deny me, O sweet Orchard!

Mop. To see the fruit that came of such an Orchard!

Io. But shall we not see *Claius* sacrific'd?

Mop. Oh by all meanes.

Io. But how deserv'd he death?

Mop. No matter for deserving it or no;

Tis fit he suffer for example sake.

Io. And not offend?

Mop. Tis fit he should offend.

*They take their places.*

## SCEN.

*Pilumnus with a sacrificing knife, fire laid on the Altar, a Priest holding a Taper ready to kindle it, another Priest pouring water on Claius head, who was bound: Corymbus leading out Damon bound.*

Pil. Sicilians, Nature and religion

Are at contention in me: my sad soule

Divided 'twixt my Goddesse and my sonne,

Would in her strange distractions, either have me

Turne

Turne Parricide or Apostate: Awfull *Ceres*,  
 For whom J feed the fattest of my Lambs,  
 To whom J send the holiest of my prayers  
 Upon the smoaky wings of sweetest Myrrh,  
 Instruct thy doubtfull *Flamen*! As J cannot  
 Forget J am thy Priest; for sooner shall  
 Our Lambs forget to feed, our Swaines to sing,  
 Our Bees forget first, from the fruitfull Thyme  
 To call them bags of *Nectar*: every thing  
 Forget his nature, ere I can forget  
 J am thy Priest: Nor can J but remember  
 That *Damon* is my sonne, yet take him *Ceres*!  
 You need not powre water upon his head,  
 I'll doe it with my teares. *Ceres*, J hope  
 Thy anger will not bind the Fathers eye  
 To look into the Bowels of his sonne,  
 I'll therefore first spill on thy hallowed Altar  
 This Captives blood; and then retire my selfe  
 Not to be present at my *Damons* death,  
 Least nature might turne Rebelle to devotion.

## Song.

*Ceres*, to whom we owe that yet  
 We doe not *Masse* and *Alhorne* due:  
 That didst provide us better meat;  
 The purest flower of finest wheat.  
 This bloud we spill at thy desire,  
 To kindle, and to quench an ire.  
 O let it quench thy flame of fire,  
 And kindele mercies more entire.  
 O let this gutley blood atone  
 For every poore unlucky one,  
 Nymph, or Swaine, who ere doe grieve

Yadce



Under sad Loves imperious throne.  
 That Love a happier age may see  
 In thy long tortur'd Sicily:  
 That blood which must th' attonement be  
 Thus Goddesse, thus we pay to thee.

Amyntas. Amayllis.

Amyntas. Stay, stay that impious hand, whose hasty zeale  
 Thinks murder can appease the Goddesse wrath!  
 If it be murther must appease her wrath,  
 What is't can move her anger? Doe not then,  
 Doe not pollute her Altar, least it keep  
 The crimson staine of blood, and blush for ever,  
 At this too cruell, ignorant devotion.

Pil. Avoid the mad man.

Amyntas. Why Pilumnus, Why?

By the dread Ompha, spare this guilty blood,

And I'll expound the Oracle.

What fire his yet his blood or quench't or kindled?

Pil. Why it hath quencht the sadder flames of love,

And more auspicious fires begin to move.

Amyntas. Where? in what brest? No love in all Trinacria

But under Cupids scepter faints and groanes

More now then ever. Thy unfortunate Damon,

And more unfortunate Amayllis stand

A sad exemple. Thy Franis

(O sad sweet name!) may with her poore Amyntas

Witnesse his tyrannous reigne here in Sicily

Turtles grow jealous, Doves are turn'd unchast,

The very Pellicans of Trinacrian woods

Are found unnaturall, and thirst the blood

Of their young brood, (alas who can believe it?)

Whom

Whom they were wont to suckle with their own.  
 O wretched season! Bitter fruits of love!  
 The very Storks with us are Parricides,  
 Nay even the senselesse trees are sensible  
 Of this impetuous rage: the gentle Vine  
 (The happy embleme once of happier Lovers)  
 That with such amorous vines, and close embraces  
 Did cling about the loved-loving Elme,  
 With flacker branches now falls down and withers:  
 If then to adde more fuel to the flame,  
 To powre in oyle and sulphure be to quench it,  
 The flame is quench'd: Not are you he, *Pylumnus*,  
 That must expound the Oracle, 'tis a wit  
 Such as mine is, neglected, that must hit  
 The Goddesse meaning: you, the living Oracle  
 Of *Sicilie*, the breathing *Omphale* of the Kingdome  
 Will misconceive the Goddesse; you are wise  
 Skil'd in the vertues of all hearbs, and flowers,  
 What makes our Ewes can best, what keeps them sound;  
 Can tell us all the mysteries of heaven,  
 The number, height, and motion of the starres;  
 'Tis a mad braine, an intellect, you scorne  
 That must untie this riddle.

*Pil.* But I know  
 The wrath of *Ceres* cannot be appeas'd  
 But by the blood of *Claius*.

*Amya.* So it is.

*Pil.* How can that be? yet his accursed gore  
 Hath not imbru'd the Altar.

*Amya.* But his blood

Hath been already shed in *Amaryllis*:

She is his blood, so is *Praxia* yours,

And *Damon* is your blood; that is the blood

The

The Goddesse aimes at, that must still her ire,  
For her blood hath both quenched and kindled fire.

*Pil.* What hath it quenched or kindled?

*Amyntas.* Love, the fire

That must be quenched and kindled. *Damon's* love

To his *Laurinda* in that blood extinguish'd,

Is by that powerfull blood kindled anew

To *Amarillis*, now grown his desire.

Thus *Claius* blood hath quenched and kindled fire.

*All.* *Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.*

*Pil.* And is the fire of my *Damon* kindled

But to be quenched againe: *Ceres!* a frost

Dwell on thy Altars, ere my zeal renew

Religious fires to warme 'em.

*Amyntas.* Spare these blasphemies,

For *Damon* is acquitted and assoild

Of any trespasse.

*Hil.* How *Amyntas*? speak!

Thou that hast say'd a Father, save a sonne.

*Amyntas.* Thus, *Amaryllis* is the Sacrifice

The Goddesse aim'd at: and the blood of sacrifice

(As you all know) may lawfully be spilt

Even in the Holy vale, and so it was;

Besides your *Damon* is a Priest by birth,

And therefore by that title, he may spill

The sacrificed *Amaryllis* blood,

If this interpretation be not true,

Speak you *Sicilians*, I'll be judg'd by you.

*All.* *Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.*

*Pil.* *Amyntas*, thou hast now made full amends

For my *Philebus* death; *Claius* all envy,

Envie the viper of a venomous soule

Shall quit my brest: This is the man, *Sicilians*,

The man to whom you owe your liberties;  
 Goe Virgins, and with Roses strow his way,  
 Crowne him with violets, and lilly wreathes;  
 Cut off your golden tresses, and from them  
 Weave him a robe of love: *Damon*, pay here  
 The debt of duty that thou ow'st to me;  
 Hence was thy second birth.

*Da.* Or hither rather:

The Balsome of *Sicilia* flowed from hence,  
 Hence from this scarlet torrent, whose each drop  
 Might ransom *Cupid* were he captive tane.

*Amar.* How much owe I my *Damon*, whose blest hand  
 Made me the publique sacrifice! could I shed

As many drops of blood, even from the heart,

As *Arethusa* drops of water can,

I would out-vie her at the fullest tide,

That other Virgins loves might happy be,

And mine my *Damon* be as blest in thee.

*Clai.* O what a showre of joy falls from mine eyes!

The now too fortunate *Claius*! my *Amyntas*,

My *Amaryllis*, how shall I divide

My teares and joyes betwixt you!

*Pil.* Lovers come,

Come all with flowry chaplets on your browes,

And singing Hymnes to *Ceres*, walk a round

This happy village, to expresse our glee,

This day each yeare shall *Cupids* triumphs be.

*Amya.* Still my impossible Dowry for *Pranis*

Leaves me unfortunate in the mid'st of joy;

Yet out of piety I will here a while

(Though blest I am not 'till she be my Bride)

In publique joyes lay private griefes aside.

*Exeunt cum Choro cantantium.*

*Is.* And I'll goe fetch the youngsters of the towne,  
The mortall Fairies, and the lasses browne,  
To bring spic'd cakes, and ale, to dance and play;  
Quen *Mab* her selfe shall keep it holy-day. *Exit.*

*Mop.* Ah *Dorylas* that I could not have the wit  
To have been a mad man rather then a foole.  
I have lost the credit.

*Dor.* Tis no matter  
You shall have *Thestylis*.

*Mop.* Shall I, *Dorylas*,  
I had as live interpret her as Oracles,

*Dor.* And here she comes; give me your quaille pipe, *hark*  
you. *Exit.*

*Enter Thestylis.*

*Mop.* Now, *Thestylis*, thou shalt mine Oracle be,  
Henceforth I will interpret none but thee.

*Thest.* Why have the birds (my *Mopsus*) counsel'd for

*Mop.* They say I must, whether you will or no.

*Thest.* How know I that?

*Mop.* The birds doe speak it plain. *Dorylas with a*

*Hark, Thestylis*, the birds say so again. *quaille-pipe*

*Thest.* I understand them not.

*Mop.* Will you be judg'd

By th' next we meet?

*Thest.* *Mopsus*, I am content,

So you will stand unto it as well as I.

*Mop.* By *Ceres*, *Thestylis*, most willingly.

*Enter Dorylas.*

*Mop.* Ah *Dorylas*, heard you what the birds did say?

*Dor.* I, *Mopsus*, you are a happy man to day.

*Mop.* What said they boy?

*Dor.* As if you did not know.

*Mop.* But *Thestylis*,

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Why sure she understands it,

Have you to her this language never read?

*Mop.* No, *Dorylas*, I can teach her best in bed.

*Dor.* The Birds said twice: (as you full well doe know)

You must have *Thestylis* whether she will or no.

*Thef.* And am I caught? 'Tis no great matter though;

For this time *Mopsus* I will marry thee;

The next I wed, by *Pan*, shall wiser be!

*Mop.* And have I got thee? thanks my witty boy.

*Do.* Hark, *Thestylis*, the birds doe bid you joy.

*Thef.* For fooling *Mopsus*, now 'tis time give ore.

*Mop.* Mad man I may, but will be foole no more.

*Thef.* Mad after marriage as a foole before.

For he's a foole that weds, all wives being bad;

And shee's a foole makes not her husband mad.

SCEN. 6.

*Iocastus* with a *Morrice*, himsefe *Maid-marrian*,  
*Bromius* the *Clowne*.

*Dor.* See, *Mopsus*, see, here comes your *Fairy Brother*,  
Hark you, for one good turne deserves another.

*Exeunt Dor. Mop.*

*Iocast.* I did not think there had been such delight

In any mortall *Morrice*, they doe caper

Like quarter *Fairies* at the least: by my *Knight-hood*,

And by this sweet *Mellifluous Tingle rangle*,

The ensigne of my glory, you shall be

Of *Oberons* Revels.

*Bro.* What to doe I pray?

To dance away your Apples?

*Iocast.* Surely mortall,

Thou art not fit for any office there.

*Enter*

Enter Dorylas like the King of Fairies. Mopsus.

Io. See, blind mortall, see,  
With what a port, what grace, what majestic  
This princely Oberon comes, your Grace is welcome.

Do. A beauteous Lady, bright, and rare,  
Queen Mab her selfe is not so faire.

Io. Does your grace take me for a woman then?

Do. Yes beauteous Virgin; Thy each part  
Has shot an arrow through my heart;  
Thy blazing eye, thy lip so thin,  
Thy azure cheek, and christall chin,  
Thy rainbow brow, with many a rose;  
Thy saphyre eares, and rubie nose,  
All wound my soule, O gentle be  
Or Lady you will ruin me.

Io. Bromius, what shall J doe? I am no woman/  
If gelding of me will preserve your grace,  
With all my heart.

Bro. No master, let him rather  
Steale away all your orchard Apples.

Io. J and shall,

Beauteous Queen Mab may loose her longing else.

Do. How's this? are you no woman then?

Can such bright beauty live with men?

Io. An't please your grace I am your Knight *Iocassus*,

Do. Indeed J thought no man but he  
Could of such perfect beauty be.

Io. Cannot your Grace distill me to a woman.

Do. I have an hearb, they *Moly* call,  
Can change thy shape (my sweet) and shall.  
To tast this *Moly* but agree,  
And thou shalt perfect woman be.

Io. With all my heart; ne're let me move

But I am up to th' cares in love,

But what if I doe marry thee?

*Do.* My Queen *Iocasta* thou shalt be

*Io.* Sweet *Moly*! pray let *Bromius* have some *Moly* too,

Hee'l make a very pretty waiting maid.

*Brom.* No indeed forsooth, you have Ladies enough already.

*Do.* Halfe your estate then give to me,

Else, you being gon, there none will be,

Whose Orchard I dare here frequent.

*Io.* Sweet *Oberon*, I am content,

*Do.* The other halfe let *Mopsus* take.

*Io.* And *Thestylis* a joynture make,

*Bro.* Why master, are you mad?

*Io.* Your mistresse sirrah.

Our Grace has said it, and it shall be so.

*Bro.* What, will you give away all your estate?

*Io.* We have enough beside in Fairy land.

You *Thestylis* shall be our maid of honour,

*Thef.* I humbly thank your Grace.

*Io.* Come Princely *Oberon*,

I long to tast this *Moly*: pray bestow

The Knight-hood of the *Mellisonant ringle tangle*

Upon our brother *Mopsus*, we will raise

All of our house to honours.

*Mop.* Gracious sister!

*Io.* I alwaies thought I was borne to be a Queene.

*Do.* Come let us walke, majestic Queene,

Of Fairy mortalls to be seen.

In chaires of Pearle thou plac't shalt be,

And Empresses shall envy thee,

When they behold upon our throne

*Iocasta* with her— *Dryas.*



*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Io.* Am I deceiv'd and cheated, 'guld and foold?

*Mop.* Alas sir you were borne to be a Queene.

*Io.* My lands, my livings, and my Orchard gone?

*Dor.* Your grace hath said it, and it must be so.

*Bro.* You have enough beside in Fairy land.

*Thef.* What would your Grace command your maid of honour?

*Dor.* Well J restore your lands: only the Orchard I will reserve for feare Queen *Mab* should long.

*Mop.* Part I'll restore unto my liberall sister

In lieu of my great Knight-hood.

*Thef.* Part give J.

*Io.* I am beholding to your liberality.

*Bro.* I'll something give as well as doe the rest.

Take my fooles coat, for you deserve it best.

*Io.* I shall grow wiser.

*Dor.* *Oberon* will be glad on't.

*Thef.* I must goe call *Vrania* that she may

Come vow Virginitie. *Exit.*

## SCEN. 7.

*Pilumnus, Amyntas, &c.*

*Amynt.* *Ceres*, I doe thank thee,

That J am author of this publique joys

But is it justice (*Goddesse*) J alone

Should have no share in't? Every one I see

Is happy but my selfe that made 'em so,

And my *Vrania* that should most be so.

I thirst amidst the Bowles; when others sit

*Quaffing*

Quaffing off Nectar, I but hold the cup;  
 And stand a sadder *Tantalus* of love,  
 Starving in all this plenty; *Cere's* Demand  
 Feeds me with gall; stretching my doubtfull thoughts  
 On many thousand racks: I would my Dowry  
 Was all the gold of *Tagus*, or the ore  
 Of bright *Pasifolus* channell:--- But *Urania*,  
 Tishid, alas I know not what it is.

## SCEN. 8.

*Urania, Thestylis.*

My *Thestylis*, since first the Sea-gods Trident  
 Did rule the small three pointed peece of earth  
 Of this our conquering soile, it has not been  
 A place of so much story as to day,  
 So full of wonders: O 'twill serve (my *Thestylis*)  
 For our discourse when we goe fold our Ewes,  
 Those Shepheards that another day shall keep  
 Their Kids upon these mountaines shall for ever  
 Relate the miracle to their wondring Nymphs,  
 Of my *Urania*, it will fill their eares  
 with admiration

*Thest.* Sir, *Urania's* here.

*Amynt.* How! in this habit! This me thinks befits not  
 A Lover, my *Urania*.

*Ura.* Yes *Amyntas*.

This habit well befits a Virgins life,  
 For since my Dowry never can be paid  
 Thus for thy sake I'll live and die a maid.

*Amynt.* O is it just, so faire a one as you

N 2

Should

Should vow Virginitie? must the sacred womb  
 Of my *Urania* sit to have brought forth  
 A fruitfull race of Gods, be ever barren?  
 Never expect *Lucina*? shall this beauty  
 Live but one age? how curs'd's our posterity  
 That shall have no *Prania's*! can one Tomb  
 Contain all goodnesse? *Ceres* rather blast  
 The corne thou gav'st us: let the earth grow barren:  
 These trees, and flowers wither eternally;  
 Let our Plowes toyle in vaine, and let there be  
 No more a harvest: Every losse is small,  
 Yea though the *Phenix* selfe should burne to ashes  
 And nere revive againe! But let there be  
 Some more *Prania's*---

*Pil.* Tis necessary,

We must obey.

*Amya.* But yet *Prania*,

I hope we may sometimes come pray together;  
 'Tis not prophane, and midst our sacred Orisons  
 Change a chaste kisse or two; or shall I too  
 Turne Virgin with thee?--But I tooke my selfe,  
 The Gods intend to crosse us, and in vaine  
 We strive (*Urania*) to crosse them againe.

*Prania kneeling before the Ompha.*

*Vra.* Great *Ceres*, for thy daughter *Proserpines* sake  
 Ravish't by *Pluto* from *Sicilian* plaines  
 To raigne with him Queen of *Elysian* shades,  
 Accept the sacrifice of a Virgin, for  
 It is thy pleasure, thine, by whom the earth  
 And every thing growes fruitfull, to have me  
 Be ever barren: Thy impossible Dowry,  
 Makes me despaire to be *Amyntas* bride;  
 Therefore that cold chaste snow that never should

Here

Have melted but betwixt his amorous armes  
I vow unto thy Cloister (*Awfull Goddesse!*)  
Almighty *Ceres*, is not this life holy *Echo*. Folly.  
Better then live in an unhappy love? *Echo*. Happy love.  
Be judge yee woods, and let *Amynas* speak.

*Ec. Amynas* speak.

*Pil.* The Goddesse is well pleas'd, she daignes to answer  
By gracious *Echo*'s; goe *Amynas* speak.

*Amyn.* Why, will she answer me before *Vrania*?  
No, 'twas the musique of her Angels voice,  
Whose heavenly Accents with such charming notes  
Ravish'd the Goddesse eares, she could not choose  
But beare a part in that harmonious song;  
Yet if she will after such melody  
Endure to heare the harsh *Amynas* speak.

*Ec. Amynas*, speak.

When wilt thou think my torments are enow?

*Echo*. Now.

Alas, how is it possible I should hope it? *Ec.* Hope it.  
How shall J pay the Dowry that you aske me?

*Echo*. Aske me.

I aske a Dowry to be made a husband.

*Echo*. A Husband.

Answer directly to what J said last.

*Echo*. What I said last.

A Husband, *Ceres*? Why is that the guesse? *Echo*. Yes

That which I have not, may not, cannot have, —

I have not, may not, cannot have a Husband.

'Tis true, I am a man, nor would J change

My sexe, to be the Empreffe of the world.

*Vrania*, take thy Dowry, 'tis my selfe;

A Husband, take it.

*Vran.* 'Tis the richest Dowry

That

That ere my most ambitious prayers could beg?

But I will bring a portion, my Amyntas,

Shall equall it, if it can equall'd be:

That which I have not, may not, cannot have

Shall be thy portion, 'tis a Wife, Amyntas.

Amy. Should greater Queens wooe me in all their Pride,

And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds,

I should prefer this portion fore the best:

Thanks Ceres, that hast made us both be blest.

Echo. Be blest.

Clai. Pilumnus, let us now grow young againe,

And like two trees robd of their leafy boughs

By winter, age, and Boreas keener breath,

Sprout forth and bud againe: This spring of joy

Cuts forty yeares away from the gray summe.

Once more in triumph let us walk the Village.

Pilum. But first I will intreat this company

To deigne to take part in this publique joy.

Pilum.

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## Pilumnus Epilogizes.

**A**LL Loves are happy, none with us there be,  
 Now sick of coyneſſe, or unconstancy.  
 The wealthy ſummes of Kiſſes doe amount  
 To greater ſcores then curious art can count!  
 Each eye is fixt upon his Miſtris face,  
 And every arme is lockt in ſome embrace:  
 Each cheek is dimpled; every lip doth ſmile:  
 Such happineſſe I wiſh this bleſſed Iſle,  
 This little world of Lovers: and leaſt you  
 ſhould think this bliſſe no reall ioyes, nor true,  
 Would every Lady in this orbe might ſee  
 Their Loves as happy as we ſay they be!  
 And for you gentle youths, whoſe tender hearts  
 Are not ſhot prooſe 'gainſt Love and Cupids darts;  
 Theſe are my Prayers (I would thoſe prayers were charms)  
 That each had here his Miſtriſſe in his armes.  
 True Lovers, (for tis truth gives love delight)  
 To you our Author onely means to write,  
 If he have pleas'd (as yes he doubtfull ſtands)  
 For his applauſe clap lips inſtead of Hands.  
 He begs nor Bayes, nor Ivy; only this,  
 Seale his wiſht Plaudite with an amorous Kiſſe.

Exeunt Cantantes.

FINIS.



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